

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

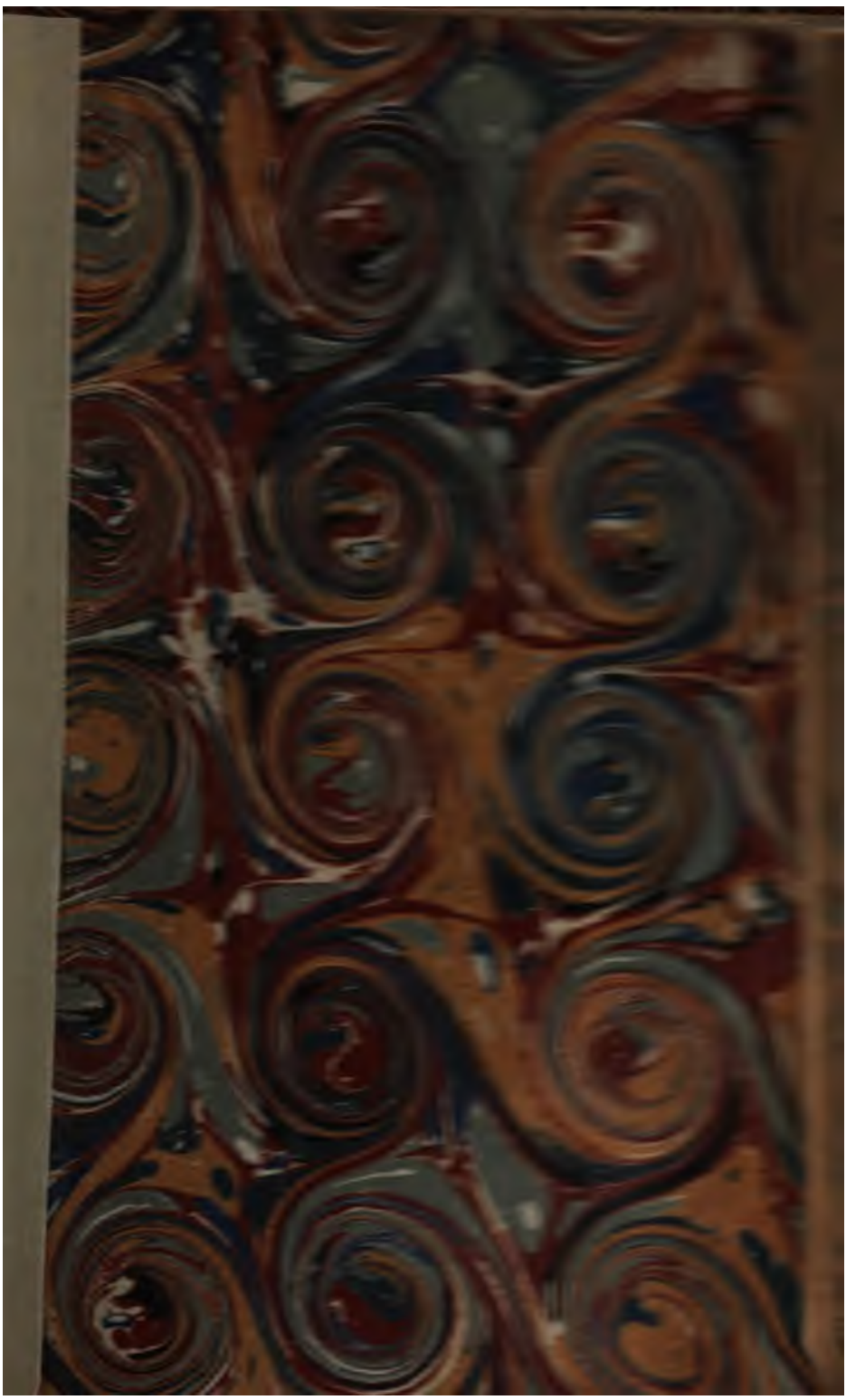
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



From the Farboe Library



LELAND·STANFORD·JVNIOR·VNIVERSITY



822.33
G5a
v.17-18

Contains:

no. 39. Collier, J. P., ed. Inigo Jones.

8. Drummond, W. Notes of Ben Jonson's conversations. 1842.

47. Munday, Anthony. John a Kent and John a Cumber.

INIGO JONES AND BEN JONSON.

INIGO JONES AND BEN JONSON:

BEING

THE LIFE OF INIGO JONES.

By PETER CUNNINGHAM.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS FAC-SIMILES OF HIS DESIGNS FOR MASQUES.

AND

BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

EDITED

By DAVID LAING.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,
AND TO BE HAD OF
W. SKEFFINGTON, AGENT TO THE SOCIETY, 192, PICCADILLY.
1853.

138446

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LIBRARY
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR
UNIVERSITY



Painted by Vandyke *Engraved by W. Rolls*

INIGO JONES.

Engraved from an original Picture by Vandyke en grisaille in the possession of Major Inigo Jones 11th Hussars, which had belonged to his Great Grandfather Inigo Jones who died A.D. 1756.

INIGO JONES.

A LIFE OF THE ARCHITECT;

BY PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

REMARKS ON SOME OF HIS SKETCHES FOR MASQUES AND DRAMAS;

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.

AND

FIVE COURT MASQUES;

EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF BEN JONSON, JOHN MARSTON, ETC.

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

ACCOMPANIED BY FACSIMILES OF DRAWINGS BY INIGO JONES;

AND BY A PORTRAIT FROM A PAINTING BY VANDYCK.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1848.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, Rupert Street.

COUNCIL

OF

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

President.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

Vice-Presidents.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.
THE EARL OF GLENGALL.
THE EARL HOWE.
THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE.
THE RT. HON. LORD LEIGH.

Council.

THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
WILLIAM AYRTON, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
BAYLE BERNARD, ESQ.
THE RIGHT HON. THE VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JAMES KNIGHT BRUCE, F.R.S., F.S.A.
JOHN BRUCE, ESQ., TREAS. S.A.
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., V.P. S.A., DIRECTOR.
BOLTON CORNEY, ESQ., M.R.S.L.
PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., TREASURER.
SIR HENRY ELLIS, K.H., PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.
J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS.
SWYNFEN JERVIS, ESQ.
CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.
SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.
WILLIAM C. MACREADY, ESQ.
T. J. PETTIGREW, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD, D.C.L.
WILLIAM JOHN THOMS, ESQ., F.S.A.
THOMAS THOMSON, ESQ., M.D.
F. GUEST TOMLINS, ESQ., SECRETARY.

The Council of the Shakespeare Society desire it to be understood that they are not answerable for any opinions or observations that may appear in the Society's publications; the Editors of the several works being alone responsible for the same.

PREFACE.

The present volume has been longer in preparation than was originally calculated upon. The delay in some degree arose out of the other avocations of the editors of the three different portions of the work, which interfered with their combined exertions; but it was more especially caused by the number and nature of the illustrations.

The most bountiful contributor of these is the Duke of Devonshire, who has always laid open the stores of his library for the use of the Shakespeare Society, and for the advancement of its objects. His Grace possesses a large collection of the designs of Inigo Jones, not merely for public and private edifices, made in the pursuit of his profession as an architect, but of his sketches from pictures, and of what we may call graphic hints for the execution of more elaborate performances. His extraordinary felicity with his pen and pencil is witnessed by no less a contemporary than Vandyck, in a passage quoted by Mr. Cunningham on p. 40; and in consequence of the rapidity, variety, and certainty of his hand, he

was often employed, particularly on sudden emergencies, in the execution of designs for the general appearance, and peculiar habiliments of characters in Masques and other dramatic performances at Court. His public appointment was, in some sort, connected with these representations; and we know from many authorities, particularly from several remarkable passages in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," comprised in the present volume, that for the contrivance of the machinery and for the painting of the scenes themselves, the poets of that day were very commonly indebted to Inigo Jones. Besides, therefore, the sketches for the persons and dresses of the characters, the Duke of Devonshire is the owner of several boxes of designs for scenery, &c. The large paintings, fixed or moveable, were made by inferior artists from these smaller designs of temples, palaces, mansions, cottages, rocks, wood, and water; and not a few of them are actually splashed with the distemper used for the purpose. These his Grace, with his wonted liberality, placed at the disposal of our Society; but it is obvious that we could only avail ourselves of a small part of the treasures, on account of their size; and the specimens which we here present are taken from two folio volumes, chiefly, if not exclusively containing sketches in connexion with the apparel and costume of personages who figured in the royal entertainments of James I. and Charles I. It will be seen that they are mere rough outlines, instantly handed over to others, that they might make more finished and detailed representations in the

appropriate colours. Of these last the Duke of Devonshire has many examples; but our object, with only one or two exceptions, has been to exhibit the sketches precisely in the state in which they came from the hand of Inigo Jones. Our facsimiles have been made by Mr. Netherclift, with such fidelity, that the copies might almost be substituted for the originals, without detection.

Another important contributor to the illustrations of our volume has been Major Inigo Jones, justly proud of his descent from his great namesake. Finding that the Shakespeare Society was preparing a volume, devoted mainly to the life and works of his ancestor, and having an original portrait of Inigo Jones, by Vandyck, in his possession, he not merely permitted the Council to prefix it as a frontispiece to our volume, but, with most praiseworthy generosity, paid for the engraving of it upon steel, in a style of art that does credit to the master and to the donor.

It remains to speak as briefly as we can of the literary portion of our volume.

For the Life of Inigo Jones, the members are indebted to Mr. Cunningham, their able, learned, and indefatigable Treasurer. Hitherto, our language has possessed nothing deserving the name of a biography of this illustrious architect, who extended his studies and his zeal to all branches of art, either immediately or remotely connected with the profession he embraced. Mr. Cunningham has produced many new facts, and has inserted or quoted many new documents: it is really astonishing how some of them can

have remained so long unexamined and unemployed; but with regard to others, they have been derived from sources of information peculiar to the writer. He has neglected nothing that could throw light on the genius, character, and actions of the subject of his memoir, and we are sure that such of our members as are best informed on matters of the sort will be gratified by the novelty and interest given to this part of our undertaking.

Mr. Planché's taste and knowledge on the subject of early costume have been applied to the second portion of this work; and the Council gladly availed itself of his ready assistance. He has explained and illustrated some of the sketches in a manner which makes us regret that he did not extend to all the resources of his attainments and talents: it is left to the writer of the present Introduction to say a few imperfect words on the other plates, which cannot well be dismissed without some explanation. We begin with two historical personages:—

1. Robert Kett, the tanner of Wimondham, who headed the rebellion in Norfolk in 1549. This sketch, (upon which the artist has written *Cett*, pronouncing the first letter hard) however rough, is interesting, because it establishes a new fact in our theatrical history; viz., that there was some early dramatic representation on the popular subject of this notorious leader. We know that Wat Tiler, Jack Straw, and Cade, (the last one of the characters illustrated by Inigo Jones) had been brought in various ways upon the public stage in the reigns

of Elizabeth and James; and we may fairly presume, from the design under consideration, that Kett had enjoyed the same distinction, although the fact is not recorded. The great probability, to say the least of it, is, that an historical play, in which Kett figured, and in which his rebellion was punished, having been brought with success upon the public stage, it was transferred to the royal theatre at Whitehall, and there performed for the amusement of the Court. For this reason, mainly, we selected the figure of Kett, as a specimen of what Inigo Jones considered ought to be his stage-dress and appointments. His truncheon, his hat and feather, his epaulets, &c., all show that he was represented as assuming the rank and character of a military commander. Such, we may infer, was his appearance also on the public stage, whether at the Globe on the Bankside, at the Fortune in Cripplegate, or before the more noisy and less refined audiences at the Red Bull in St. John Street.

2. Knipperdolling (called *Kniperdoling* by Inigo Jones) was one of the allies and confederates of John of Leyden, near the commencement of the sixteenth century. A full account of him, among other places, may be found in Alexander Ross's "Πανσεβεια, or a View of All Religions," 8vo., London, 1672,[1] accompanied by a portrait of the hero, to which the representation by Inigo Jones could not be expected to bear much resemblance. Knipperdolling was a pro-

[1] For a reference to, and for the use of this book, the writer is indebted to Mr. Bruce, a member of our Council.

phet and cobbler, and possessed great power and influence among the ignorant Anabaptists; it is very clear, however, that he was only meant to be ridiculous in our sketch; and, most likely, such was the sort of character he had sustained upon the common stage, before he was transferred to the Court. It is possible that he was made only to take part in some Antimasque, alluding to the story of that time; but it is much more probable that he had first figured in a now lost drama, brought out before a public auditory.

3. The Morris-dancer, (or *Moresco*, as Inigo Jones properly called him under the figure he drew) frequently appeared on our old theatres and in entertainments at Court: he is found in the last Masque, in the third portion of our volume; and on this account the sketch forms an appropriate illustration. We chose it for another reason, also: it is in a totally different style of drawing to the other figures, and possibly may have been the work of some artist under the direction of our architect, who has added another tint, (happily expressed in our stone-engraving) in order to give greater effect to the figure. There is but little resemblance between it and the representation of William Kemp dancing his Morris to Norwich on the title-page of his "Nine Daies Wonder," 1600: the bells and the cap are nearly all they have in common. The close-fitting habiliments, in the plate from Inigo Jones, are much more like those in the ancient representation by Israel von Mechlin, in vol. ii., p. 447, of Douce's

"Illustrations of Shakespeare." Inigo Jones, in his inscription, does not fall into the error of some modern critics, who confound the dancer with the dance, and tells us that Moresco means the latter, when it is only the name of the former.

4. We have inserted the figure of the Torch-bearer, because he is found in nearly every Masque of the period which was performed at night: we may take it, perhaps, that he was ordinarily dressed as in our plate; but the apparel of the torch-bearers was often regulated by circumstances, and rendered consistent with the propriety of the whole scene. It would be very easy to multiply proofs that the torch-bearers (differing in number, but usually from eight to twelve) were habited with most fantastic variety in court performances.

5. The three characters of the Damsel, the Dwarf, and Lanier, are given in one plate, because they were so sketched by Inigo Jones. There can be little doubt but that the dwarf was the famous Sir Jeffrey Hudson, whose portrait, by Mytens, is at Hampton Court, having been painted for King James, with whom the little knight was a great favourite. In what particular Masque Hudson was employed we know not. The third figure is that of Lanier, as the artist himself informs us. There were three Laniers, musicians, in the reigns of James and Charles—Nicholas, William, and Jerome, the most famous being the first. In 1625-6, the two last, who are called "performers on the sack buts," were allowed £16 2*s*. 0*d*. each, for their liveries. The amount had been rather less in

the time of Queen Elizabeth; viz., £15 0*s.* 8*d.*, which could be little short of £60 or £70 of our present money; and it was thus expended, as appears in an account made out for Lord Burghley about 1585, when he surveyed the royal household, with a view to reduce its charges:—

Allowance of Apparrell for a Musition owte of the Gardrobe.

Chamlett, 14 yardes, at 3^{s}. 4^{d}. the yarde .		46^{s}. 8^{d}.
Velvet, 6 yardes, at 15^{s}. the yarde, amounteth to	£4	10^{s}.
Damaske, 8 yardes at 8^{s}. the yarde . .	£3	4^{s}.
One furre of Budge, pryce	£4	
Lyneng and making		20^{s}.
Summa	£15	0^{s}. 8^{d}.

Nicholas Lanier sang and composed the music for Ben Jonson's "Masque of Lethe," "after the Italian manner, stylo recitativo," as we are informed by the author in a note. He is probably the person intended by Inigo Jones; and it is evident that he was to play upon the harp in the performance for which the sketch was made. Lanier must have been most useful in court performances, because he was an artist, as well as a musician, and sometimes assisted in painting the very scenes before which he figured. This representation of him is, therefore, peculiarly remarkable and interesting.

6. We have already had a Dwarf, and here we meet with a Giant, a character for which the Queen's Porter, as painted by Zucchero, (some time before the period to which we are now adverting) or a successor of equal stature, would be well qualified. The Tooth-drawer and Corn-cutter were either per-

sonages in an Antemasque, or they might be adapted for such a representation as Marston's "Mountebank's Masque" in our present volume. Among the more finished sketches by Jones is one of a Mountebank, who may have been the very empiric Marston intended to ridicule.

7. The artist tells us, on the face of this sketch, that the three characters contained in it belonged to "the King's Masque, 1637." We know not, on any other authority, what was the nature of the representation; and we have selected this specimen, not merely on that account, but because it shows so exactly, and so humorously, the sort of performances about this time relished even by royalty and nobility. We do not, however, suppose that the "Scraper," the "Gridiron," and the "Ballad-singer," were more than subordinate personages: had there not been a great deal of show and expense about it, the grandeur and dullness of which was relieved by the comic buffooneries of these performers of what may be called "rough music," the King's Masque, at Christmas 1637-8, could hardly have cost such a large sum as £1400. (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii., 85.) The Queen's Masque, at Shrove-tide following, cost £1550, supposing all the money issued by virtue of the privy seals to have been laid out upon the exhibition.

8. This sketch is very much of the same kind as the last; but it illustrates the species of harmony Nick Bottom calls for when he exclaims, "I have a reasonable good ear for music: let's have the

tongs and the bones." ("Midsummer Night's Dream," act iv., sc. 1.) This, in fact, formed one principal inducement for placing it among those of which we thought facsimiles would be acceptable: any thing that connects representations of the kind with Shakespeare comes especially recommended to our notice. "Knackers" is written by Inigo Jones under the first figure, and "Tonges and Key" under the second: the "knackers" were usually made of bone, or hard wood, and were played between the fingers, in the same way as we still hear them every day among boys in the streets, and it is a very ancient and popular kind of music: the "tongs" were struck by the "key," and in this way the discordant sounds were produced that were so grateful to the ear of the entranced Weaver. The figures themselves, like the rest, are the merest sketches, in order to inform the eye and guide the hand of the artist employed to make the more finished and exact, but less spirited and original drawings.

9. This plate contains an armed head, represented by a few masterly touches, and no doubt used for the manufacture of the helmet to be worn by a particular person or persons in some court performance. What the lower figures mean, we are not able precisely to explain, but they are full of character, and one of them, raising his arm and dancing, is drawn with surprising ease and energy. In truth, all are most useful studies for artists, and evince a facility and an accuracy that could only have been attained by great talent and much practice. Every

body who has been fortunate enough to see the facsimile of the Sketch-book of Inigo Jones, made by direction of the Duke of Devonshire some ten or fifteen years ago, and presented to the private friends of his Grace, will be aware of the admirable schools to which Inigo Jones resorted for instruction, and of the wonderful success that attended his studies.

We now come to the contents of the third portion of our volume, which has merely the merit of containing faithful printed copies of original manuscripts. As far as typography would enable us to accomplish it, they are, in five different instances, exact imitations of the manner in which the authors of Masques put their minds upon paper.

The first is Ben Jonson's well-known "Masque of Queens," the most remarkable of his productions of this description, with witchcraft and incantations, in rivalry of, or generous competition with the scenes of the same kind in "Macbeth." Shakespeare showed what genius and invention could accomplish, and Ben Jonson proved what learning and labour, seconded by noble and vigorous poetry, could produce. In this there was not necessarily any envy of our great dramatist's success, and we do not impute it to Ben Jonson: he was perfectly justified in displaying before "a learned King," who had required his services, what the authorities of antiquity, in particular such as Horace Lucan and Apuleius, would enable him to perform. Ben Jonson's effort was as much a triumph of extensive erudition as Shakespeare's was of boundless imagination. Both arrived at the height

of what they intended; and Shakespeare could no more have produced the one, than Ben Jonson the other: each is wonderful in its way.

Our impression of this piece is from the original and beautiful autograph of the poet preserved among the Royal Manuscripts in the British Museum, of which Gifford and his predecessors knew nothing, when they published their editions of Ben Jonson's Works. "The Masque of Queens" was performed on 2nd February, 1609, (some time after "Macbeth" had been brought out) and it was printed in quarto, in the same year, with a dedication to Prince Henry: when, however, it was included in the folio of Ben Jonson's Works, the printing of which he superintended in 1616, that dedication was omitted, in consequence of the lamented death of the Prince in the interval. It will be found that our copy differs in some material respects from both; and we have printed it with the notes appended in the peculiar manner in which they stand in the author's own manuscript, which he presented to the King, and which has been preserved in our national depository. We need not enter into the differences between the several printed editions and Ben Jonson's autograph, because comparison is now rendered easy; but we may observe, that we have been so anxious that our impression shall exactly represent the autograph, that we have not hesitated to follow the latter, even in some places of trifling misquotation or reference, which were subsequently corrected. Our readers will thus be able to see the exact state of our original, and the changes

subsequent inquiry enabled Ben Jonson to introduce. It will be found that, for the sake of compression, he did not scruple to print Latin verse as prose, only indicating the commencement of the lines by the use of capital letters.

The second Masque is likewise by Ben Jonson, and in point of date it ought to have taken precedence. It was brought out at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1605, and it is not, like the former, solely in the handwriting of the poet, but in that of some scribe he employed: it is clear, however, that he carefully superintended the transcript from his own copy; and in testimony he added in his autograph at the close—

"Hos ego versiculos feci.

"Ben Jonson."

This original MS. was also unknown to Gifford, and of course to all previous editors of the productions of our second-greatest dramatist. They resorted only to the two printed copies in quarto and in folio; and as Gifford has not quoted the title-page of the former accurately, it may be well to add it here, observing merely that the same quarto includes also the "Masque of Beauty," which was penned by Ben Jonson as a counterpart to his "Masque of Blackness."

"The Characters of two Royall Masques. The one of Blacknesse, the other of Beautie, personated by the most magnificent of Queenes, Anne, Queene of great Britaine, &c. With her honorable Ladyes, 1605 and 1608, at White hall: and invented by Ben Jonson.—Ovid. *Salve festa dies, meliorq. revertere semper.* Imprinted at London for Thomas Thorp, and are to be sold at the signe of the Tigers head in Paules Church-yard."

The printed exemplar in the British Museum is one of extreme interest, inasmuch as it is the very copy Ben Jonson presented to the Queen, with the following inscription in his own handwriting:—

D. Annæ
M. Britanniarū Insu. Hib., &c.
Reginæ
Feliciss. Formosiss.
Musæo
S. S.
Hunc librū vouit.
Famæ & honori eius
servientiss.
imò addictissimus
Ben Jonsonius.
Victurus Genium debet habere liber.

In the instance of this Masque, as in the former, we have scrupulously followed the original, which is also among the Royal MSS.

And here the remark is, in a manner, forced upon us, that while we possess specimens at large of the autographs of numerous contemporaries of Shakespeare—such as Ben Jonson, Marston, Dekker, Lodge, Peele, Nash, Massinger, &c.—we have nothing from his own hand, beyond the signatures to his will, to a couple of deeds, and to a volume of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays.

This brings us to the third production in the later portion of our volume, which is from the hand of that celebrated satirist and dramatist, John Marston. It is a new discovery, and we impute it to him, not only because his name is on the cover, in a hand-

writing of the time, although only in pencil, but because it is corrected in several places in his own handwriting, which entirely agrees with other extant specimens. The piece possesses much of the strength, and some of the coarseness, of the popular writer's mind; but it well merited to be brought to light, precisely in the shape in which it has descended to us. It is entitled "The Mountebank's Masque;" and the fourth sketch by Inigo Jones, remarked upon by Mr. Planché, represents the Harlequin, who was perhaps attendant upon this very Mountebank, although nothing is said of him in the course of the performance. For the opportunity of printing this valuable relic we have again to express our great obligations to the Duke of Devonshire.

Marston's Masque was exhibited in Gray's Inn Hall, as we learn from internal evidence on pages 111 and 117; and it contains a note of time on p. 129, in reference to the re-gilding of the Cross in Cheapside, which may serve to establish either the date when the production was written, or the date when the Cross was re-gilt; a circumstance, we believe, not alluded to in any topographical work, after the defacing of it in 1600, until its final demolition, in 1643. This performance contains a great deal of variety, and displays much ingenuity of construction and invention of character, but here and there something has necessarily been sacrificed to music, and dancing, and to what, in the theatrical language of the present day, is called "comic business."

The fourth piece, "The Masque of the Twelve

Months," is anonymous, and is printed from a manuscript of the time, belonging to the editor of this portion of the work. It is quite evident that it was a court performance; and although nothing is said to fix the place of representation, we may be pretty certain that it was at Whitehall, and before James I. It is a production of some fancy and pleasantry, and the lyrical pieces introduced are musical and skilful. We have given it as it stands in the manuscript, not even dividing the lines, whenever they are written in sequence, and without observation of the metre.

Our volume closes with a fifth hitherto unprinted Masque, or, more properly, Show, which is rather of a peculiar character, since it was written for the sake of introducing and terminating a supper, upon some occasion which has not been recorded. It is called "The Masque of the Four Seasons;" and among the finished drawings from the rough designs of Inigo Jones, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, are representations of the four Seasons, which perhaps were used for this very exhibition. In this piece, also, it is possible that Nicholas Lanier played Orpheus, and that the sketch of him, with his harp, upon which we have already remarked, belongs to it. This consideration may give it especial claims to notice; and as the manuscript was in this instance also the property of the editor, he did not hesitate to insert it. In printing it, we have adhered to the peculiarity of the original, by the rejection of capital letters in the beginnings of the lines, and in other respects we have been equally faithful. From p. 143,

&c., it is evident that James I., his Queen, the Princes Henry and Charles, and Princess Elizabeth, were present, and hence we may be sure that the performance occurred before 1612.

The Council of our Society having authorized the editor of the third portion of the present publication to write the preface to the whole, it has been put together (as may be imagined from some expressions employed in it) without concert or communication with his excellent and zealous fellow-labourers; and, as it may contain some points and opinions to which they might not be willing to subscribe, he has subjoined his own initials, to indicate his own responsibility.

J. P. C.

Kensington, Nov. 25th, 1849.

PS. It is to be borne in mind that the present work belongs to the subscription of 1848, although it has been unavoidably delayed until 1849.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Inigo Jones. From a Painting by Vandyck, in the possession of Major Inigo Jones . . . . . *To face the Title-page.*

The Facsimiles to follow the Life of Inigo Jones by Peter Cunningham, Esq.

LIFE OF INIGO JONES.

BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

LIFE OF INIGO JONES.

The life of Inigo Jones has been hitherto but imperfectly written. Errors are easily perpetuated, research being attended with expense and trouble; and Inigo's biographers have generally been content to copy one another. Many particulars in the following Memoir will be found new to the biography of the great architect.

Inigo Jones, the son of Inigo Jones, cloth-worker, living in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Less, in West Smithfield, London, was born in the year 1573, and christened in the church of St. Bartholomew, as the Register records, on the 19th of July in that year.[1] The fair of St. Bartholomew was long the great cloth fair of England, and the early character of the place is still indicated in the name of an adjoining street, called "Cloth Fair."

The Register which records the baptism of Inigo records also the burial of his grandmother, and contains the baptisms and burials of a younger brother, named Philip, and of two sisters, all of whom died in infancy.

The father (a native, it is thought, of Wales) was in indifferent circumstances when Jones was a lad of sixteen; and

[1] Collier's "Memoirs of Actors," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. xxvi.

a Book of Orders and Decrees of the Court of Requests, preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster, contains the decree of the Court, made 18 October, 1589, in the matter at variance "betwene Enego Jones, of the cittie of London, Clothworker, and Richard Baker, of the same cittie, Baker." Inigo, the father, had become bound to Baker in the sum of £80, "for the sure payment of £60 at a day certen limited by the condition." He had managed to pay off a portion of the debt; and Baker, as was alleged, had agreed to accept the residue, at the rate of ten shillings every month. A dispute followed, the nature of which is not explained; and Baker thereupon commenced an action for the recovery of his money. Inigo, on this, appealed "to the Queen's Majesty's Honourable Court of Requests," to stay the proceedings at law. The decree of the Court, on the appeal, was to confirm the arrangement previously agreed upon, and Inigo Jones was ordered to pay ten shillings a month, from the next 31st of December till the debt should be liquidated.[1]

Of Inigo's early life little is known, with any thing like certainty. The most probable account, says Walpole, is that he was bound apprentice to a joiner. His father, it is quite clear, had very little to give, and from his will—which I discovered in Doctors' Commons—still less to leave him. The will was made 14th February, 1596-7, only a few months before his death, and is very short. He describes himself as "Clothworker of the parish of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf;" appoints his son Inigo his executor; directs his body to be buried by the side of his wife, in the chancel of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf; and leaves whatever he possesses, after the payment of his debts, bills, and obligations, to his son Inigo and his three daughters, Joan, Judith, and Mary, to be divided equally among them. The father was buried in the church of St. Bennet, and his will was proved by

[1] See Appendix A, p. 45.

Inigo, as executor, on the 5th of April, 1597. The future architect was then in his twenty-fourth year.

Whatever Inigo's education or profession may have been, he was early distinguished by his inclination for "drawing or designing," and was, we are told by his first biographer, "particularly taken notice of for his skill in the practice of landscape painting."[1] This reputation, it is added, supplied him with a patron; and one of the great lords at Court (either Lord Arundel or Lord Pembroke), attracted by his works, sent him "to Italy, to study landscape painting." Such is the received account, which is at least somewhat doubtful. Inigo's own words, in his book upon Stonehenge, fail to bear it out. "Being naturally inclined," he observes, "in my younger years, to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts, to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruins of those ancient buildings which, in despite of time itself and violence of barbarians, are yet remaining. Having satisfied myself in these, and returning to my native country, I applied my mind more particularly to architecture." When he ceased to be a painter, there is certainly no evidence; but that he had acquired a skill in the art appears by a small landscape from his hand, bought by the Earl of Burlington, and still preserved at Chiswick. "The colouring," says Walpole, "very indifferent, but the trees freely and masterly imagined."

Of this part of Jones's life our only direct information is derived from a passage in the Vindication of Stonehenge, written by Webb, his pupil, kinsman, and executor. "He was," says Webb, "architect-general unto four mighty kings, two heroick queens, and that illustrious and never to be forgotten Prince Henry. Christianus the fourth, King of Denmark,[2] first engrossed him to himself, sending for him out of

[1] Life prefixed to Stonehenge Restored, folio ed., 1725.

[2] Of whom there is a fine full-length portrait, by Vansomer, at Hampton Court. His sister, Anne of Denmark, was the Queen of James I.

Italy, where, especially at Venice, he had many years resided. Upon the first coming of that king into England, he attended him, being desirous that his own native soil, rather than a foreign, should enjoy the fruits of his laborious studies. Queen Anne here honoured him with her service first; and not long after, Prince Henry, under whom with such fidelity and judgment he discharged his trust, as that King James made him his surveyor, in reversion. Prince Henry dying, he travelled into Italy, and returned into England when his place fell."[1] In the assertion conveyed by this passage, that Inigo accompanied King Christianus to England, there is undoubtedly, however, a mistake; for the king did not arrive till the 17th of July, 1606, and Inigo was employed at the English court before that time. But that his stay in Denmark, as Webb tells us, was *long*,[2] there is no reason to doubt; though the nature of his employment is unknown. He is said to have assisted in building part of the palace of Frederickborg; and the principal court, it has been observed, bears a marked resemblance to the court of Heriot's Hospital, in Edinburgh, which is attributed to Inigo, and not improperly, as I am inclined to believe.[3]

We first hear of Inigo in England in his thirty-second year. The queen of James I. had ordered a Masque to be performed at the Court at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1604-5. The poet was Ben Jonson; and this was his, as well as Inigo's, first employment in this way. The title of the Masque was "The Masque of Blackness," and the bodily part, as Jonson tells us, "was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act." It was the first entertainment given by the queen, and the subject of the Masque was a suggestion of her own. "It was her Majesty's will," says Jonson, "to have them blackmoors."

[1] Webb's Vindication, p. 123.

[2] "Mr. Jones living so long in Denmark as he did."—Webb, p. 124.

[3] Andersen Feldborg's Denmark Delineated, p. 88.

The poet's description of Inigo's portion of the work contains the earliest notice we possess of the use of scenery in stage-entertainments:

"First for the scene was drawn a *landtschap*, [landscape] consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons, in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: upon their backs Oceanus and Niger were advanced.....The Masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen but in an extravagant disorder. On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torchbearers, who were planted there in several graces.....These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea, and united with this that flowed forth, from the termination or horizon of which (being the level of the state which was placed in the upper part of the Hall) was drawn by the lines of prospective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act."[1]

[1] Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, vii., 7.

The cost of the Masque was about £10,000 of our present money. Inigo's early practice in painting was no doubt of use to him in drawing "the landscape of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings."

In the autumn of the same year, Inigo was employed on the scenery and devices necessary for the due performance of three plays presented before the king on the 28 August, 1605, in the present Hall of Christ Church, Oxford. Of his success on this occasion a contemporary has left the following account. "They hired one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to further them much, and furnish them with rare devices, but performed little to what was expected. He had for his pains, as I have constantly heard, £50." "The stage," so runs the description, "was built close to the upper end of the Hall, as it seemed at the first sight: but indeed it was but a false wall, faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy."[1]

The Masque of Hymen, on the succeeding Twelfth Night, (1605-6) was also the work of Jonson and Jones. The occasion, though an ill-fated one, was one of great rejoicing and splendour — the marriage of the youthful Earl of Essex (afterwards the Parliamentary general) to Frances Howard, daughter to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer. To Inigo's art, on this occasion, the poet bears ample testimony. "The design and art," he says, "together with the devices and their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of Master Inigo Jones, whom I take modest occasion, in this fit place, to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignorant neglect, from my silence."[2] A Mr. Pory, one of the news-collectors of the day, and in that character pre-

[1] Leland's Collectanea, ii., pp. 631, 646, edit. 1770; Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 81.

[2] Ben Jonson, vii., 79.

sent at the Masque, has given an account of it, in a letter to Sir Robert Cotton. "Both Inigo, Ben, and the actors, men and women," he says, "did their parts with great commendation."[1] The music was composed by "Master Alphonso Ferrabosco," and the dances made and taught by "Master Thomas Giles." The dresses were unusually superb; and, it would seem, from one of the short descriptions of Jonson, that Inigo attempted what was then new upon the stage:—

"Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne supported by two beautiful peacocks; above her, the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top, (figuring the Heaven) brandishing his thunder."[2]

The poet was present, and assisted in turning a globe, wherein the masquers sat. The globe was so contrived that it "stood, or rather hung, for no axle was seen to support it."[3]

In the next year's entertainments at Court, Inigo, I believe, was not employed. Jonson certainly was not; for the poet who made the Masque for Twelfth Night, 1606-7, was Thomas Campion, who has left a description of it in print. It is a poor, tame performance, and the printed copy is chiefly valuable for an engraving of one of the masquers, dressed. There is no mention of Inigo's name in the printed account.

The queen's second Masque, the work of Jonson, was "The Masque of Beauty," presented at the Court at Whitehall on the Sunday after Twelfth Night, 1607-8. But Inigo, there is reason to believe, was unconnected with this performance also. "The order of the scene," says Jonson, "was carefully and ingeniously disposed, and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the King's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say, (not to belie them) lent small colour to

[1] Collier's Annals, i. 366; Gifford's Life of Jonson, p. lxxxviii.

[2] Ben Jonson, vii., 59. [3] *Ibid.*, vii. 78.

any, to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils." The king's master carpenter was William Portington, an officer of the Board of Works, of whom a curious portrait is preserved at Carpenters' Hall. Had Inigo been employed, his name would doubtless have been mentioned by Jonson.

He was, however, employed with Jonson, and at this very time, too, in devising a Masque in celebration of "the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at Court on the Shrove Tuesday at night, 1608" (1607-8). The Masque is called "The Hue and Cry after Cupid." "The two latter dances," says Jonson, "were made by Thomas Giles, the two first by Master Hier Herne. The tunes were Master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene Master Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiario pudorem."[1] This is the great Masque mentioned by Rowland Whyte, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury: "The great Maske intended for my L. Haddington's marriage is now the only thing thought upon at Court, by 5 English—Lord Arundel, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montgomery, Lord Theophilus Howard, and Sir Robert Rich; and by 7 Scottes — Duke of Lenox, Lord D'Aubigny, Lord Hay, Master of Mar, young Erskine, Sanquhar, and Kennedy. It will cost them about £300 a man."[2]

The Queen's next Masque, also the work of Jonson and Jones, was presented at Whitehall on the 2nd February, 1608-9, and called "The Masque of Queens." "The device of the witches' attire," the poet tells us, "was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for

[1] Ben Jonson, vii., 108. [2] Lodge, iii., 343.

that cause I confess them."[1] And in another place, in the preface to the same Masque, he observes:

"There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the house of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c., as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars underneath were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were sited the masquers, above whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes both below and above were filled with several coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which with our lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers habits was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches, and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle; as the Hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him; since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves."[2]

This was high praise, and such as Jones knew how to appreciate.

Inigo's reputation now introduced him to other employment, for I find in the books of the Treasurer of the Chamber to the King the entry of the following payment to him:

"To Inico Jones, upon therle of Salisburies warraunte, dated 16 June, 1609, for carreinge Lres for his Mat'ᵉ servyce into Fraunce.

xiij^{li}. vj^{s}. viij^{d}."

Of the nature of the service in which he had thus been employed there is no account. "Carrying letters," at this time,

[1] Ben Jonson, vii., 118. [2] *Ibid.*, vii., 152.

was a sort of letter of introduction into good society, and was coveted and often obtained by all who sought distinction either at home or in foreign courts.

The date of the Lord Treasurer's warrant shows the period of Inigo's return to London, where he soon found fresh employment, in assisting his old associate, Ben Jonson, in devising another Masque for the Queen, to be presented at Christmas, 1610-11. The Bill of Costs was discovered by Mr. Devon among the Pell Records, and is the most full and interesting account we have of the cost and getting up of one of these princely and expensive entertainments. Inigo and Ben received the same rewards for their parts in the "invention:"

THE BILL OF ACCOUNT OF THE HOLE CHARGES OF THE QUEEN'S MAT^{s} MASKE AT CHRISTMAS, 1610.

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis, to Mr. Inigo Johnes, as appeareth by his bill .	238	16	10
Item, to Mr. Confesse, upon his bill for the 12 fooles .	16	6	6
Item, to his taylor, for making the suits, as appeareth by his bill	8		
Item, for 128 yeards of fustian to lyne theire coats, att 10^{d} the yeard	5	6	8
Item, for 87 ownces of coper lace, at 18^{d} the ownce, and 6 ownces at 20^{d} the ownce, used for the 11 preests gownes and hoodes, wth shoues and scarfs	7		4
Item, for 24 yeards of riband to beare their lutes, att 12^{d} the yeard, and one dozen at 2^{d} the yeard	1	8	
Item, to the taylor, for making those gownes and hoods .	4		
Item, to the 11 preests, to buye their silke stockings and shoues, at £2 a peece	22		
Item, for 3 yeards of flesh collored satten, for Cupid's coat and hose, at 14^{s} the yeard	2	2	0
Item, for 26 yeards of callico, to lyne the preestes hoods, at 20^{d} the yeard	2	3	4
Item, to the taylor, for making and furnishing of Cupid's suite wth lace and puffs	1	10	
Smã tot. .	£308	14	3

Rewards to the persons imployed in the Maske.

	£
Imprimis, to M^{r}. Benjamin Johnson, for his invention	40
Item, to M^{r}. Inigo Johnes, for his paynes and invention	40
Item, to M^{r}. Alfonso, for making the songes	20
Item, to M^{r}. Johnson, for setting the songs to the lutes	5
Item, to Thomas Lupo, for setting the dances to the violins	5
Item, to M^{r}. Confesse, for teaching all the dances	50
To M^{r}. Bochen, for teaching the ladies the footing of 2 dances	20
To the 12 musicions, that were preestes, that songe and played	24
Item, to the 12 other lutes that suplied, and wth fluts	12
Item, to the 10 violencas that continually practized to the Queen	20
Item, to four more that were added att the Maske	4
Item, to 15 musitions that played to the pages and fooles	20
Item, to 13 hoboyes and sackbutts	10
Item, to 5 boys, that is, 3 Graces, Sphynks, and Cupid	10
Item, to the 12 fooles that danced	12
Smā tot.	£292

Further received from the King's Wardrobe of Sir Roger Aston.

	£.	s.	d.
Imprimis, of severall collered taffite, for 12 fooles and 3 Graces, 52¼ ells, att 17^{s} the ell	44	8	3
Item, of crimson taffite, for the 11 preestes, amounting to 55 els, and M^{r}. Confesse his coate being in the number, att 17^{s} the ell	46	15	
Item, of watched Satten, for the preestes hoods and gorgetts, 26 yeards, 3 quarters, att 15^{s} the yeard	19	19	9
Item, of taffite sarsnett, for scarffs to girde their gownds, being 18 ells, at 8^{s} the ell	7	4	
Smā tot.	£118	7	
Total charge	£719	1	3

(Signed) T. Suffolke. E. Worcester.

The Masque for which these expenses were incurred is "Love freed from Ignorance and Folly," a Masque of his Majesty's, printed in the folio edition of Jonson's works, without a date. Sphynx and Cupid are two characters in the Masque. The twelve Fools were she-fools. The Graces and Priests are also mentioned.

A Masque was part of the entertainment at Court on the 5th June, 1610, the day after Prince Henry's being created Prince of Wales.[1] Inigo was employed on this occasion, not, however, with his former associate, Jonson, but with Samuel Daniel — the "well-languaged Daniel," as he was called by his contemporaries. The name of the Masque was "Tethys Festival, or the Queen's Wake," and the poet awarded to Inigo an unusual share of commendation. "But in these things," says Daniel, "wherein the only life consists in shew, the art and invention of the *architect* gives the greatest grace, and is of most importance, *ours* the least part, and of least note in the time of the performance thereof, and therefore have I intersected the description of the artificial part, which only speaks M. Inigo Jones." This is higher praise than Jonson had awarded Inigo, and Jones's vanity was not untouched by the distinction. Daniel and Jonson were at this time on unfriendly terms; and the way in which the former speaks of a Masque as a trifling matter for a poet, conveys a sneer at Jonson, which none knew better how to value and return.

The youthful Prince, in honour of whose creation this Masque was composed, had now a separate household of his own; and Inigo's influence or reputation was such, that he obtained the appointment of Surveyor of the Works in the new establishment. The fees he received are recorded in the roll of the Prince's expenditure:

"Inigoe Jones, Surveyor of the Woorkes, for his fee, at iij^{s} per diem,

[1] Birch's Life of Prince Henry, p. 195.

for one whole yeare and a halfe and xl^tie^ dayes, begonne the 13^th^ January, 1610[1], and ended at the feast of S^t^. Michael the Archangel, 1612.

lxxxviij. ij. vj^d^."

"Inigoe Jones, Surveyor of the prince's Woorkes, for his fee by lres pattentes, at iij^s^ per diem, for xxxvij dayes, begonne the first of October, 1612, and ended the vjth of November followinge . . . . cxj^li^."[1]

The same roll contains the Prince's "Gifts and Rewards," with Inigo's name on the list for £30—equal to £120 of our present money. Henry understood and appreciated art, and had formed a fine collection of pictures and statues, which made no inconsiderable display in the cabinets and galleries completed by his brother, King Charles I.

The Prince found employment for his Surveyor in devising the machinery and dresses for a Masque presented at Court on New-year's day at night, being the 1st of January, 1610-11. The cost of the Masque includes a payment to Inigo:[2]

"THE PRYNCE'S MASKE.

"Payde to sondrye persons, for the chardges of a Maske presented by the Prince before the Kinges ma^tie^ on Newyeres day at night, beinge the first of Januarie 1610, viz.:—

To Mercers	289	8	5
Sylkemen	298	15	6
Haberdashers	74	8	8
Embroderers	89	16	9
Girdelers and others, for skarfes, beltes, and gloves	74	8	0
Hosyers, for silke stockinges, poyntes, and rybbons	49	16	
Cutler	7	4	0
Tyrewoman	42	6	
Taylors	143	13	6
Shoemaker	6	10	
To Inigoe Jones, devyser for the said Maske	16		
In all	£1,092	6	10

[1] Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. xvi.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. viii.

"The Prince's Masque" was written by Ben Jonson, and in his Works is called "Oberon the Fairy Prince, a Masque of Prince Henry's." There is no quarto copy of the Masque, but it is included in the excellent folio of Jonson's Works, printed in 1616.

The office of Surveyor terminated with the death of the Prince, on the 6th of November, 1612. There were others besides Inigo who had reason to regret the loss of such a master, "the glory of our own," as Jonson calls him, "and the grief of other nations." The regret for a time appeared to be deep and general; but the Court, quickly casting off its mourning, rushed, in less than three months, into a succession of magnificent masques and entertainments, to celebrate the marriage of the Palsgrave with the Princess Elizabeth.

Three Masques, by three different poets, were invented in honour of this occasion. The Lords' Masque, presented on Shrove Tuesday, 14 February, 1612-13, was the work of Campion; the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn Masque, presented at Court on the day after, was the performance of Chapman; and the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn Masque, intended for Shrove Tuesday, and presented at Court on the Saturday following, was the work of Francis Beaumont. Inigo was employed on Chapman's Masque, and, I believe, on no other. Chapman's title is curious, and deserves transcription.

"The Memorable Maske of the two Honorable Houses, or Inns of Court, the Middle Temple and Lyncoln's Inne. As it was performed before the King, at White-Hall, on Shrove Munday at night: being the 15 of February, 1613 [1612-13]. At the Princely celebration of the most Royall Nuptialls of the Palsgrave, and his thrice gratious Princesse Elizabeth, &c. With a description of their whole show; in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court from the Maister of the Rolls his house: With all their right Noble Consorts, and most showfull attendants. Invented and fashioned, with the ground and speciall structure of the whole worke, By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect, Innigo Iones. Supplied, aplied, Digested, and written, By Geo: Chapman." [4to., n.d.]

The performers and their assistants made their "rendezvous" at the Rolls' House, in Chancery Lane, and rode through the Strand, past Charing Cross, to the Tilt-yard at Whitehall, where they made one turn before the King, and then dismounted. The performance was in the Hall (a fine old building, destroyed in the reign of William III.); and the works, as invented and fashioned by "our kingdom's most artful and ingenious architect," are thus described:

"First there appeared at the lower end of the Hall an artificial Rock, whose top was near as high as the Hall itself. This Rock was in the undermost part craggy and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contrived two winding pair of stairs, by whose greeces the persons above might make their descents, and all the way be seen: all this Rock grew by degrees up into a gold colour, and was run quite through with veins of gold....On the one side of the Rock, and eminently raised on a fair Hill, was erected a silver Temple, of an octangular form, in one of the carved compartments of which was written 'HONORIS FANVM.'"

"Upon a pedestal," (in front, I suppose, of the Temple) "was fixed a round stone of silver, from which grew a pair of golden wings, both faigned to be Fortunes. On the other side of the Rock was a grove. After the speech of Plutus, the middle part of the Rock began to move, and being come some five paces up towards the King, it split in pieces with a great crack, and out break Capriccio," a leading speaker in the Masque. The pieces of the rock "then vanished," and Capriccio delivered his speech. The next change exhibited the upper part of the Rock suddenly turned to a Cloud, discovering a rich and refulgent Mine of Gold, in which the Twelve Maskers were triumphantly seated; their Torch-bearers attending before them. "Over this golden Mine, in an Evening Sky, the ruddy Sun was seen to set; and behind the tops of certain White Cliffs by degrees descended, casting up a bank of clouds, in which awhile he was hidden."

This "Memorable Mask" was doubtless what the poet

himself has called it, "a showe at all parts so novel, conceitful, and glorious, as hath not in this land beene ever before beheld." The cost to the Society of Lincoln's Inn alone was £1086 8*s.* 11*d.*[1]

Inigo's income suffered considerably by the untimely death of the Prince of Wales. His prospects, too, were altered; but he was not without friends, or wanting in that self-reliance without which friends are of very little use. He was, moreover, a free man, with the means to travel, partly through his own exertions, but chiefly, there is reason to believe, by the patronage of the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, now certainly vouchsafed to him. He made a second visit to Italy, taking books of authority with him, and making memoranda wherever he went. His copy of Palladio (the folio edition of 1601), preserved at Worcester College, Oxford, contains an entry dated "Vicenza, Mundaie, the 23rd of September, 1613;" and one of his Sketch books (a thin octavo, in a parchment cover, with green strings, now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire) exhibits his name on the fly-leaf, with "Roma, 1614," written in his fine, bold hand, beneath it.

The copy of Palladio is as rich with notes in Inigo's handwriting as the Langbaine, in the British Museum, is with the notes of Oldys.[2] One of his entries commences thus: "In the name of God, Amen. The 2 of January, 1614, I being in Rome, compared these desines following with the Ruines themscalves. Inigo Jones." At folio 64 he has written, "The staires at Chambord I saw, being in France, and there are but 2 wayes to ascend, y^e^ small hath a waal, w^h^ windowes cut out, but this, y^t^ seems, was discoursed to Palladio, and he invented of himseelf thes staires." His Palladio

[1] Dugdale's "Origines Juridiciales," p. 285.

[2] This precious volume belonged subsequently to Michael Burghers, the engraver, of whom it was bought 3rd March, 1708-9, by Dr. Clarke, and bequeathed by him to Worcester College.

was his inseparable companion, wherever he went; and contains the names of "Andrea Palladio" and "Inigo Jones," coupled together in his own handwriting—such was his admiration, and such his ambition. At b. iv., p. 41, occurs the following entry: "The Temple of Jove, vulgarly called frontispicio di Nerone, or a basilica, sum call it a Temple of the Sun, and that is likelyest." The book was with him, as appears from his own entries, at "Tivoli, June 13, 1614;" at "Rome, 1614;" at "Naples, 1614;" at "Vicenza, 13 Aug., 1614;" and at London, "26 January, 1614;" *i.e.*, 1614-15. Nor did he cease to carry his Palladio about with him even in his progresses in England, as Surveyor of the Works. The following is written on a fly-leaf.

"The length of the great courte, at Windsour, is 350^{fo}, the breadth is 260: this I mesured by paaces the 5 of december, 1619.

"The great court at Theobalds is 159^{fo}, the second court is 110^{fo} square, the thirde courte is 88^{fo}—the 20 of June, 1621.

"The front of Northampton Ho.[1] is 162^{fo}, the court is 81^{fo}.

"The first court at Hampton Court is 166 fo square.

"The second fountaine court is 92^{fo} broade and 150^{fo} longe.

"The Greene Court is 108^{fo} broade and 116^{fo} longe, the walkes or cloysters ar 14^{fo} betwene the walles. September the 28, 1625."

Of the Temple of Jove he thus writes, June 13, 1639. "Clemente scoltor Romano tould mee that the ruines of this temple is pulld all downe, to haue the marble, by the Constable Barbannos Collona, by the popes permition: this was the noblest thinge which was in Rome in my time. So as all the good of the ancients will bee utterly ruined ear longe."

On the death, in 1615, of Simon Basil, the Surveyor of the Works, Inigo returned to England to take possession of the office, of which the King had granted him the reversion.[2] His pay commenced from the 1st of October in that

[1] Now Northumberland House, Strand. See Cunningham's "Handbook for London," *article* Northumberland House.

[2] Webb, p. 123.

year; at the rate of eight shillings a day for his entertainment, eighty pounds per annum for his "recompense of availes," and two shillings and eight pence a day for his riding and travelling charges. His riding expenses were subsequently raised, but the fees I have quoted were the fees of the office at the period of his appointment. He had other emoluments. The warrant to the Master of the Wardrobe, on his first appointment, dated 16 March, 1615-16, directs that he should receive "five yards of broad cloth for a gown, at twenty-six shillings and eight pence the yard; one fur of budge, for the same gown, price four pounds; four yards and a half of baize, to line the same, at five shillings the yard; for furring the same gown, ten shillings; and for making the same, ten shillings." The cost of the livery was therefore £12 15*s.* 10*d.*; and this sum was paid to him yearly, as Surveyor of the Works, by the Master of the Wardrobe.[1]

That the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke at this time (if not before) were active in bringing the merits of Inigo before the King, evidence exists in a letter from Lord Arundell to his Countess, dated from "Salisbury, 30 July, 1615:"

"Upon Thursday nexte, the Kinge dineth at Wilton, by which time my lo. of Pembroke hopes M^r^. Jones will be come hither. I tell him I hope he will, but I cannot promise, because I spake not with him of it when I came out of towne. I meane (by God his grace) to be at Arundell on Tuesday or Wednesday, come seavennight, w^ch^ is the eighth or ninthe of Auguste: if M^r^. Jones come hither, I will bringe him w^th^ me; if not, you must w^th^ you."

And in a postscript he adds:

"I make noe question but Mr. Jones will soone speake w^th^ M^r^. Oldborough, and have under his hand some certainty of his disbursements and employment in Rome. I am sure Mr. Jones will, in his bargayne

[1] Appendix B, p. 46.

w^th^ Cimandio, include that picture of his father and uncle w^ch^ hanges amonge the rest."[1]

Of the particular purchases which Inigo made while at Rome, for his munificent patron, I am sorry I can give no account. The Earl understood and was fond of every class and description of art. The Arundelian marbles at Oxford, and his patronage of Inigo, Vandyke, and Hollar, will long familiarize and commend his name to the English ear.

Inigo's new appointment found full employment for his time. Our kings had numerous palaces and manor-houses, and were fond of Progresses. There was, consequently, no lack of work. The Surveyor was either riding to superintend repairs, or returning homeward to devise fresh alterations, or busy inspecting the work that had been in hand while the Court was in progress. The pressing nature of his duties occasioned, at times, additional rewards, a few of which I have been fortunate enough to discover in the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber:

"To Inigoe Jones, Surveyo^r^ of his Ma^ties^ Workes, the Comptroller, M^r^. Carpenter, and Clerke of the Woorkes at Whitehall, vpon the Councells warr^t^, dated *xv^to^ Nouembris*, 1620, for performing certen workes in the Starchamber in ffebruary 1616, January and February 1618, and Aprill and Maye 1619, by the space of fortie dayes, and for making of a Hearse for the Queenes funerall . . . . . l^li^.

"To Inigoe Jones, Surveyo^r^ of the Woorkes, Thomas Baldwyn, Comptroller, and Will^m^ Portington, M^r^. Carpenter, upon the Councells Warr^t^, dated *ultimo Decembris*, 1620, for makeing readye and repayringe Elye House, in Holborn, for the Spanish Ambassador . . . xx^li^."

He was, moreover, occasionally employed (and with Jonson, there is reason to believe) in devising scenes and machinery for Masques and entertainments at Court. I say *occasionally*, for this sort of expensive amusement, during the latter half of the reign of James I., was of rarer occurrence than it had

[1] Tierney's History of Arundel, p. 424.

been earlier. The King had other tastes and fresh claims for his money; another architect had been introduced, in Inigo's absence;[1] and the two great contrivers of such inventions, Jones and Jonson, had unfortunately quarrelled.

The first occasion of their quarrel no one has told us; that it occurred, however, as early as 1619, is clear, from Jonson's Conversations with Drummond in that year. "He said to Prince Charles, of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would call him ane Inigo;" and on the same occasion he observed that, "Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, a fool, he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it."[2] A reconciliation seems to have been effected, for they were again employed together as before. We shall see, however, that this reconciliation was not lasting; and that, after a short interval, there was a second and a fiercer quarrel.

The dispute with Jonson was varied by a piece of good fortune to Inigo. On Tuesday, the 12th of January, 1618-19, while Jonson was in Scotland, the old Banqueting House at Whitehall was destroyed by fire, and Inigo was ordered to erect a new building, of the same character, on the same site. He was made for such an emergency, as Wren afterwards was for a still greater opportunity. Nor is there, in the history of art, a more remarkable instance of successful rapidity than Inigo exhibited on this occasion. In less than six months after the fire which destroyed the whole building, the ground was cleared—Inigo ready with his design—and the first stone of the new Banqueting House laid. The latter took place on the 1st of June, in the same year (1619).

[1] This was Constantine, an Italian, described by Campion (1614) as "M. Constantine, an Italian, Architect to our late Prince Henry." He is not mentioned by Walpole.

[2] "Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) pp. 30, 31.

What was thought of the design may be gathered from the following entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber:

"To Inigo Jones, upon the Counsells warr^{t}, dated 27th June, 1619, for making two several models, the one for the Star Chamber, the other for the Banquetting House . . . . . xxxvij^{li}."

This payment to Jones escaped the researches of Vertue and the inquiries of Walpole; but a still more curious discovery, unknown to the same assiduous antiquaries, is the roll of the account of the Paymaster of the Works, of the "Charges in building a Banqueting House at Whitehall, and erecting a new Pier in the Isle of Portland, for conveyance of stone from thence to Whitehall"—a singular roll preserved at the Audit Office among the Declared Accounts. The sum received by the Paymaster was £15,648 3*s.* The expense of the Pier was £712 19*s.* 2*d.*, and of the Banqueting House, £14,940 4*s.* 1*d.*; the expenditure exceeding the receipts by £5 0*s.* 3*d.* The building was finished on the 31st March, 1622; but the account, it deserves to be mentioned, was not declared (*i.e.*, finally settled) till the 29th of June, 1633, eleven years after the completion of the building, and eight after the death of King James: a delay confirmatory of the unwillingness of both father and son to bring the works at Whitehall to a final settlement. Inigo's great masterpiece is described, in this Account, as "a new building, with a vault under the same, in length 110 feet, and in width 55 feet within; the wall of the foundation being in thickness 14 feet, and in depth 10 feet within ground, brought up with brick; the first story to the height of 16 feet, wrought of Oxfordshire stone, cut into rustique on the outside and brick on the inside; the walls 8 feet thick, with a vault turned over on great square pillars of brick, and paved in the bottom with Purbeck stone; the walls and vaulting laid with finishing mortar; the upper story being the Banqueting House, 55 feet in height, to the laying on of the roof; the

walls 5 feet thick, and wrought of Northamptonshire stone, cut in rustique, with two orders of columns and pilasters, Ionic and Composite, with their architrave, frieze, and cornice, and other ornaments; also rails and ballasters round about the top of the building, all of Portland stone, with fourteen windows on each side, and one great window at the upper end, and five doors of stone with frontispiece and cartoozes; the inside brought up with brick, finished over with two orders of columns and pilasters, part of stone and part of brick, with their architectural frieze and cornice, with a gallery upon the two sides, and the lower end borne upon great cartoozes of timber carved, with rails and ballasters of timber, and the floor laid with spruce deals; a strong timber roof covered with lead, and under it a ceiling divided into a fret made of great cornices enriched with carving; with painting, glazing, &c."

The master-mason was Nicholas Stone, the sculptor of the fine monument to Sir Francis Vere, in Westminster Abbey. His pay was 4*s.* 10*d.* the day. The masons' wages were from 12*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* the man per diem; the carpenters were paid at the same rate; while the bricklayers received from 14*d.* to 2*s.* 2*d.* the day. These were, I am inclined to believe, rather low rates of remuneration. The Crown, pinched in its expenditure, and ambitious of great undertakings, was often obliged to force men into its employment. This I gather from the Accounts of the Paymaster of the Works, which contain a yearly gratuity "to the Knighte Marshall's man for his extraordinary attendaunce in apprehending of such persons as obstinately refuse to come into his Majesty's Workes." The gratuity was often eight, and occasionally ten pounds.

While the works at Whitehall were in progress, a commission was appointed by the Crown "to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields, as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground plot by Inigo Jones." A careful elevation, or view (painted in oil-colours), of Inigo's plan is

still preserved at Wilton House, the princely abode of the Pembroke family. The view is taken from the south, and the principal feature in the elevation is Lindsey House, on the centre of the west side, which, with its stone façade, stands boldly out from the brick houses which support it on either side. This house, which still remains, was built for Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, General of the King's forces at the outbreak of the Civil War, under Charles I. The front still continues to be admired, though now seen to great disadvantage, from the loss of the handsome-shaped vases which originally surmounted the open balustrade at the top. The internal accommodation was never good; yet the house was long inhabited by persons of distinction, and was for some time the residence of the proud Duke of Somerset. The proportions of the square, which are seen to advantage in the plan at Wilton, are those, it is said, of the base of the Great Pyramid.

Of Inigo's business pursuits at this period he gives the following account, in a letter to Lord Arundel—the only letter of his writing which seems to have been preserved:

"*To the Right Ho^ble the Earle of Arundell and Surre, of his Ma^s most ho^ble Privi Councell.*

"Right Ho^ble,

"In my jorney to London, I went to Hā. Courte, whear I hearde that the Spanish imbassador came to Kingson, and sent his stewarde to Hā. Courte, who looked on the loginges intended for the imbassador, w^ch weare in M^r. Hugines his roomes, but the steward utterly dislyked thos roomes, sainge that the imbassador wold not lye but in the house: besides, ther was no furnitur in thos roomes, or bedding, or otherwyse, nether for the imbassador or his followers: so the stewarde retorning to his lorde, he resolved only to hunt in the parke, and so retorne. But the keeper answered, he might not suffer that, he having receved no order for it; so the imbassador went bake discontented, having had sum smarte sporte in the warrine. But since, my lo. of Nottinghā hearing of this, sent to the imbassador, to excuse the matter, w^ch the imbassador

tooke verry well, and promised to cō and lie at Hā. Courte before his ma^ties retorne; but in my opinion, the fault was chiefly in the imbassador, in not sending a day or two before, to see how he was provided for, and give notice what wold please him.

"Wee have satt on the comsion for buildinges, on Monday last, to put in mynd thos who are bound by recognizance, or otherwyse, to conforme.

"The plan of all the incroachments about Paules is fully finished. I hearr that the masons do begin to make up that part of the east end w^ch they have demolished, not well,—but with uneven courses of stone. I am now going to the m^r. of the wards, to tell him of itt.

"M^r. William was verry merry at his departure, and the busshope and he are the 'greatest' friends that may be.

"After my departure for London, many of the masons went awaye w^thout leave, but since, some of thē ar retorned; and, for the rest, yf your lo^ps do shewe sum exemplary punishment, causing thē to be sent up as malyfactors, it will detter the rest frō ever doing the lyke.

"The Banqueting-house goith on now well, though the going of the masons awaye have byne a great henderance to it.

"Thus, with my humble dutye, I rest

"Your Honours ever to be commanded,

"INIGO JONES.[1]

"Y^e 17 of August, 1620."

The "Commission for buildings," to which he refers, was a commission of inquiry into the number and nature of the new buildings erected in London since the accession of James I. Inigo was a member of this commission, and also of a commission formed in 1620 for conducting the repairs at old St. Paul's.

It was at Wilton, in 1620, during one of the royal Progresses, that Inigo was sent for by the Earl of Pembroke, and "received his Majesty's commands to produce, out of his own practice in architecture, and experience in antiquities, whatever he could possibly discover concerning Stonehenge." The result of his inquiries appeared in a folio volume, published three years after his death, from "some few undigested

[1] Tierney's History of Arundel, p. 436.

notes," which Inigo had left behind him, and which Webb, who calls them such, had "moulded" together, for the purpose of publication. Inigo declared, it is well known, that Stonehenge was a Temple of the Tuscan order, raised by the Romans, and consecrated to the god Cælus—the origin of all things. This monstrous supposition (for such it certainly is) was attacked by Dr. Charlton, and vindicated by Webb; but Inigo and Webb have found no followers, and the wild theory of the great architect is only another illustration of the ignorance of the learned. Inigo was a courtier; and his rough notes, after all, contain perhaps less of his own views upon the subject, than of ingenious illustrations of the hypothesis of the learned sovereign by whose command he had entered on the inquiry.

His next work was the chapel at Lincoln's Inn, commenced in the year 1618, and consecrated on Ascension Day, 1623; Dr. Donne preaching the consecration sermon. This is a piece of well-proportioned bastard Gothic, standing on an open crypt, or cloister, in which the students of the Inn were accustomed to meet and confer, and receive their clients. Sir Christopher Wren's cloisters, in the Temple, were re-erected, after the Great Fire of 1666, for the very same purpose. The Doric pilasters, in the Lincoln's Inn crypt, are curious illustrations of Inigo's love of Romanizing every thing. But it is good Gothic, for the time; and far truer to the details of style, than any thing that Wren chose to pass for Gothic on the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, or on the parish authorities of the City of London.

Two of his best performances belong to this period of his life—the chapel for the Infanta, at Somerset House, in the Strand, destroyed by Sir William Chambers, when the present Government offices were erected on the site of the Protector's palace; and the beautiful watergate to the town house of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, which is still to be seen on the banks of the Thames, at the bottom of the pre-

sent Buckingham Street. The front of the chapel faced the Thames, and presented an harmonious elevation of a rustic arcade with five arches, and five well-proportioned windows between Corinthian pilasters, duplicated at either end. The water gate (quite a masterpiece of architectural harmony) may be looked upon as only a portion of a great building. It was Inigo's misfortune, and our own misfortune as well, that he was not permitted to do much more, on any occasion, than indicate how successful he would have been, had his whole idea been carried into execution. King James's necessities limited Whitehall Palace to a portion only (the Banqueting House): the assassin's knife restricted York House to an instalment only (a water gate): and the Civil War, under Charles I., stopped the restoration of St. Paul's at the magnificent west portico.

The three last Masques which King James lived to see represented, were the joint inventions of Inigo and Jonson. These were called, "Time Vindicated to Himself and to his Honours," acted at Court on Twelfth Night, 1622-3; "Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion" (meaning Prince Charles), represented on Twelfth Night, 1623-4; and "Pan's Anniversary, or the Shepherd's Holiday," performed in the early part of 1625. The scene, at the representation of "Time Vindicated," "was three times changed during the time of the Masque, wherein the first that was discovered was a prospective of Whitehall, with the Banqueting House; the second was the Masquers in a Cloud; and the third a Forest." Of the scenery or success of the other Masques we have no account.[1] That the "inventors" were not now at variance may be fairly supposed from the circumstance, that in two of Ben Jonson's Masques, subsequently presented before King Charles I. and his Queen, Inigo was the associate of the poet. "Chloridia," the last represented, was also the last in which Jonson and Jones were joint inventors.

[1] Ben Jonson, viii., 2; Collier's Annals, i., 438.

The cause of their quarrel is related by Mr. Pory, in a letter to Sir Thomas Puckering:—

"The last Sunday, at night, the King's Masque was acted in the Banqueting House.....The inventor or poet of this Masque was M^r. Aurelian Townshend, sometime steward to the Lord Treasurer Salisbury; Ben Jonson being for this time discarded, by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones, who, this time twelvemonth, was angry with him for putting his own name before his in the title-page; which Ben Jonson has made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo.[1]

"Jan. 12, 1631-2."

The Masque which gave the offence to Inigo was "Chloridia," already mentioned; "the inventors Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones." This was the last of Jonson's Court entertainments; and the new poets introduced by Inigo's influence were Townshend, Carew, Shirley, Heywood, and Sir William Davenant. Inigo had now pretty nearly his own way with the poets' title-pages, and the poets themselves are very grateful to the proud and powerful architect who had brought them forward. "The subject and allegory of the Masque," says Townshend, "with the descriptions and appearances of the sceanes, were invented by Inigo Jones, Surveyor of His Majesty's Works."[2] —"The scene and ornament," says Shirley, "was the art of Inigo Jones, Esquire, Surveyor of His Majesty's Works."[3] Davenant was still more courteous. "The invention, ornaments, scenes, and apparitions, with their descriptions, were made by Inigo Jones, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Works; what was spoken or sung, by William Davenant, his Majesty's servant."[4] "So much for the subject it selfe," says Heywood; "but for the rare decorements which new apparell'd

[1] Gifford's Memoirs of Ben Jonson, p. clx.

[2] "Tempe Restored," 4to., 1631. [3] Shirley's Works, vi., 284.

[4] "Salmacida Spolia, a Masque, presented by the King and Queen's Majesties at Whitehall, on Tuesday the 21st day of January, 1639." 4to. 1639.

it, when it came the second time to the Royall viewe, (Her Gratious Majestie then entertaining His Highnesse at Denmarke-House, upon his Birth-day) I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable Artist, Mr. Inego Jones, Master Surveyor of the King's Work, &c., who to every Act, nay, almost to every sceane, by his excellent Inventions, gave such an extraordinary luster; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the spectators: that, as I must ingenuously confesse, it was above my apprehension to conceive; so to their Sacred Majesties, and the rest of the auditory, it gave so general a content, that I presume they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased or more plenally satisfied." Carew is not so complimentary — for he sins in Jonson's way, by placing his own name before Inigo's, on the title-page. But Carew was "one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty," and therefore could do as he liked.

Jonson, poor, old, and supplanted at Court by the influence of his former associate, sharpened his pen for what he has called "An Expostulation with Inigo Jones;" or, as he has called him, on another occasion, Iniquo Jones.[1] Gifford is inclined to think that only a portion of this satire proceeded from Jonson; but that his view is erroneous is proved by the discovery of a copy of the Expostulation among the Bridgewater MSS., in Jonson's own handwriting.[2] The great dramatist laughs at the "velvet suit" of the great architect, and exclaims, satirically,

> "Painting and Carpentry are the soul of Masque;"

while he sneers at what Inigo would like still worse,

> "Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery."

The truth is that Jones wanted, as Jonson has it, to be the

[1] Entertainment at Bolsover, 30 July, 1634.

[2] Collier's New Facts, p. 49.

Dominus Do-All of the work, and to engross all the praise. This is Gifford's view, who adds—not unjustly, I am inclined to think—that "an obscure ballad-maker, who could string together a few rhymes, to explain the scenery, was more acceptable to him than a man of talent, who might aspire to a share of the praise given to the entertainment."

But a paper of couplets, though written, as Howell phrases it, with a porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall, was not enough for Jonson; and the "Master Surveyor" was introduced as Vitruvius Hoop into the poet's next new play. Inigo was angry, and his interest at Court very naturally exerted to suppress the part; successfully, too, it would appear, from the following entry in the Office-Book of the Master of the Revels:

"R[eceived] for allowinge of The Tale of the Tubb, Vitruvius Hoop's parte wholly struck out, and the motion of the tubb, by commande from my lorde chamberlin; exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the Kings Workes, as a personal injury unto him. May 7, 1633—£2 0*s.* 0*d.*"[1]

It argues, it has been said, somewhat of a querulous and waspish disposition in Inigo to raise so loud an outcry on this occasion. "For aught that appears," says Gifford, "he might have passed unnoticed, and Medley and his Motions been trusted to the patience of the usual audience, without any essential injury to his reputation."[2] But Gifford, when he wrote this, had wholly overlooked the curious circumstance, that the character of Vitruvius Hoop is not to be found in the play, as it has come down to us. It is easy to believe that the puppet motions in the piece would not have effected the reputation of Inigo; but the original character of Vitruvius Hoop, we may fairly assume, was extremely personal, for "In and In Medlay of Islington corpus and

[1] Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, iii., 232.

[2] Gifford's Ben Jonson, vi., 237.

head-borough," a softened Vitruvius Hoop, retains enough to mark and hold up Inigo and his peculiarities to public ridicule:

"*Squire Tub.* Can any man make a Masque here, in this company?
To-Pan (*a tinker*). A Masque? What's that?
Scriben (*the great writer*). A Mumming or a Shew,
With vizards and fine clothes.
Clench (*the farrier*). A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word. There stands the man can do't, sir;
Medlay, the joiner, In-and-In, of Islington,
The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.
Squire Tub. But who shall write it?
Hilts. Scriben, the great writer.
Scriben. He'll do't alone, sir; he will join with no man,
Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it,
He must be sole inventer. In-and-In
Draws with no others in's projects; he will tell you
It cannot else be feazible, or conduce:
Those are his ruling words, please you to hear 'un?
Squire Tub. Yes; Master In-and-In, I have heard of you.
Medlay. I can do nothing, I.
Clench. He can do all, sir.
Medlay. They'll tell you so.
Squire Tub. I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself.
You can express a Tub?
Medlay. If it *conduce*
To the design, whate'er is *feasible*:
I can express a wash-house, if need be,
With a whole pedigree of Tubs.
Squire Tub. No; one
Will be enough to note our name and family,
Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures
This very day. I'd have it in Tub's Hall,
At Totten-Court, my lady-mother's house;
My house, indeed, for I am heir to it.
Medlay. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,

I could say more: for all invention, sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things concur to the design,
Which makes it *feasible*, if art *conduce*."

There is more of this; but Inigo had his revenge. This, the last play of the illustrious author, was maimed by his old associate; and, when performed at Court by the Queen's players, was, as the Master of the Revels briefly records in his Office-Book, "not liked."[1] Jonson was old in years, feeble in body, and poor in purse. Jones, too, was old (he was of the same age as Jonson), but his health was good—and his purse full.

Whilst this petty quarrel was at its height, Inigo lost his friend, George Chapman the poet, with whom he appears to have lived on terms of the strictest intimacy. I have already had occasion to refer to the warm language of approbation bestowed by the translator of Homer upon Inigo, in his printed account of the memorable Masque in which they had been united. But Chapman was not content with this single encomium. To Inigo he inscribes his translation of Musæus; and Inigo repaid the poet's compliment and friendship by erecting a monument to his memory in the churchyard of St. Giles's in the Fields, where, on the south side of the church, it is still to be seen.

His next works of importance, in the higher line of his profession, were the great West Portico of old St. Paul's, and the Queen's House at Greenwich. St. Paul's was in a sad state of decay, and it was the wish of the King and of Archbishop Laud that the whole edifice should have been rebuilt by Inigo. This will account for the unseemly addition he is accused of making, when he placed a classic portico before a Gothic cathedral. It was not as a part of old St. Paul's that Inigo designed his magnificent west front, but as an instalment of a new building. The King under-

[1] Malone's Shakspeare by Boswell, iii., 236.

took the whole repairs, without having, or wishing to have, as he has himself expressed it, "any to share in the honour of that particular with us:"[1] and the new structure which Jones erected was worthy of the situation and the King's liberality. The nave of old St. Paul's had been too long desecrated, as a lounge, or place of general meeting, for people in quest of news; for dinnerless persons, to dine with Duke Humphrey; and for servants out of employment, in search for masters. Inigo's portico was designed to remove this desecration from the nave to the exterior of the building; and, in order to get ample room for the numbers who frequented the building, the church of St. Gregory, by St. Paul's, was marked out for removal by the ambitious architect. A parish church in Inigo's days, however, was not so easily removed as modern architects have since found such matters to be; and every interest and exertion were made by the local authorities to preserve their church. One of the North family (to whom we are indebted for so much curious contemporary knowledge) has given the following account, in a News-Letter of the time:

"The business of S[t]. Gregories church was moved by my lord and me to many of the great lords, who concluded the King's resolution for removing the church was fixed, and would not be altered upon any reason the parish or we could alledge to the contrary. My lord treasurer [Juxon, Bishop of London] cannot save the Hall and Chapel of London House; but down they must go, to make a clear passage about Paul's Church."[2]—*Sir John North to Dudley North, March* 22, 1637.

Old St. Paul's is described by Fuller as being truly the mother church, having one babe in her body—St. Faith's—and another in her arms—St. Gregory's. It was the church in her arms that Inigo began to remove, and would have soon demolished, had the King's affairs been at the time in a more

[1] Wilkins's Concilia, iv., 492.

[2] Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1846, p. 384.

prosperous condition. But it was now Inigo's turn to be annoyed. The parishioners of St. Gregory laid their complaint before the House of Commons, and the Commons sent it on to the Lords, with a Declaration appended, that the parishioners deserved redress, and that proceedings should be taken against the King's architect for the demolition he had caused. The Complaint of the parishioners has not reached us, but the Declaration of the Commons contains some curious characteristics of Inigo's manner.[1] He is accused of saying that he would not undertake the repairs at St. Paul's, "unless he might be the sole monarch, or might have the principality thereof"—a harmless charge, indeed, but personally interesting, from the curious confirmation it supplies to the truth of Jonson's satire. The rest is, however, more offensive. He first pulled down a portion of the church, and then threatened, "that if the parishioners would not take down the rest of it, then the galleries should be sawed down, and with screws the materials of the said church should be thrown down into the street;" but finding this of no avail, he further threatened, "that if they did not take down the said church, they should be laid by the heels." The Declaration of the Commons brought Inigo before the House of Lords, and his answer to the charge was that he was not guilty of the offence in such manner and form as the Declaration expressed. Inigo gained time in this way, but the decision was against him; and the great architect not only saw his noble work of re-construction at a stand-still, but the very stones he had quarried and conveyed to the city made over to the parishioners of St. Gregory's for the rebuilding of their church.[2]

The Queen's House at Greenwich was begun by Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., and completed by Henrietta

[1] Nalson's Collections, vol. ii., p. 728.

[2] Dugdale's St. Paul's, 2nd ed., 1716, p. 146.

Maria, the Queen of Charles I.[1] The name of Henrietta, and the date, 1635, the period of its completion, are still to be seen on the front of the building. It is now the Naval School; and when viewed from the river, stands as it were in the very centre of Greenwich Hospital. The interior decorations were by Horatio Gentileschi; and one of his ceilings, but much damaged, is still to be seen in the saloon. The old palace of our sovereigns at Greenwich stood westward of the Queen's House; and the small fragment facing the river—all that is now standing—contains six pilasters, with the caricature faces which Gerbier ridiculed in the works of Inigo and Webb. Charles II. set about the rebuilding of the Palace, and Webb was employed as Denham's assistant, in its reconstruction.[2] The portion rebuilt by Webb—from, it is said, the design of Jones—was introduced by Wren into the general arrangement of Greenwich Hospital, and still forms the river front of the west side of the great square.[3]

Another important work of this period of Inigo's career was the Theatre of the Hall of the Barber-Surgeons in Monkwell Street, in the city of London. The room contained four degrees of cedar seats, one above another, in elliptical form, adorned with figures of the seven Liberal Sciences, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and a bust of King Charles I. The roof was an elliptical cupola.[4] This, as Walpole calls it, "one of the best of Jones's works," was repaired, in the reign of George I., by the Earl of Burlington, the architect, and pulled down in the latter end of the last century, and sold for the value of the materials. "The designe of the Chirurgeon's Theatre," an oval, dated "1636," is pre-

[1] Philipott's Survey, p. 162; Lysons' Environs, iv., 436, 453.
[2] Evelyn, 19 October, 1661; 24 January, 1661-2.
[3] Appendix D, p. 48.
[4] Hatton's New View of London, 8vo., 1708, p. 597.

served in the portfolio of Jones's drawings at Worcester College, Oxford.

While Jones was disputing with the parishioners of St. Gregory, and actively engaged in rebuilding the Cathedral of St. Paul, he was also employed in planning the great square, or Piazza, of Covent Garden, for the Earl of Bedford. The square was formed about the year 1631, though never completed; and, as I believe, never designed in full. The Arcade, or Piazza, was carried along the whole of the north and east sides; the church completed the west; and the south was girt by a grove of trees, and the garden-wall of Bedford House, in the Strand. The northern side was called the Great Piazza; the eastern side, the Little Piazza.[1] "In the Arcade," says Walpole, "there is nothing very remarkable; the pilasters are as errant and homely stripes as any plasterer would make." This is true to the present appearance of the Arcade, though hardly true in Walpole's time, when the whole elevation remained as Inigo had built it, with stone pilasters on a red brick frontage. The pilasters, as we now see them, are lost in a mass of compo and white paint; the red bricks have been whitened over, and the pitched roofs of red tile replaced with flat slate.

The church, the leading feature in the square, was commenced in 1631, and not finished or even consecrated till the 27th of September, 1638. When the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden; but added, he would not go to any considerable expense. "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn." "Well, then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England." It was built originally of brick, with Tuscan columns of stone, to the portico, and a roof covered with red tiles. Jones was present at its consecration by Juxon.[2] Lord Burlington

[1] Cunningham's Handbook for London, *article* Piazza.

[2] Harl. MS., in British Museum, No. 1831.

repaired it with care and reverence in 1727; and in 1795, on its total destruction by fire, it was rebuilt of stone, by the elder Hardwick, on the plan and in the proportions of the original structure. Of the first church built by Inigo there is a view by Hollar.

This was the last of his works; for, though he lived fourteen years longer, with his mind unimpaired, and his portfolio full of noble designs for palaces and private houses—the Civil War diverted men's thoughts and means from the peaceful employments of architecture, and found for the King and his nobility other and sterner occupations than superintending squares, or rebuilding palaces. The stones quarried to restore St. Paul's were taken, we have seen, to rebuild St. Gregory's: Whitehall was left unfinished: Greenwich was a mere fragment of a large design: and the masons and workmen in the squares of Lincoln's Inn and Covent Garden took to arms, and fought for King, or Commons, as interest or inclination led them. Poets, actors, and engravers, were alike thrown out of their usual occupations. Davenant, the Poet-Laureate, became lieutenant-general of ordnance, under the King; Wither, Governor of Farnham, for the Parliament; while Robinson, the actor, Hollar, Peake, and Faithorne, the engravers, and one still greater, Inigo Jones himself, were taken with arms in their hands at the siege of Basing.[1]

The history of the twelve last years of his life, if authentically written, would be little more, there is reason to believe, than a history of anxieties and disappointments. He was not only imprisoned, but was fined for his loyalty. His office of Surveyor was at the best but nominal; for he was neither employed as Surveyor, nor paid as one. But he had saved money, which in those perilous times he was at a loss how to preserve. There were others in the same difficulty;

[1] Carlyle's Cromwell, ii., 259, 2nd edition.

and Inigo, uniting with Nicholas Stone, the sculptor, buried his money in a private place near his house, in Scotland Yard. That he had all the fears which Pepys, in a similar situation, so well describes, it is not too much to imagine; and he had need for alarm. The Parliament published an order, encouraging servants to inform of such concealments; and, as four of the workmen were privy to the deposit, Jones and his friend removed it privately, and with their own hands buried it in Lambeth Marsh.

He had now survived the friends to whom he was indebted for his advancement, the poets with whom he had been associated, and the patrons to whom he owed his appointments. He had lived to see King Charles beheaded in the open street, before his own Banqueting House, at Whitehall—Ben Jonson and Chapman at rest, in Westminster Abbey and the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields—and the Earl of Arundel and both the Earls of Pembroke, William and Philip, gathered to their ancestral vaults. Grief, misfortunes, and old age, at last terminated his life. He died at Somerset House, in the Strand, on the 21st June, 1652,[1] in his seventy-ninth year, and on the 26th of the same month was buried, by his own desire, by the side of his father and mother, in the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, where a

[1] The blunders about the period of Jones's death are almost beyond belief. Antony Wood says he died 21 July, 1651, and adds—"so I have been informed by the letters of James Webb, of Butleigh, in Somersetshire, Gentleman, son of John Webb, who married the cousin-german of the said Inigo Jones" (Ath. Oxon., ii. 423, ed. 1721). Kennet says he died 22 May, 1651 (Ath. Oxon., by Bliss, iii., 806). Walpole copies Wood; and Walpole's editor (Dallaway) correcting his author, says he was buried 26 June, 1632. Allan Cunningham says he died in June, 1653 (Lives of British Artists, vol. iv., p. 138). I have examined the Register of St. Bennet's, and find that he was buried 26 June, 1652. The errors about Webb's relationship to Inigo are equally absurd. Some call him his nephew, others, his son-in-law. He was neither.

monument of white marble, for which he left one hundred pounds, was erected, with the following inscription:

Ignatius Jones, Arm.
Architectus Reg. Mag. Brit. celeberrimus
Hic jacet.
Aul. Alb. Reg. ædificavit
Templum D. Pauli restauravit:
Natus Id. Julii MDLXXII.
Obiit xi[x] cal. Junii MDCLI[I].
Vixit Ann. lxxix D^{es} xxx iix.

Uxoris Patruo amantissimo
Præceptori suo meritissimo
Hæres et Discipulus
Posuit Moerens Johan. Webb.[1]

It stood against the north wall, at some distance from his grave, and was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.[2] I could wish that Wren, in rebuilding the church, had rebuilt the monument.

He was never married, and the bulk of his property he bequeathed to John Webb, his executor, described, in his will,[3] as having married "Ann Jones, my kinswoman." Webb was a native of London, and educated at Merchants Tailors' School. He was also the pupil of Jones, and succeeded to his master's collection of designs, of which he made good use. He wrote, as has been already mentioned, "A Vindication" of Inigo's "Stonehenge Restored;"[4] and died 24 October, 1672, at Butleigh, in Somersetshire, on the same

[1] Kennet, in Wood's Ath. Ox., by Bliss, iii., 806.

[2] Wood's Ath. Ox., iv. 753. [3] Appendix E, p. 49.

[4] The dedication is dated from Butleigh, in Somersetshire, 25 May, 1664; and the book was published in folio in 1665. Catherine Webb, the grand-daughter of the architect, and the last of the Webbs of Butleigh, married a Mr. Riggs; but neither of them survived their marriage, or each other, above ten days. The widow left the Right Honourable

day that he made his will. His wife was his executrix, and all his "library and books, and all prints, and cuts, and drawings of architecture," were left to his son, William Webb, with strict injunctions that they should be kept together. How long this injunction was obeyed, I am not aware: but the collection — or at least a large part of it — belonged, in Aubrey's time, to Oliver, the City Surveyor,[1] and subsequently to Dr. Clarke and the Earl of Burlington. Dr. Clarke's collection was bequeathed by him to Worcester College, Oxford, where it is still to be seen; and the Earl of Burlington's portion has since descended to the Duke of Devonshire. Of Oliver's Collection I can find no other account than Aubrey's. That Jones's library was a good one, for the period in which he lived, may be inferred from Peacham; who observes, in his "Complete Gentleman," that he could only find Vasari in the library of Inigo Jones and in one other library.

His face is rendered familiar to us by the noble portraits of Vandyck, to whom he sat at least twice. The finished picture went, with the Houghton Collection, to St. Petersburgh, but the sketch *en grisaille*, engraved by Hollar, in 1655, for the first edition of the "Stonehenge Restored," is in this country, and is now in the possession of Major Inigo Jones, 11th Hussars, who has caused the picture to be carefully engraved, at his own expense, for the present account of the life of his great relative.[2] Vandyck and Jones were

James Grenville heir to her estate at Butleigh; from whom it descended to the present Dean of Windsor, the great-nephew of Mr. Grenville. The Webbs purchased it of the Symcocks.

[1] Aubrey's Lives, ii., 411. "Mr. Oliver, the City Surveyor, hath all his papers and designs, not only of St. Paul's Cathedral, &c., and the Banqueting House, but his designs of all Whitehall, suitable to the Banqueting House; a rare thing, which see."

[2] A portrait of Inigo, by Vandyck, in the possession of Lord Darnley, was exhibited at the British Institution, in 1820. Lord Yarborough has a clever copy of the portrait, *en-grisaille*, introduced into a composition

asked together to the dinners of the Painters' Stainers' Company, as appears by an entry in the Company's books; an honour which was considerable, and looked upon as such. They were friends; and Inigo's skill "in designing with his pen" was described by Vandyck "as not to be equalled by whatsoever great masters of his time, for boldness, softness, sweetness, and sureness of his touches."[1] Notices, however trifling, that relate to two such men, cannot be devoid of interest, even to the general reader.

Inigo lived in Scotland Yard,[2] was a Roman Catholic, and paid periodical fines to the overseers of the poor of St. Martin's in the Fields, for the privilege of eating flesh in Lent. The necessity that rendered the privilege requisite is unknown; but that he had his ailments may be gathered from the following prescription, written with his own hand at the end of his companion Palladio:

"*For the spleene and vomiting mellencoly—my owne.*

"Take capers, and first wash of the vineger with warme water, then sett them on the fier in a scillett, and lett them boyle up on or too waumes, and take them of and straine the water from them in to a cullender, and kepe them in a pipkin: take aurance and wash them well, and then plump them on the fiere, and straine them out in to a cullender,

picture of ornaments, implements, &c. Major Inigo Jones has a copy of the Houghton picture which was given to a member of his family by Speaker Onslow, who considered it to be an original; but it is too poor for Vandyck's own hand. Lot 65 of the first day's sale of Vertue's pictures, was "A Head of Inigo Jones," said to be by "Vandyke." There is an original portrait of him on the staircase at the Ashmolean: but it is not like the received portraits, and is a poor performance. His head, engraved in an oval by Villamoena, and set in a kind of mural tablet, has this inscription:

INIGO . JONES . ARCHITECTOR .
MAGNAE . BRITANIAE
F . VILLAMOENA . F

This was engraved in Jones's life-time. Villamoena died about 1626.

[1] Webb. [2] Appendix C, p. 47.

and keep them in an other pipkin; take too spunfules, or less, of each of thes, mix them togeather, and eat them for a breakfast, and you may drink after them. This cured mee of the sharpe vomitinges w^ch^ I had hadd 36 yeares, but it is the frequent youse of them that doth the effect. This also hath cured many of the stoppinges of the spleene, who I have taught it to. I sumtimes youse sallett oyle with them, but it must bee verry good. I doe many times eat them with meat for a sallett, when I can not eate them in the morning."

To this he has added a marginal note—"Aproved by many, as my Lo. Newcastell, M^r^. Herbert, M^r^. Ouldsworth." The date of the entry is about 1638.

Among the works actually erected, assigned on good grounds to Inigo, and not already mentioned, I would include the following:—The Cabinet for the King's pictures at Whitehall, and the Queen's Chapel, at St. James's; a front at Wilton—since disfigured—and a grotto at the end of the water; the middle parts of each end of the quadrangle, at St. John's College, Oxford; Cobham Hall, in Kent, built for the Duke of Richmond and Lenox, and now the seat of Lord Darnley; Coleshill, in Berkshire, built for Sir Mark Pleydell, and now the seat of the Earl of Radnor; the Grange, in Hampshire, the seat of Lord Ashburton, and since altered by the late Mr. Wilkins. "It is not a large house," says Walpole, who writes before the alterations, "but by far one of the best proofs of his taste—the hall, which opens to a small vestibule, with a cupola, and the staircase adjoining, are beautiful models of the purest and most classical antiquity"; a gate at Oatlands, still standing; a gate at Holland House, Kensington, still there, but stupidly divided; a gate at Beaufort House, Chelsea, removed by Lord Burlington to Chiswick; and Wing, in Buckinghamshire, pulled down by Sir William Stanhope. One of the best examples of his art is omitted by his biographers—Ashburnham House, in Westminster, which is still standing, with its noble cupola and staircase. Some of the houses in Great Queen Street,

Lincoln's Inn Fields, in one of which the great Lord Herbert of Cherbury died, were of his design, and carry the fleur-de-lys, in compliment to Queen Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV., of France. There is a tradition preserved by Bagford, that the present Queen Street was originally designed as a square, and that it was built at the charge of the Jesuits.[1]

Among the works of a more doubtful character, attributed to Inigo, the following may be named:—Albins, in Essex; Pishiobury, in Hertfordshire, built for Sir Walter Mildmay; Charlton House, in Kent, built for Sir Adam Newton; Amesbury, in Wiltshire; Gunnersbury, near Brentford; Chevening, in Kent; the front to the garden of Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire; a front at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire; Chilham Castle; the tower of the church at Staines, where he is said to have lived some time; a part of Sion House, near Brentford; Brympton, in Somersetshire, the mansion of Sir Philip Sydenham; part of the church of St. Catherine Cree, in Leadenhall Street; a bridge at Gwydder, in Wales, on the estate of the Duke of Ancaster; Drumlanrig Castle, in Dumfrieshire; Heriot's Hospital, in Edinburgh; and the more modern part of Glamis Castle.[2] Amesbury and Gunnersbury (now no longer standing) were built by Webb, perhaps from Inigo's designs, and others are of an earlier or a later date. The Council Room of Heriot's Hospital is quite in Inigo's manner, and I am inclined to think that the whole building was of his design.

That the designs of Inigo were not restricted to a new Whitehall, and palaces at Greenwich, Newmarket, and in the Strand (on the site of Somerset House), the portfolio of his drawings at Worcester College affords most striking evidence. In this valuable folio are found, "upright for my Lord Maltravers his house at loatsbury, 1638"—

[1] Cunningham's Handbook for London, *article* Queen Street.

[2] Sir Walter Scott's Misc. Works, xxi., 97.

"Mr. Surveyor's designe for S^r^ Peter Killigrew's house in the Blackfriars"—"ceiling of the Countess of Pembroke's bed-chamber"—"ceiling of the great staire at Wilton"—"for the ceiling in the Cabinet-Room, Wilton, 1649"—"ceiling of the Countess of Carnarvon's bed-chamber"—"ceiling of the Countess of Carnarvon's withdrawing-room"—an enriched and gilt ceiling, in panels, for York House, with the Duke of Buckingham's motto, "Fidei Coticula Crux," worked in, as on the Water Gate; "wainscott and moulds for the Consultation Room at Physician's College," dated 1651, and marked "not taken;" with designs for temples, (Parthenon-like, with statues and pediments filled with sculptures) for churches, one which Gibbs must have seen, and another with obelisks on towers—"for a Fountain in a Wall at Greenwich, 1637"—for "Exchanges or Merchants' Piazzas"—and for the "Office of the Works at Newmarket." In the same folio I observed an exquisite pencil drawing for a portion of the Banqueting House, with the statues; an early and different design for the church in Covent Garden; a most delicately pencilled drawing of the Portico to St. Paul's, with the statues; a design "for the modell of the Star Chamber," dated 1617; and two "uprights" (one especially fine and large) "of the Palace at Somerset House," dated "1638," and marked "not taken;" an elevation and ground-plot for a new house for the Earl of Pembroke, on the site of Durham House, in the Strand, and signed "John Webb." The ground-plot is marked "not taken," and dated 1649.

Besides the original Sketch Book already mentioned, of which a few copies have been made in complete facsimile, the Duke of Devonshire possesses, as Mr. Collier informs me, a collection of designs for habits and Masques at Court, mounted in two folio volumes; some boxes of architectural drawings, many perhaps by Webb; and others of roughly-coloured designs for scenery in Masques, carrying upon them the splashes of the distemper colour with which the scenes

were painted. A small collection of his plans for shifting scenery in Masques is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS.[1] in the British Museum.

I cannot conclude this account of the Life of Inigo Jones without pointing out a singular and important error which Walpole commits, in his account of Jones: an error perpetuated by Allan Cunningham, and by other authors who have written the life of the great architect. Walpole ascribes to Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, some rambling, incoherent, manuscript notes, written about Jones in the first edition of the "Stonehenge Restored," formerly in the Harleian Library. That these notes, however, could not have been written by Philip, the eccentric Earl, may be determined by a couple of dates. The Earl, who is said to have written them, died in 1650, and the book in which they are written was published in 1655.[2]

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

Victoria Road, Kensington,
28 September, 1849.

[1] Lansdowne MSS., No. 1171.

[2] The notes in question were written, I suspect, by Sir Balthazar Gerbier. I may be excused, perhaps, for mentioning in a note (and my readers perhaps will thank me for the information), that by far the best account of Inigo's New Whitehall and of his magnificent West Portico of St. Paul's will be found in the fourth volume of Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Artists.

APPENDIX

TO

THE LIFE OF INIGO JONES.

A.

[*From the Book of Orders and Decrees of the Court of Requests, preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster.*]

Jones } Decimo octavo die Novembris, A°. R. Rne Elizabethe, &c.
Baker } xxxij°. [1589].

Uppon the opening and debating of the matter in varyance depending in the Quenes Ma^tyes honorable Court of Requests, betweene Enego Jones, of the Cittie of London, Clothworker, compl^t, and Richard Baker, of the same cittie, Baker, def^t, concerning in effect the stay of the proceeding of the said def^t in an action of debte by him heretofore commenced at the common lawe against the compl^t, uppon an obligation wherein the same pl^t standeth bound unto the def^t in the some of fowerscore poundes, with condition for the sure payment of lx^li at a day certen limited by the said condition, some part of which said debte of lx^li the said comp^t by his bill alledgeth to be heretofore by him satisfyed and payed unto the said def^t. And that for the residue of the said debte beinge xlviij^li, yt was compounded and agreed betweene the said pl^t and def^t that he, the same def^t, would accept and receave the same at the handes of the pl^t, after the rate of x^s euery moneth, untill the said debte of lx^li were fully satisfyed and payed, as by the said compl^ts bill more at large is sett furthe and alledged—for the full and finall ending of which said cause yt is this day by the Quenes Ma^ty said counsaill of this said Court, by and with the full consent and agreement of both of the said parties and of their counsaill learned—ordered and decreed that the said

compl^{t} shall forthwith confesse the said action so being commenced against him at the common lawe uppon the sayde obligation as is before declared; and that immediately upon the confession thereof an indenture of defeasance or covenants shalbe made betweene the said parties, by and with the consent of the said counsaill learned of both the said parties, whereby it shalbe covenanted and agreed betwene them, that if he, the said comp^{t}, or his executors or assignes, or any of them, shall hearafter continue the true payment of the said somme of tenne shillinges unto the said def^{t}, his executors or assignes, monethly, every moneth, x^{s}, one consequently ensuinge another, untill the said remaynder of the said debte of lx^{li}, being fiftie five poundes, be fully satisfied and payed, the first payment thereof to commence the last day of the moneth of December next, that then neither he, the said def^{t}, his executors or assignes, nor any of them, shall heareafter at any time take any advantage or sue for any execution against the said pl^{t}, his executors, or assignes, uppon the said action so being by him confessed, as is aforesaid: And if the sayde compl^{t} shall heareafter at any time make any defaulte of the said monethly payment of the said somme of x^{s}, yet notwithstanding it is by the said counsaill, by and with the full consent of the said partie def^{t} ordered that neither he, the same def^{t}, his executors or assignes, nor any of them, shall heareafter at any time sue any execution uppon the said confession of the said action untill such time as he, the said def^{t}, his executors or assignes, shall haue made her Ma^{ties} said Counsaill of this said Court, which then shalbe for the time being, privie and acquainted of the said breache or default of payment of the said somme of x^{s} monethlie, and that thereuppon the said def^{t} shall for non payment thereof obteine license of her Ma^{ties} said Counsaill of this said Court, to take execution against the said comp^{t}, uppon the said confession, for so much as to them shall then appeare to remaine unsatisfied of the said debte of lx^{li} before mentioned, and not above.

B.

[*Addit. MS., British Museum, No. 5,755 Original.*]

JAMES R.

Wee will and comaund you, imediatlie upon the sight hereof, to deliuer, or cause to be deliuered, unto o^{r} welbeloued servaunt, Inigo

Jones, whome wee have appointed to be S^r^veyor of o^r^ Works, in the roome and place of Simon Basill, deceased, these p^r^cells hereafter following for his Lyverie, That is to saie, five yards of broad clothe for a gowne, at twentie six shillings and eightpence the yard, one furr of Budge for the same gowne, price four pounds; four yards and a half of baies, to lyne the same gowne, at fiue shillings the yard: for furring the same gowne ten shillings; and for making the same gowne ten shillings. And further o^r^ pleasure and comandement is, that yearlie, from henceforth, at the feaste of All Saints, you deliuer or cause to be deliuered unto the said Inigo Jones, the like p^r^cells, for his Livery, w^th^ the furring and making of the same, as aforesaid, during his naturall lief. And these o^r^ Lres, signed w^th^ our owne hand, shalbe yo^r^ sufficient warrant, dormant, and discharge, in that behalf. Given under o^r^ signet, at o^r^ Pallace of Westm^r^, the sixteenth day of March, [1615-16] in the thirteenth yeare of o^r^ raigne of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Scotland the nine and fortieth.

To o^r^ right trustie and welbeloued James Lord Hay,
M^r^. of o^r^ Greate Wardrobe now being, and to the
M^r^. of the same that hereafter for the time shalbe.

JAMES HAY.

C.

[*Audit Office Enrolments, vol. ii., p.* 404.]

Charles, by the Grace of God, &c.—to the Threar and underthrear of or Excheq^r^ now being, and w^ch^ hereafter from the tyme shalbe, and to all other our officers and ministers to whome it may appertaine—Greeting. Whereas the Surveyors of the Workes unto our predecessors haue formly had a dwelling house in o^r^ pallace of Westminster belonging unto them, as incident to that place, untill the same was to their preiudice alienated from them: And forasmuch as we are given to understand that in the tyme of o^r^ late deare father, King James, of happye memory, deceased, one Symon Basill, Esqe, being then Surveyor of the Workes, had a dwelling house in the office of o^r^ workes, called Scotland yeard, w^ch^ house, together w^th^ some storehouses there, being pulled downe by the sayd Symon Basill, hee procured a Lease of that part of the said yard, and built severall houses thereupon for his owne private benefitt, soe as o^r^ Surveyor

hath paid a ffine, and is answerable for a yearely rent to the value of forty sixe poundes p. ann. for one of the houses. Wee doo therefore make known to you, o^{r} said Threar and Underthrear, that of o^{r} speciale grace and ffavor unto o^{r} trustie and welbeloved Servant, Inigo Jones, Esq^{r}, now Surveyor of o^{r} Workes, as well in consideracion of his good and faithfull service done both to our said late deare ffather and to us, as for diverse other good consideracions us hereunto moving, wee are pleased to give and graunte unto him the some of forty sixe pounds of currant money of England p^{r} ann., for the rent of his said dwelling house, and doe by these presents will and command you, aswell the officers of o^{r} Workes, to enter the same monethly, wth other allowaunces and enterteynem^{te}, as alsoe the paymaster of o^{r} said workes now being, and that hereafter for the tyme shalbe, out of o^{r} Treasure from tyme to tyme remayning in his handes and custodie, to pay unto the said Inigo Jones the said allowaunce of fortie sixe poundes p^{r} ann., for the rent of his sayd house, in such manner as other allowaunces and entertey^{ts} of that office are usually paid, the first payem^{t} to begin from the ffeast of the Annunciacon of the blessed Vergine Mary last past before the date hereof, and to continue during his naturall life. And these o^{r} lres shalbe sufficient warr^{t} and discharge, aswell to the said Payemaster of o^{r} workes, for the due paye^{t} of the sayd some of fortie sixe poundes pr ann., as to the Auditors of o^{r} Imprests and all other o^{r} officers whom it may concern, for giving allowaunce thereof from tyme to tyme upon his Accomptes. Given under o^{r} signet, at o^{r} pallace of Westminster, the third day of Aprill, [1629] in the ffifth yeare of o^{r} Raigne.

D.

[*Audit Office Enrolments, vol. vi., p.* 129.]

CHARLES R.

Trusty and welbeloved, Wee greet you well. Whereas wee haue thought fit to employ you for the erecting and building of Our palace at Greenwich, Wee doe hereby require and authorize you to execute, act, and proceed there, according to your best skill and judgment in Architecture, as our Surveyor Assistant unto S^{r} John Denham, K^{nt} of the Bath, Surveyor General of Our Works, with the same power of executing, acting, proceeding therein, and graunting of Warrants for

stones to be had from Portland, to all intents and purposes, as the said Sir John Denham have or might have: And hereof the officers of Our Workes, and Hugh May, Esq., Paymaster of the same, are to take notice and accordingly to conforme unto this Our Royal Pleasure: And Our further Will and Pleasure is, that the said Officers and Paymaster doe and shall from tyme to tyme make allowance and payment unto you of the salary of Two Hundred Pounds pr ann., with your trauelling Charges upon our services as the said Sir John Denham hath, and that the said salary of Two Hundred Pounds per ann. and trauelling Charges be entred monthly in the Bookes of Accompt of Our Officers' Entertainement, and payment made thereof, according to the said entry, out of the first Moneys that shall be receaued after it is entred, with proporconable arreares to be paid unto your Executors or Assignes since the beginning of January, 1663: and the same to continue during Our Pleasure; Giuen at our Court at Whitehall, the 21st day of November, 1666: in the eighteenth year of Our Raigne.

By his Ma^ties^ Comaund,

WILL MORICE.

To Our Trusty and Welbeloued
John Webb, of Butleigh, in Our
County of Somerset, Esq^re^.

Let the Orders establisht for the present payments of the Ordinary of the Office of the Workes be duly kept, and not interrupted by this or any other Warrant that concernes any prticular Workes. But that observed, let M^r^. Webb be paid this Salary and Arreares out of those Monies that are or shalbe assigned particularly unto the building of His Ma^ts^ Workes. And the Auditors of the Imprest are to allow the same.

February 28th, 1666.

T. SOUTHAMPTON.

E.

THE WILL OF INIGO JONES.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

In the name of God, Amen. I, Inigo Jones, of the Parish of S^t^. Martin in the Feilds, in the County of Midd., Surveyor of the Works to the late King and Queens Mat^s^, aged seaventy-seaven yeares, being in perfect

health of mind, but weake in body, doe make and ordayne this my last Will and Testament in manner and forme ffollowing. That is to say, Imprimis, I commend my Soule to Almighty God, hopeing by ye death and passion of my Saviour, Christ Jesus, to have remission of my Sinnes and attayne vnto eternall life. My body to the Earth, to bee buried in the Church of S^{t}. Bennett, Paul's Wharfe, London. For the expences of my ffunerall I doe appointe one hundred pounds, and for the erecting of a Monument in memorie of mee, to bee made of white marbele, and sett upp in the Church aforesayd, I doe likewise appoint one hundred pounds.

Item, I give and bequeathe to Richard Gammon, of the parish of S^{t}. Mary Savoy, in the County of Midd., aforesayd, who maried Elizabeth Jones, my kinswoman, the summe of fiue hundred pounds, and the halfe of my weareing apparrell.

Item, I giue and bequeath to Mary Wagstaffe, my kinswoman, the summe of one hundred pounds, to be reserved in the hands of my Executor heereafter named, or Richard Gammon, aforesayd, to bee bestowed as they shall think fitt for her preferment, either by mariage or otherwise.

Item, I give and bequeath one hundred pounds, to bee equally devided amongst the fiue Children of the said Mary Wagstaffe, which she had by Henry Wagstaffe, deceased, her late husband, to bee bestowed for their preferment as shalbe thought best fitt by my Executor and Richard Gammon, aforesayd; and in case any of the sayd Children dye before their portion of the said one hundred pounds bee disbursed, then the part and portion of the Child so dying to bee equally devided towards the advancement of the other which survive.

Item, I give and bequeath vnto John Damford, of the Parish of S^{t}. Martin in the Feilds, Carpenter, the summe of one hundred pounds.

Item, I giue and bequeath unto Stephen Page, for his faythful service, one hundred pounds.

Item, I giue and bequeath vnto Anne Webb, my kinswoman, the sume of two thousand pounds, to bee layd out for a joynture for her by my Executor, within one yeare after the proving of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath to the fiue Children of my Executor, by the said Anne Webb, one thousand pounds.

Item, for all the debt which is due and oweing to mee for my enter-

taynement and service to the late King and Queene, I doe thereof bequeath vnto Henry Wicks, Esq^r^, Paymaster of the Works, the summe of fifty pounds, to be payd within one moneth after the sayd debt shall be received, and the remaynder to bee equally devided betweene my Executor and Richard Gammon, aforesayd.

Item, I giue and bequeath vnto the poore of S^t^. Martin's Parish, the summe of tenn pounds, to bee payed within one moneth after the proving of this Will.

Item, I give and bequeath vnto the poore of S^t^. Bennett's Parish, aforesaid, the summe of tenn pounds, to be payd within one moneth after the proveing of this Will.

Lastly, I doe heereby make, ordeyne, and appoint John Webb, of the Parish of S^t^. Martin in the Feilds, in the County of Middx, (who maried Anne Jones, my kinswoman) the sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, and Henry Cogan, of the said Parish, Esquire, and Henry Browne, of the Parish of St. Mary Savoy, aforesaid, Esq^re^, to bee the Overseers of this my last Will; and for their care and paynes therein I doe heereby bequeath tenn pounds apeece to each of them. And I doe heereby alsoe make void and of none effect all former Wills, Acts, or Deeds, whatsoever, and doe by these presents declare this to bee my last Will and Testament. In Witnesse whereof I have herevnto sett my hand and seale[1] the two and twentieth day of July, Anno Dñi, 1650.

INIGO JONES.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, by the said Inigo Jones, and by him published and declared to be his last Will and Testament, in the presence of WILLIAM BELL—HENRY BROWNE—H. COGAN—W^m^. GAPE—and GODF. AUSTINSON.

This Will was Prooued at London beefore Sir Nathaniel Brent, Knight, Doct^r^ of Laws, and Master or Keeper of the Prerogative Court, the four and twentieth day of August, 1652, in the name of John Webbe, the Executor of the said Will, hee beeinge first sworne faithfully to Ad'ster, as in the Acts of Court appeares.

[1] The seal is a fine antique head.

REMARKS ON THE COSTUME, ETC.,

OF SOME OF THE

SKETCHES BY INIGO JONES.

BY

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.

REMARKS ON THE COSTUME, ETC.,

OF SOME OF THE

SKETCHES BY INIGO JONES.

In a brief history of Stage Costume which I wrote some years ago for Mr. Charles Knight's first volume of "Table Talk," I observed that the valuable labours of Mr. Wharton, in his "History of English Poetry," and of Mr. Payne Collier, in his "Annals of the Stage," had brought to light many curious details of the expenses attending the getting up of pageants and dramatic shows, during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.; while the Chronicles of Hall and Hollinshed were replete with descriptions of the gorgeous masqueradings of our eighth Harry and his splendid court. In addition to this information, the "Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court," in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and "Henslowe's Diary," edited by Mr. Collier, both which volumes are in the hands of our members, have supplied us with a mass of incidental notices, illustrative of the costume and properties displayed in the dramas and masques of the Shakesperian era.

The great liberality of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire now enables the Council to bring the aid of the pencil to the labours of the pen, and enrich the libraries of our subscribers with facsimiles of drawings made by the celebrated Inigo

Jones, if not during the lifetime, very shortly after the decease of Shakespeare, and which place before us not only the habits in which the Masques of his contemporary, Ben Jonson, were enacted, but in two instances, undoubtedly, the dress of characters in Shakespeare's own immortal productions. To commence, therefore, with these two most interesting illustrations:

PLATE I.

Presents us with the Palmer's, or Pilgrim's dress, worn by Romeo in the Masquerade scene, the figure being simply subscribed "Romeo," in pencil, in the original. It is the usual costume of such personages, consisting of a long loose gown, or robe, with large sleeves, and a round cape covering the breast and shoulders; a broad-leafed hat, turned up in front, and fastened to the crown by a button, apparently, if it be not intended for a small cockle-shell, the absence of which customary badge would otherwise be the only remarkable circumstance in the drawing. In the left hand of the figure is the *bourdon*, or staff, peculiar to Pilgrims. The modern representatives of Romeo have inaccurately carried a cross. In the text of the play, Romeo insists on bearing a torch.

> "Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
> Being but heavy, I will bear the light."

> "A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
> Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
> For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase:
> I'll be a candle-holder, and look on."

And the only indication of his being in a Pilgrim's habit is derived from Juliet's addressing him, "Good Pilgrim," &c. The drawing is therefore most interesting authority for the actor; and it is probable that Mercutio, Benvolio, and the "five or six maskers," were also attired in similar dresses;

as, at this period, the parties attending such entertainments appeared generally in *sets* of six or eight shepherds, wild men, pilgrims, or other characters, preceded by their torch-bearers, music, and sometimes, as Benvolio intimates, "a cupid hoodwinked with a scarf, bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath," or some other allegorical personage, to speak a prologue, or introductory oration, setting forth the assumed characters and purpose of the maskers.

PLATE II.

JACK CADE.

Jack Cade, the notorious rebel, introduced by Shakespeare in the Second Part of Henry VI. The figure is very rudely sketched, but is full of character—the ragged trousers of the artisan contrasting well with the plumed helmet of the military chief. "This monument of victory will I bear," exclaims Cade, after the death of the Staffords (act iv., sc. iii.); and this exclamation is supposed to be explained by the following passage in Hollinshed—"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigadine, set full of gilt nails." The brigandine was a jacket formed of overlapping pieces of iron, riveted together by nails, the heads of which, being gilt, ornamented the velvet covering of the jacket in perpendicular rows: but the plumed helmet would be a more distinguishing feature in the military costume of a leader, and more easily put on by the actors, and the appropriation by Cade of any portion of Lord Stafford's armour sufficiently in keeping with the fact recorded by the chronicler. There is another observation I would make, in illustration of the attention paid by the artist to the text of his author. In scene 10, of act iv., "Iden's Garden," Cade says—"I think this word sallet was born to do me good; for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-

pan had been cleft by a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot, to drink in."

In the above speech, Cade is playing on the word sallet, or sallad, which signifies either the well-known dish of herbs, or a peculiar helmet of the fifteenth century, (so called from the Italian, *celata*, or German, *schale*, a shell, bowl, or cover) and differing essentially from the ordinary helmet of Shakespeare's time. In the design before us we perceive the distinction has been carefully made. The figure wears an open head-piece; not the vizored and beavered helmet of the time of James I.; and sufficiently like the *salade* of the reign of Henry VI., to satisfy even the critical antiquary. The baton is in the left hand, having been transferred from the right, which is employed in drawing the sword, as at the moment of saying—"Come, then, let's go fight with them!" (act iv., scene 6.)

PLATE III.

AIRY SPIRIT, SCOGAN, SKELTON, BROTHER OF THE ROSY CROSS.

These are all characters in the Masque of "The Fortunate Isles and their union," designed for the Court on the Twelfth Night, 1626.

1. *An Airy Spirit.* The Masque commences thus: "His Majesty being set, Enter, running, Johphiel, an Airy Spirit, and (according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere, attired in light silks of several colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, and pumps and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand." The figure designed by Inigo Jones, if intended for this principal spirit, presents us with some variations from this description. He is attired in a tunic, most probably of "light silk," as the form of the body is pretty clearly defined through it; and over the right shoulder he wears a scarf of

similar material, and probably of a different colour. His *wig* —for by "a hair" a whole head of false hair was signified— no doubt was of the "bright yellow" specified; but it is here unadorned by the chaplet of flowers. His stockings may have been blue; but he seems to be depicted in buskins, instead of pumps; and gloves are not discernible on his hands, in neither of which do we behold a fan. The latter articles may have been added by the poet to the more poetical design of the painter.

2. *Skogan and Skelton.* "Methinks," (says the aforesaid Johphiel to Merefool, "a melancholie Student") "you should inquire now after Skelton, or Master Skogan.—*Mere.* Skogan! What was he?—*Johphiel.* O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts, of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises for the King's sons, and writ in ballad-royal daintily well.....You shall see him, sir, is worth these both; and with him Domine Skelton, the worshipful poet-laureat to King Harry and *Tityretu* of those times. Advance quick, Skogan—and quicker, Skelton.".....And here follows the stage direction—

"Enter Skogan and Skelton, in like habits as they lived."

These two figures are so roughly sketched, that the details are scarcely made out enough to allow us to pronounce an opinion of the knowledge possessed by the artist of the costume of an earlier age, or of the extent to which, if known, he intended to represent it. There is nothing, however, that we can discern in either which is startlingly incorrect. The head-dress of both appears to be the chaperon of the fifteenth century. Skogan appears to be clad in a short but full skirted doublet, or jerkin, such as may be seen throughout that century; and Skelton is enveloped in a long mantle, or gown, equally admissible, and wearing the long, upturned toed shoes, of Oriental form, which, under the name of Crackowes, first made their appearance in Richard the Second's reign, and,

towards the close of the fifteenth century, disputed the palm of fashion with the poulaines, or duck's bills, and the equally absurd broad-toed shoes, which eventually obtained the mastery. Skelton died in 1529, by which time the long toes had completely disappeared; but he was old enough to have remembered the previous fashion, and might have continued to follow it.

3. *A brother of the Rosy Cross.* It is not quite clear, from the Masque, which of the characters this was intended to represent. Merefool himself "hath vowed himself unto that airy order," and exclaims, "What mean the brethren of the Rosy Cross, so to desert their votary?" but he is described by the author as attired "in bare and worn clothes, shrouded under an obscure cloke and the eves of an old hat." He also speaks of "his boots;" but in the drawing he wears shoes; a doublet, with full sleeves, of the dagged, or pounced pattern, of Elizabeth, or James the First's time; (similar to the brown silk one lately recovered from a wreck off Whitstable, and exhibited at a meeting of the British Archæological Association) close fitting breeches, and a very high crowned hat: and, though the "Company of the Rosy Cross" is more than once alluded to, there is no mention of any Rosicrucian's appearance, save and except Merefool, for whom, notwithstanding the absence of the cloak and boots, I am inclined to think the figure was designed.

PLATE IV.

HARLEQUIN FOR THE MOUNTEBANK.

This figure is interesting, as showing the idea entertained of Harlequin, in the age of Shakespeare, before that tricksy sprite became so formidable a rival to the dramatist, that "the mountebank," his master, considered him of more importance than Hamlet or Othello. The Harlequin of Inigo Jones is not the parti-coloured antic of our day, but what we

are accustomed to call a Zany, or Scaramouch—the Clown of our pantomime, before the dress was invented (I believe, by Grimaldi) which has now become identified with that popular personage. I have a dreamy recollection of Laurent, Grimaldi's celebrated competitor at Drury Lane, wearing the white dress, with long sleeves and loose trowsers, here depicted; and occasionally a Clown of this description was introduced, in addition to the more astute and humorous servant of Pantaloon. It must be remembered that our Harlequin has, even from the time of Rich, differed essentially from the Arlequin of France, and the Arlechino of Italy. The latter is a wit—the former a simpleton. The black mask, the triangularly-patched dress of various colours, and the magic bat, have been the attributes of the French Harlequin for the last hundred and fifty years; and those who are acquainted with the old prints of Turlupin, Gros Guillaume, Gandolin, &c., will trace the gradual change of costume and phase of character, from the Vice, with his dagger of lath, in the ancient Morality, to the Harlequin of our present Christmas entertainments; from "the Chartered Libertine" and loquacious Satirist, who belaboured the Devil, to the mute, dancing, glittering nondescript, who thrashes Pantaloon. "The Harlequin for the Mountebank" was probably compounded from those of the French and Italian stages; and to the present time, the Quack Doctor, or Tooth-drawer, at a country fair, may be found with a similar domestic in attendance upon him.

PLATE V.

OLD HABIT OF THE THREE NATIONS, ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH.

It is unfortunate that these three figures should be so rudely sketched, as it would have been very interesting to ascertain exactly how the artist intended to represent the ancient dress of the Scotch and Irish nations, particularly.

As far as we can judge, from the rough lines before us, the Englishman's dress is a mere fanciful costume, the most distinct portion of which, the full, or trunk sleeve, is not older than the close of the fifteenth century. But the habits of the Irishman and the Scotchman are evidently designed from some received notion of national costume. Although not chequered by the pen, we may presume the mantle and short dress of the "Scotte" to be intended for the plaid and the fileah-beg. He appears to be bare-legged, but on his head wears, I imagine, a helmet, or conical iron skull cap. There appears to be a quiver of arrows at his back, and perhaps a buckler, or target, is visible over the right shoulder. In a ballad of the time of James I., called "a Song of a fine Skott," or "Jocky will prove a gentleman," the Scotchman is taunted as having worn shoes "made of the hide of some old cow"—"stockynges of the northern hew"—"garters of the listfull gray"—"a jerkin of the northerne gray"—"a girdle of whittlether"—a plain neck-band—and a "blewe bonnett." Although a lowlander may be therein described, it is singular how rarely we meet with an allusion, in any account of the old Scotch dress, to the chequered garb which is now considered its principal characteristic: it is, therefore, probable, the absence of any indication of check, in this drawing, may not be altogether unintentional. The Irishman is much more characteristically attired. He has the rough head of hair, called *glibbe*, in the old proclamations against it; the Irish mantle; "the skirts" of his jacket "very short, with plaits set thick about," as described by Derricke, either naked legs, or the close-fitting *truis*, worn as late as the seventeenth century. In Jonson's "Irish Masque," the gentlemen are directed to dance "in their Irish mantles:" but I have not been able to discover in which Masque these representatives of the three nations were introduced.

J. R. Planché.

THE

MASK OF QUEENS,

AND THE

TWELFTH NIGHT'S REVELS.

BY

BEN JONSON.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S MSS.

PRESERVED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



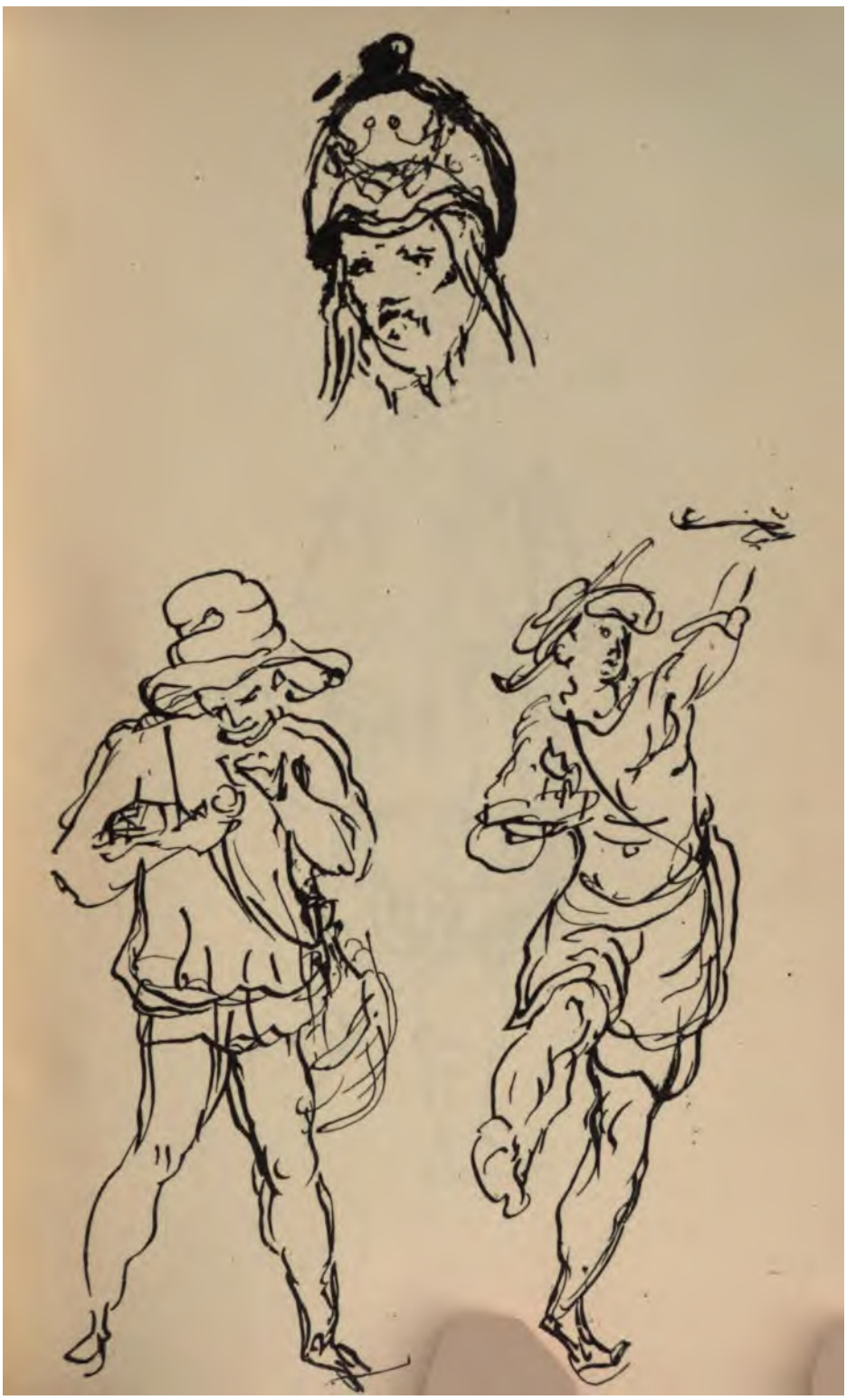




Ballet-Singer.











Gay Goldfinch

Bramblefinch




Tripodding





rest, yo^{r} fauor to letters and these gentler studies, that goe vnder the title of Humanitye, is not the least honor of yo^{r} wreath. For if once the worthy Professors of these learnings shall come (as here to fore they were) to be the care of Princes, the crownes theyr *Soveraignes* weare will not more adorne theyr Temples; nor theyr stamps liue longer in theyr *Medalls*, than in such subjects labors. *Poetry*, my Lord, is not borne wth euery man, nor euery day: And in her generall right, it is now my minute to thanke yo^{r} Highnesse, who not only do honor her wth yo^{r} eare, but are curious to examine her wth yo^{r} eye, and inquire into her beauties, and strengths. Where, though it hath prou'd a worke of some difficulty to mee to retriue the particular *authorities* (according to yo^{r} gracious command, and a desire borne out of iudgment) to those things w^{ch} I writt out of fullnesse, and memory of my former readings; yet, now I haue overcome it, the reward that meetes mee is double to one act; w^{ch} is, that therby yo^{r} excellent vnderstanding will not only iustifie mee to your owne knowledge, but decline the stiffnesse of others originall Ignorance, allready armd to censure. For w^{ch} singular bounty, if my *Fate* (most excellent Prince, and *only Delicacy of mankind*) shall reserue mee to the Age of your Actions, whether in the Campe, or the Councell Chamber, y^{t} I may write, at nights, the deedes of yo^{r} dayes; I will then labor to bring forth some worke as worthy of yo^{r} fame, as my ambition therin is of yo^{r} pardon.

By the most trew admirer of yo^{r} Hignesse Vertues,
And most hearty Celebrater of them.
BEN: JONSON.

THE MASQUE OF QUEENES.

It encreasing, now, to the third time of my being vs'd in these seruices to her Ma^ties personall presentatio's, w^th the Ladyes whome she pleaseth to honor; it was my first, and speciall reguard, to see that the Nobilyty of the Invention should be answerable to the dignity of theyr persons. For w^ch reason, I chose the argument, to be, *A Celebration of honorable & true Fame, bred out of Vertue:* obseruing that rule of the [a] best *Artist*, to suffer no obiect of delight to passe w^thout his mixture of profit, and example.

[a] *Hor. in Art Poetic.*

And because her Ma^tie (best knowing, that a principall part of life in these *spectacles* lay in theyr variety) had commaunded mee to think on some *Daunce*, or shew, that might præcede hers, and haue the place of a foyle, or false-*Masque*; I was carefull to decline not only from others, but mine owne stepps in that kind, since the [b] last yeare I had an *Anti-Masque* of Boyes: and therefore, now, deuis'd that twelue women, in the habite of *Haggs*, or *Witches*, sustayning the persons of *Ignorance*, *Suspicion*, *Credulity*, &c., the opposites to good *Fame*, should fill that part, not as a *Masque*, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of Gesture, and not vnaptly sorting w^th the current, and whole fall of the Deuise.

[b] In the *Masque* at my *Lord Hading.* wedding.

First, then, his Ma^tie being set, and the whole Company in full expectation, that w^ch presented it selfe was an ougly *Hell*; w^ch, flaming beneath, smoak'd vnto the top of the Roofe. And,

in respect all *Evills* are (*morally*) sayd to come from *Hell;* as also from that obseruation of *Torrentius* upon *Horace* his *Canidia,*[c] *quae tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit.* These Witches, with a kind of hollow and infernall musique, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till theyr number encreased to eleuen; all differently attired; some w^th^ ratts on theyr heads; some on their shoulders; others w^th^ oyntment-potts at theyr girdles; all w^th^ spindells, timbrells, rattles, or other *veneficall* instruments, making a confused noyse, w^th^ strange gestures. The deuise of their attire was *Mr. Jones his,* w^th^ the Invention and *Architecture* of the whole *Scene* and Machine, only I præscribed them theyr *properties,* of vipers, snakes, bones, herbes, rootes, and other ensignes of theyr *Magick,* out of the authority of antient, and late *writers.* Wherin the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confesse them.

[c] *Vid. Læuin. Torr., comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. ode. v.*

These eleuen Witches beginning to daunce (w^ch^ is an usual *ceremony*[d] at theyr *Convents,* or meetings, where sometimes, also, they are vizarded and masqu'd) on the sodayne one of them miss'd their *Cheife,* and interrupted the rest w^th^ this Speach.

[d] See the *King's Maties booke* (o^r^ *Soveraigne*) of *Dæmonologie. Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mall. Malefi.*, and a world of others, in the generall: but let us follow particulars.

Sisters, stay; we want o^r^[e] *Dame;*
Call upon her, by her name,

[e] Amongst o^r^ vulgar witches the honor of *Dame* (for so I translate it) is giuen, with a kind of pre-eminence, to some speciall one at theyr meetings, which *Delrio* insinuates, *Disquis. mag. lib. ij. Qu. ix.*, quoting that of *Apuleius. lib. j. de Asin. aureo. de quadam caupona Regina sagarū:* and addes, *vt scias etiam tum quasdam ab ijs hoc titulo honoratas;* w^ch^ Title *M. Phillippo Ludwigus Elich, Dæmonomagiæ Quæst. x.*, doth also remember.

And the charme we vse to say,
That she quickly[f] anoynt, and come away.

[f] When they are to be trasported from place to place, they vse to anoynt themselues, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside *Apule.* testimony, see these later, *Remig. Dæmonolatriæ,*

lib. j. cap. xiiii. Delrio. Disquis., Mag. lib. ij. Quæst. xvj. Bodin. Dæmonoman. lib. ij. cap. iiij. Barthol. de Spina quæst. de strigib. Phillippo Ludwigus Elich. Quaest. x. Paracelsus in magn. et occul. Philosophid teacheth the confection. *Unguentū ex carne recens natorū infantium, in pulmenti formá coctum, et cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt papauer, solanū, cicuta, &c.* and *Joa. Bapti. Porta, lib. ij. Mag. natur. cap. xxvij.*

I. CHARME.

Dame, Dame, the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes, and from the fennes,[g]
From the rockes, and from the dennes,
From the woods, and from the caues,
From the Church-yards, from the graues,
From the dungeon, from the tree,
That they die on, here are wee.

[g] These places, in their owne nature dire and dismall, are reckond vp as the fittest, from whence such persons should come; and were notably obserued by that excellent *Lucan* in the description of his *Erictho. lib. vj.* To which we may adde this *corollarye*, out of *Agrippa de Occult. philosop. lib j. cap. xlviij. Saturno correspondent loca quævis fœtida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, vt cœmiteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, loca obscura, et horrenda, et solitaria antra, cauernæ, putei, præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes et eiusmodi.* And in *lib. iij. cap. xlij.*, speaking of the like, and in *lib. iiij.* about the end. *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionū, nocturnarūq incursionum et consimilium phantasmatū, vt cœmiteria, et in quibus fieri solent executio et criminalis iudicij, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ stragis factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorū cadauera nec dum expiata, nec rite sepulta recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.*

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heate.

2. CHARME.

The weather is fayre, the wind is good,
Vp, *Dame* o' yo^{r} [h] horse of wood,

[h] *Delrio. Disq. Magic. lib.* 2 *Quæst vj.* has a story out of *Triezius* of this horse of wood: But y^{t} w^{ch} o^{r} witches call so is sometime a broome staffe, sometime a reede, sometime a distaffe. See *Remig. Dæmonol. lib. j. cap. xiiij. Bodin. lib. ij. cap. iiij. &c.*

Or else, tuck up yo^{r} gray frock,
And sadle yo^{r} [i] Goate, or yo^{r} greene [j] Cock,

[i] The goate is

And make his bridle a bottome of thrid,
To roule up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away:
For we all stay.

y^e^ Deuil himselfe, vpon whome they ride, often, to their solemnities, as appears by th^r^ confessions in *Rem.* and *Bodin, ibid.* His *Mat^ie^* also remembers the story of the Diuell's appearance to those of *Calicut*, in that forme. *Daemonol. lib. ij. cap. iij.*

[j] Of the greene Cock we have no other ground (to confesse ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch that w^th^ a cock of that colour, and a bottome of blewe thred, would transport herselfe through the ayre; and so escap'd (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of Justice. It was a tale when I went to schoole. And somewhat there is like it in *Mar. Delrio. Disqui. Mag. lib. ij. quest vj.* of one Zyto, a *Bohemian*, that, among other his dexterities, *aliquoties equis rhedarijs vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad epirrhedium suum alligatis susequebatur.*

Nor yet? Nay, then,
Wee'll try her agen.

3. CHARME.

The Owle is abroad, the Bat, and the Toade,
And so is the Cat-à-Mountaine;
The Ant and the Mole sit both in a hole,
And Frog peepes out o' the fountayne;
The Dogges they do bay, and the Timbrells play,
The Spindle[k] is now à turning;
The Moone is red, and the starres are fled,
But all the Sky is à burning;

[k] All this is but a *Periphrasis* of the night, in theyr charme, and theyr applying themselves to it with theyr instruments, wherof y^e^ spindle, in antiquitye, was y^e^ cheife: and (beside the testemony of *Theocritus* in *Pharmaceutria*, who only vsd it in amorous affayres) was of speciall act to the troubling of the *moone*. To w^ch^ *Martial* alludes, *lib. ix. Epi. xxx. Quæ nunc Thessalico Luna deducere rhombo, etc.* And *lib. xij. Epig. lvij. Cum secta Colcho, Luna vapulat rhombo.*

The ditch[l] is made, and o^r^ nayles the spade,
With pictures full of waxe and of wooll;
Theyre livers I stick w^th^ needles quick:
There lackes but the blood to make vp the flood.

[l] This *rite* also of making a ditch with theyr nayles is frequent with our witches; whereof see *Bodin. Remigius, Delrio, Malleus Malefic. Godelman, lib. ij. de Lamijs*, as also the antiquity of it most viuely exprest by *Hora. Satir. viij. lib. j.*, where he mentions the pictures and the blood of a blacke lambe, all w^ch^ are yet in vse w^th^ o^r^ moderne

witchcraft. *Scalpere Terram* (speaking of *Canidia* and *Sagana*) *unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam Cæperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde Manes elicerent animas responsa daturas. Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea, etc.*, and then by and by, *Serpentes atque videres Infernas errare canes, Lunamq. rubentem, Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.* Of this ditch *Homer* makes mention in *Circes* speach to *Vlysses: Odyss K.* about the end Βόθρον ὀρύξαι, *etc.* and *Ovid Metam. lib. vij* in *Medeas* Magick. *Haud procul egestâ scrobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris atri Conjicit, et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.* And of the waxen images in *Hypsipyles* epistle to *Jason*, where he expresseth that mischiefe also of the needles. *Deuouet absentes simulacraq. cerea fingit, Et miserum tenues in iecur urget acus. Bodin. Dæmon: lib. ij. cap. viij.* hath (beside the knowne story of *K. Duffe* out of *Hector Boetius*) much of the witches later practise in y^t^ kind, and reports a relation of a *French ambassadours* out of England, of certayne pictures of waxe found in a dunghill, neare Islington, of our late Queenes; w^ch^ rumor I myselfe (being then very young) can yet remember to have bene current.

Quickly, *Dame*, then bring y^r^ part in,
Spur, spur, upon little Martin;[m]
Merely, merely, make him sayle,
A worme in his mouth, and a thorne in's tayle;
Fire above and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand to make him goe.
O, now she's come!
Let all be dumbe.

[m] Theyr little *Martin* is hee that calls them to theyre Conventicles; w^ch^ is done in a humane voyce; but coming forth they find him in the shape of a great Bucke-Goate, upon whome they ride to theyr meetings. *Delrio. Disquis. Mag. quest. xvj. lib. ij.* and *Bod. Dæmonom. lib. ij. cap. iiij.* have both the same relation, from *Paulus Grillandus*, of a witch. *Adveniente nocte et horâ euocabatur voce quadam velut humanâ ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, aliæ Magistrum Martinettũ, sive Martinellum. Quæ sic euocata mox sumebat pyxidem unctionis, et liniebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus, et membris: quo linito exebat ex domo et inveniebat Magisterulũ suum in formâ hirci, illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crineis, et statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, etc.*

At this the Dame[n] entered to them, naked armed, barefooted, her frock tucked, her hayre knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arme, lighted, girded with a snake. To whome they all did reverence, and she spake, vttring by way of question, the end wherefore they came: w^ch^, if it had bene done eyther before, or otherwise, had not bene so naturall. For, to have made them-

[n] This Dame I make to beare the person of *Ate*, or *mischeife*, for so I interpret it out of *Homer's* description o

selves theyr owne decipherers, and each one to have told upon their entrance *what they were, and whether they would*, had bene a most piteous hearing, and vtterly vnworthy any quality of a *Poeme:* wherein a *Writer* should alwayes trust somewhat to the capacity of the *Spectator*, especially at these *spectacles*, where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick eares, and not those sluggish ones of Porters and Mechanicks, that must be bor'd through at every act w^th^ narrations.

her, *Iliad*, I. where he makes her swift to hunt mankind, strong and sound of her feete; and *Iliad* T. walking upon men's heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signifie her power; Βλαπτες' ανθρώπες, *Lædens homines*. I present her barefooted and her frock tuck'd, to make her seeme more expedite; by *Horace* his authority. Sat. viij. lib. j. *Succinctam vadere pallâ Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoq. capillo.* But for her hayre, I rather respect another place of his, *Epod. lib. ode. v.*, where she appears *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis crineis Et incomptũ caput.* And that of *Lucan* lib. vj. speaking of *Erictho's* attire, *Discolor et vario Furialis cultus amictu Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoto, Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.* For her torch, see *Remig., lib. ij. cap. iij.*

DAME. HAGGES.

Well done, my *Hagges*. And come we fraught w^th^ spight,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose? *Hag.* Yes. *Dam.* But wants there none
Of our iust number? *Hag.* Call us one by one,
And then o^r^ Dame shall see. *Dam.*° First, then, advance
My drowsy servant, stupide *Ignorance*,
Knowne by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearfull Sister, wild *Suspicion*,
Whose eyes do neuer sleepe; Let her knit hands
W^th^ quick *Credulity*, that next her stands,
Who hath but one eare, and that allwayes ope;
Two-faced *Falshood* follow in the rope;
And lead on *Murmure*, w^th^ the cheekes deepe hung;
She *Malice*, whetting of her forked tongue;
And *Malice Impudence*, whose forhead's lost;
Let *Impudence* lead *Slaunder* on, to boast

° In the chayning of these *vices* I make, as if one linke produced another, and the *Dame* were borne out of them all; so as they might say to her, *Sola tenes scelerum quicquid*

Her oblique looke; and to her subtill side
Thou, black-mouthed *Execration*, stand apli'de;
Draw to thee *Bitternesse*, whose pores sweat gall;
She flame-ey'd *Rage*; *Rage Mischeife*. *Hag*. Here we are all.

possedimus omnes. No will it ap peare muc violenc'd theyr *seri*

be considered, when the opposition to all *vertue* begins out of *Ignorance*; that *Igno rance* begets *Suspicion* (for knowledge is euer open and charitable); that *Suspicio Credulity*, as it is a vice; for beeing a virtue and free, it is opposite to it: but such are iealous of them selues do easely credit anything of others whome they hate. Of this *Credulity* springs *Falsehood*, which begets *Murmure*; and that *Murmure* pre sently growes *Malice*, w^ch^ begetts *Impudence*; that *Impudence Slander*; that *Slande Execration*; *Execration Bitterness*; *Bitternesse Fury*; and *Fury Mischiefe*. No for the personal presentation of them, the authority in *Poetry* is vniuersall. But i the absolute *Claudian* there is a particular and eminent place, where y^e^ *Poet* not onl produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose: in *Ruf. lib. j.*, where *Alecto* envious of the times, *infernas ad limina tetra sorores, Concilium deforme vocat, gla meruntur in unum Innumeræ pestes Erebi quascunque sinistro Nox genuit fœtu nutrix discordia belli, Imperiosa Fames, leto vicina Senectus, Impatiensque sui Mor bus, Livorque secundis, anxius et scisso mœrens velamine Luctus, et timor, et cæc præceps Audacia vultu*; w^th^ many others, fit to disturbe the world, as ours the nigh

Dam.[p] Joyne now our hearts, we faythfull Opposites
To *Fame* and *Glory*. Let not these bright nights
Of Honor blaze thus, to offend o^r^ eyes.
Shew o^r^ selues truly envious; and let rise
Our wonted rages. Do what may beseeme
Such names and natures. *Vertue* else will deeme
Our powers decreast, and think vs banish'd earth,
No lesse then heauen. All her antique birth,
As *Justice*, *Fayth*, she will restore: and bold
Vpon o^r^ sloth, retriue her *Age of Gold*.
We must not let o^r^ natiue manners thus
Corrupt w^th^ ease. Ill liues not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruicts of a soft peace,
And curse the piety giues it such increase.

[p] Here gayne, b way of irrit tation, I mak the Dan pursue th purpose theyr comin and discou theyr natur more largel w^ch^ had be nothing if n done, as d ing anoth thing: B *Moratio ci ca vilem p tulüq orbe* Then w^ch^ t

Poet cannot know a greater vice, he being y^t^ kind of artificer, to whose worke required so much exactness, as indifferency is not tolerable.

Let us disturbe it then;[q] and blast the light;
Mixe Hell w^th^ Heauen; and make *Nature* fight

[q] These po ers of tro

bling *Nature* are frequently ascribed to Witches, and

W^th^in her selfe; loose the whole henge of Things,
And cause the Endes runne back into theyr Springs.

challeng'd by them selues, where ever they are induc'd, by *Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian,* to whose authorities I shall referre more anone. For y^e^ present, heare *Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo lib. j.* describing *Meroe* the Witch. *Saga, et diuinopotens cælum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, monteis diluere, Manes sublimare, Deos infimare, sydera extinguere, Tartarũ ipsum illuminare.* And *lib. ij.* Byrrhena to Lucius of Pamphile. *Maga primi nominis, et omnis carminis sepulcralis Magistra creditur, quæ surculis et lapillis, et id genus friuolis inhalatis omnem istam lucem mundi syderalis, imis Tartari, et in vetustum Chaös mergit.* As also this later of *Remigius,* in his most elegant Arguments, before his *Dæmonolatria: qua possint evertere funditus orbem, Et Maneis superis miscere hæc unica cura est.* And *Lucan. Quarũ, quicquid non creditur, ars est.*

[r] This is also solemne in their witchcraft to be examind eyther by the *Deuill*

Hag. What o^r^ *Dame* bids us doe,
Wee are ready for. *Dam.* Then, fall too.
But[r] first relate mee what you haue sought,
Where you haue bene, and what you haue brought.

or theyr *Dame,* at theyr meetings, of what mischiefe they have done; and what they can confer to a future hurt. See *M. Phillippo-Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ lib. quest. x.* But *Remigius.* in the very forme *lib. j. Dæmonolat. cap. xxij. Quemadmodum solent Heri, in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorũ rationes expendunt, segnitiem negligentiamque durius castigare. Ita Dæmon in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandus cujusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessime habere consueuit, qui nihil afferunt, quo se nequiores ac flagitijs cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conventu nullo se scelere novo obstrinxerint; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet, in alium nouum aliquod facinus fecisse.* And this doth exceedingly sollicitte them all, at suche times, least they should come unprepard. But we apply this examination of o^rs^ to the particular vse; whereby, also, we take occasion not alone to expresse the things, (as vapors, liquors, herbes, bones, flessh, blood, fat, and such like, w^ch^ are called *media magica*) but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling (as neare as we can) the practice of *Antiquity* to the neoterick, and making it familiar w^th^ o^r^ popular witchcraft.

HAGGES.

1.

[1] For the gathering peices of dead flesh, *Cor. Agripp. de occul. Philosop. lib. iij. cap. xlij.* and *lib. iiij. cap. ult.* obserues that the vse was to call up *ghosts* and *spirits* w^th^ a fumigation made of that

I have bene, all day, looking after
A rauen, feeding vpon a quarter;
And soone as she turn'd her beake to y^e^ south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

(and bones of carcasses) w^ch^ I make my Witch, here, not to cut her selfe, but to watch th rauen, as *Lucan's Erictho lib. vj. Et quodcumque iacet nudâ tellure cadaver, Ante fera volucresq. sedet: nec carpere membra Vult ferro, manibusque suis, morsuq. lupor Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus;* as if that peice were sweeter w^ch^ the wolf had bitten, or the rauen had picked, and more effectuous. And to do it at her turnin to the *south*, as w^th^ the prædiction of a storme, w^ch^ though they bee but minutes i *ceremonie*, being observ'd make the act more darke, and full of horror.

2.

I haue bene gathering wolues' hayres,
The mad doggs foame and the adders' eares,
The spurging of a dead mans eyes,
And all since the Evening Starre did rise.

[1] *Spuma can Lupi crine nodus Hyen oculi drac nũ, Serpen membrana, Aspidis aur* are all men tioned by the *Antients* in witchcraft. And *Lucan* particularly, *lib. 6, Huc quicqui fœtu genuit Natura sinistro Miscetur, non spuma canum quibus vnda timori es Viscera non lyncis, non duræ nodus hyenae Defuit, &c.*, and *Ovid Metamorphos, li vij.* reckons vp others. But for the spurging of the eyes, let us returne to *Lucan*, i the same booke, w^ch^ peice (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height. *A vbi seruantur saxis quibus intimus humor Ducitur, et tractâ durescunt tabe medull Corpora, tunc omneis avide desævit in artus, Immersitque manus oculis, gaudetqu gelatos Effodisse orbeis, et siccæ pallida rodit Excrementa manus.*

3.

I, last night, lay all alone
O'the ground, to heare the *Mandrake* grone:
And pluck'd him vp, though he grew full low,
And as I had done, the Cock did crow.

[1] *Plinie*, wri ing of th *Mandrake*, *Nat. His lib. xxv. ca xiij.*, and the digging vp, hath th cæremonye. *Cavent effossuri contrarium ventũ, et tribus circulis ante gladio circum scribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes.* But wee haue later tradition, that th forcing of it vp is so fatallie dangerous, as the grone kills, and therefore they do it wit doggs; w^ch^ I think but borrowed from Josephus in his report of the roote Baaras *lib. vij. de Bell Judaic:* How-soever, it being so principall an ingredient in theyr magic it was fit she should boast to be the plucker of it vp her-selfe. And *that the cock d crow* alludes to a prime circumstance in theyr worke: For they all confesse, th nothing is so crosse or balefull to them, in theyr nights, as that the cock should cro before they haue done. W^ch^ makes, that theyr little *Masters*, or *Martinetts*, of whome haue mentioned before, vse this forme in dismissing their conventions: *Eia, facessi properè hinc omnes, nam iam Galli canere incipiunt:* w^ch^ I interpret to be, becau that bird is the messenger of light, and so contrary to theyr acts of darknesse. S *Remigius Dæmonolo. lib. j. cap. xiiij.*, where he quotes that of *Apollonius, de vmbr Achillis. Philostr. lib. iiij. cap. v.* And *Euseb. Cæsariens. in confutat. contra Hieroc iiij. de Gallicinio.*

4.

And I ha' bene choosing out this scull
From charnell-houses that were full;
From private grotts, and publique pitts,
And frighted a Sexten out of his witts.

[4] I have touched at this before (in my note upon the first) of the vse of gathering flesh, bones, and sculls, to w^ch I now bring y^t peice of *Apuleius lib. iij. de Asino aureo* of *Pamphile. Priusq. apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, et ignorabiliter laminis literatis, et infelicium naviũ durantibus clavis defletorum, sepultorum etiam, cadaverum expositis multis admodũ membris, hic nares et digiti, illic carnosi claui pendentium, alibi trucidatorũ servatus cruor, et extorta dentibus ferarum trunca caluaria.* And for such places, *Lucan* makes his witch to inhabit them *lib.* 6. *desertaque busta Incolit, et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.*

5.

Under a cradle I did creepe,
By day; and when the child was à-sleepe,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

[5] For this rite see *Barthol. de Spind quæst. de Strigibus cap. viij. Mall. Malefica. Tom.* 2. where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to catts, and theyr sucking both the spirits and the blood, calling them *Striges*, w^ch *Godelman, lib. de Lamijs*, would have *à stridore, et auibus fœdissimis ejusdem nominis;* w^ch I the rather incline to out of *Ovid's* authority, *Fast. lib. vj.* where the *Poet* ascribes to those birds the same almost that these doe to the witches. *Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egenteis, Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis: Carpere dicuntur lactantia viscera rostris, Et plenũ poto sanguine guttur habent.*

6.

I had a dagger; what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant, to haue his fat.
A piper it got, at a Church-ale,
I bad him agayne blow wind i' the tayle.

[6] Theyr killing of infants is common, both for confection of theyr oyntment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boyld, as I have shew'd before out of *Paracelsus* and *Porta*) as also out of a lust to doe murder. *Sprenger in Mall. Malific.* reports that a Witch, a midwife in the *Diocœse of Basil*, confess'd to have kill'd aboue forty infants, euer as they were new borne, w^th pricking them into the brayne with a needle, w^ch she had offered to the *Deuill.* See the story of the three Witches in *Rem. Dœmonola. lib. ij. cap. iij.* about the end of the chapter, and *M. Philipp. Ludwigus Elich. quæstio, viij.* And that it is no new rite, read the practice of *Canidia, Epod. Horat. lib. ode v.* and *Lucan lib. vj.*, whose admirable verses I can neuer be weary to transcribe. *Nec ces-*

sant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto. Ne refugit cædes vivum si sacra cruorem Extaq funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ Vulnere si ventris, non qua Natura vocabat Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris; Et quoties sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris Ipsa facit maneis. Hominum mor omnis in usu est.

7.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,
The sunne and the wind had shrunk his vaynes:
I bit of a sinew, I clipt his hayre,
I brought of his ragges, y^t^ daunc'd i' the ayre.

[7] The abus of dead bo dyes in theyr witch craft, bot *Porphyrie* and *Psellu* are grave au

thors of. The one, *lib. de Sacrif. cap. de vero cultu.* The other, *lib. de Dæmo.* w^c^ *Apuleius* toucheth too, *lib. ij. de. Asin. aureo.* But *Remigius*, who deales with late persons, and out of theyr owne mouthes, *Dæmonola lib. ij. cap. iij.* affirmes: *Hoc e nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cuius supplici affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum ind sortilegijs suis materiam mutuantur, sed et ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem ijs vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantatione magicas vim quandam, ac potestatem.* And to this place I dare not, out of religion t the divine *Lucan*, but bring his verses from the same booke, *Laqueum, nodosqu nocenteis Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrasitque cruces, percussaqu viscera nimbis Vulsit, et incoctas admisso sole medullas. Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus Stillantis tabi saniem, virusq. coactum Sustulit, et nervo morsu retinente pependit.*

8.

The scrich-owle's egges, and the fethers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have bene getting, and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe S^r^ *Cranion* in.

[8] These ar *Canidias* furniture i *Hor. Epod lib. ode v. E uncta turpi ova ranæ san guine, Plu*

mamque nocturnæ strigis. And part of Medeas confection in *Ovid Metamorp. lib. vij Strigis infames, ipsis cũ carnibus, alas.* That of the skin (to make a purse for her Fly was meant ridiculous, to mocke the keeping of theyr *Familiars.*

9.

And I ha' bene plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adders'-tongue,
Night-shade, moone wort, libbard's-bane;
And, twise, by the doggs was like to be tane.

[9] *Cicuta, Hy oscyamus, O phioglosson, Solanum, Martagon, Doronicũ, A conitum* ar the commo

veneficall ingredients remembred by *Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa,* and others; w^ch^

make her to have gather'd, as about a Castle, Church, or some such vast building (kept by doggs) among ruines, and wild heapes.

[10] *Ossa ab ore rapta ieiunæ canis. Horace* giues *Canidia* in the place before quoted, w^ch^ *ieiunæ* I rather change to gard'ners, as imagining such persons to keepe mastifes for the defence of theyr grounds, whether this Hag might goe also for *Simples*, where meeting with the bones, and not content with them, shee would yet doe a domestick hurt, in getting the cats brayne; w^ch^ is another speciall *Ingredient*, and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the cat is: if you will credit *Agrip. cap. de suffitibus.*

10.

I from the iawes of a Gard'ner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd y^e^ ditch:
Yet went I back to the house agayne,
Kill'd the black cat; and here's y^e^ brayne.

[11] These also, both by the confessions of witches, and testemony of writers, are of principal vse in theyr witchcraft. The toade, mentiond in *Virg. Georg. j. Inventusq. cauis Bufo*, w^ch^ by *Plinie* is called *Rubeta. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxij. cap. v.*, and there celebrated for the force in *Magick. Juvenal* toucheth at it twise (within my memory) *Sat. j.* and the *vj.* And of the owles eyes, see *Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos*, lib. j., cap. xv. As of the batts bloud and wings there; and in the *xxv. cap.* w^th^ *Bap. Porta. lib. ij. cap. xxvj.*

11.

I went to the toad breedes under the wal,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratched out y^e^ eyes o' the owle, before;
I tore the batt's wing: What would you have more?

[12] After all theyr boasted labors, and plenty of materialls (as they imagine) I make the *Dame* not only to adde more, but stranger, and out of theyr meanes to get (except the first *Papauer cornutū*, w^ch^ I have touch'd at in the confection) as *Sepulcris caprificos erutas, et cupressos funebreis*, as *Horace* calls them where he armes *Canidia. Epod. lib. Ode. v.:* then *Agaricum Laricis*, of w^ch^ see *Porta. lib. ij. de Nat. Magi.* agaynst *Plinie*, and *Basilisci, quem et Saturni sanguinem vocant venefici, tantasque vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult Philos, lib. j. cap. xlij.* w^th^

12.

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to helpe our vowes)
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The figg-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes blood, and the viper's skin.
And, now, o^r^ orgies lett's beginne.

the viper remembred by *Lucan, lib.* 6, and the skinnes of serpents. *Innataque rubri Æquoribus custos pretiosæ vipera conchæ, Aut viuentis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ.* And *Ovid, lib. vij. Nec defuit illis Squamia ciniphei tenuis membrana chelidri.*

Here the *Dame* put her selfe into the midst of them, and beganne her following invocation; wherein she tooke occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by the *Antients:* of which euery *Poet* (or the most) doth giue some. *Homer* to *Circe,* in the Odyss. *Theocritus* to *Simatha,* in *Pharmaceutria.* Virgil to *Alphesibœus,* in his. *Ovid* to *Dipsas* in *Amor.;* to *Medea* and *Circe,* in *Metamorp.* Tibullus to *Saga. Horace* to *Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia. Seneca* to *Medea,* and the Nurse in *Herc. Oete. Petr. Arbiter* to his *Saga* in *Fragment.* And Claud. to his *Megœra lib. j. in Rufinum:* who takes the habite of a witch as these doe, and supplies that *historicall* part in the *Poeme,* beside her *morall* person of a *Fury,* confirming the same drift in ours.

You [a] Fiendes, and Furies, (if yet any bee
Worse then o[r] selues) you that haue quak'd to see

[a] These invocations are solemne w[t]

them; whereof we may see the formes in *Ovid. Meta. lib. vij.* in *Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib. vj.*, which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning *Eumenides, Stygiumq. nefas, pœnæque nocentū, &c.*

These knotts[b] untied; and shrunke when we have charm'd.
You that (to arme vs) have yo[r] selues disarm'd,
And, to our powers resign'd yo[r] whipps and brands,
When we went forth, the Scourge of men and lands.
You that have seene me ride, when Hecate
Durst not take chariot; when the boystrous sea
Without a breath of wind hath knockd the skie;
And that hath thundred, *Jove* not knowing why:
When we have set the Elements at warres,
Made mid-night see the sunne, and day the starres;
When the wing'd lightning, in the course, hath stay'd;
And swiftest rivers have runne back, afrayd

[b] The untying of they knotts i when the are going t some fatal businesse, a *Sagana* i presented b *Horace. Es pedita per to tam domu spargens A vernaleis a quas, Horre capillis,* a

marinus asperis Echinus, aut currens Aper.

To see the corne remoue, the groues to range,
Whole places alter, and the Seasons change.
When the pale *Moone*, at the first voyce, downe fell
Poyson'd, and durst not stay the second *Spell*.
You that haue oft bene conscious of these sights;
And thou,[c] *three-formed Starre*, that on these nights
Art only power-full, to whose triple name
Thus wee incline; once, twise, and thrise-the-same:
If now w^th^ *rites* profane and foull inough,
Wee doe invoke thee; darken all this roofe
W^th^ present fogges. Exhale earth's rott'nest vapors,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.

[c] *Hecate*, who is call'd *Trivia*, and *Triformis*, of whome *Virgil, Æneid, lib. iiij. Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ*. She was beleev'd to governe in witchcraft, and is remembered in all theyr invocations. See *Theoc.* in *Pharmaceut.* Χαιρ' Εκατα δασπλητι, and *Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, Pessimos induta vultus: Fronte non unâ minax.* And *Ericht. in Lu. Persephone, nostræque Hecatis pars vltima*, &c.

Come, let a murmuring Charme resound,
The whilst we [d] bury all i'the ground;

[d] This rite of burying theyr *materialls* is often confest in *Remigius*, and describ'd amply in *Horace*, sat. 8, *lib. j. Vtque lupi bardam variæ cum dente colubræ Abdiderint furtim terris*, &c.

But first see euery [e] foote be bare,
And every knee. *Hag.* Yes, Dame, They are.

[e] The *ceremony* also of baring theyr feete is expressed by *Ovid. Metamorph. lib. vij.* as of theyr hayre. *Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas, Nuda pedem nudos humeris infusa capillos.* And *Horac. ibidem. Pedibus nudis, passoq. capillo.* And *Seneca in Tragœd. Mede. Tibi more gentis, vinculo soluens comam, Secreta nudo nemora lustraui pede.*

4. CHARME.

Deepe,[f] ô deepe, we lay thee to sleepe;
Wee leave thee drinke by, if thou chance to be dry,
Both *milke* and *blood*, the dew and y^e^ flood.
We breath in thy bed, at the foote, and y^e^ head;
We cover thee warme, that thou take no harme:
And, when thou dost wake,

[f] Here they speake as if they were creating some new feature, w^ch^ ye *Deuil* persuades them to be able to do often, by the

Dame Earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blew Drake
Whose forme thou shalt take.

pronouncing of wordes and pouring out of liquors or the earth Heare what *Agrippa* says, *de occult. Phi. lib iiij.* neare the end *In evocationibus umbrarū fumigamus cum sangine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum et carne, cū ovis, lacte, melle, oleo, et similibus, quæ aptū medium tribuunt animabus, ac sumenda corpora*, and a little before, *Namque animæ cognitis medijs, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresque facile alliciuntur*, w^ch^ doctrine he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or question, who in *lib. iij. de Asin, aur.* publisheth the same: *Tunc, decantatis spirantibus fibris lita vario latice, nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libat et mulsd Sic illos capillos in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat vivi carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus in expugnabili Magicæ disciplinæ potestate, e cæcá numinū coactorū violentiá illa corpora quorū fumabant stridentes capilli spiritum mutuantur humanū et sentiunt, et audiunt et ambulant. Et qua nidor suari ducebat exuviarū veniunt.* All which are mere arts of Sathan, when eyther himselfe will delude them w^th^ a fallse forme, or troubling a dead body, make them imagine these vanities the meanes, as in the ridiculous circumstances y^t^ follow, he doth dayly.

DAME.

Never a starre yett shott?
Where be the ashes? *Hag.* Here, i' the pot.
Dam.[s] Cast them up; and the flint stone
Over the left shoulder bone
Into the West. *Hag.* It will be best.

[s] This throwing up of ashes and sand, w^th^ the flint stone

5 CHARME.

The sticks are a crosse, there can be no losse;
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the skye, that was i' the ground.
Follow it, then, w^th^ o^r^ rattles round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heate will set it on fire:
Put it in mind, to doe it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.

crosse sticks and burying of sage, &c. are all us'd and beleev'd by them to the raysing of storme and tempest. See *Remigi. lib j. Dæmonol cap. xxv. Nider. Formi*

Rouncy is over, *Robble* is under,
A flash of light, and a clapp of thunder,
A storme of rayne, another of hayle,
Wee all must home i' the egg-shell sayle;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sayle as thin,
And if we goe through, and not fall in—

cari, cap. iiij. Bodin. Dæmon. lib. ij. cap viij. And heare *Godelman, lib. ij. cap vj. Nam quando Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit Deus, tum Maleficas instruit, ut quandoque silices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aerem conjiciant, plerumq. scopas in aquam intingant, cœlumq. versus spargunt, vel fossula factâ et lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitū moveant: subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripâ transversè collocent, et alia id genus deliramenta efficiant.* And when they see the successe, they are more confirm'd, as if the event follow'd theyr working. The like illusion is of theyr phantasie, in sayling in egge shells, creping through augur-holes, and such like, so vulgar in theyr confessions.

DAME.

Stay![h] All our Charmes do nothing winne
Upon the night; our labor dies!
Our magick-feature will not rise,
Nor yet the storme! We must repeate
More direfull voyces farre, and beate
The ground with vipers, till it sweate.

[h] This stop, or interruption, shew'd the better, by causing that generall silence, w^ch made all the following noyses, enforced in y^e next charme, more direfull: first imitating y^t of *Lucan. Miratur Erichtho Has factis licuisse moras; irata que morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver.* And then they^r barking, howling, hissing, and confusion of noyse, exprest by y^e same Author, in the same person. *Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis Excantare deos, confodit murmura primum Dissona, et humanæ multū discordiâ linguæ. Latratus habet illa canum, gemitusq luporum, Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur, Quod strident ululantq. feræ, quod sibilat anguis Exprimit, et planctus illisæ cautibus undæ, Silvarūque sonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis. Tot rerū vox una fuit.* See *Remig.* too, *Dæmonolat. lib. j. cap. xjx.*

6 CHARME.

Barke doggs, wolves howle,
Seas roare, woods roule,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light o^r Charmes do make.

DAME.

Not yet? my rage beginnes to swell;
Darknesse, Devills, Night, and *Hell,*
Do not, thus, delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twise,
I beate you agayne, if you stay mee thrise:
Through these cranies, where I peepe,
I'le[1] lett in the light to see yo[r] sleepe;
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,

[1] This is o
of theyr con
mon menace
when the
magick r
ceives t
least sto
Heare, *I*
richtho
gayne *ibi*
Tibi pessi
mundi A
biter immi
tam rupi
Titana c

vernis. Et subito feriere die. And a little before to *Proserpina, Eloquar immen terræ sub pondere quæ te contineant Ennæa dapes,* &c.

As unto mee. Still are you deafe?
Reach me a bough,[j] that ne're bare leafe,

[j] That w
ther'd

strayght as it shot out, w[ch] is called *Ramus feralis* by some, and *tristis by Sene. Tra Med.*

To strike the ayre; and Aconite[k]
To hurle upon this glaring light:

[k] A dead
poysnous
herbe, fayn
by *Ovid M*

tamo. lib. vij. to spring out of *Cerberus* his foame. *Plinie* gives it another beginning name. *Nat. Hist. lib. xxvij. cap. iij. Nascitur in nudis cautibus, quas aconas voca et inde aconitū dixere, nullo iuxtá ne pulvere quidem nutriente.* Howsoever, t juice of it is like that liquor w[ch] the *Divell* gives witches to sprinkle abroad, and hurt, in the opinion of all the *Magick-Musters.*

A rusty knife,[l] to wound mine arme,
And, as it dropps, I'le speake a charme
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunke-up *Chaös;* and let rise
Once more, his darke, and reeking head,
To strike the world and Nature dead
Untill my magick birth be bred.

A rus
knife I rath
give her th
any other,
fittest
such a devi
lish cerem
ny, w[ch] *Sen*
ca mig
meane by

cro cultro in the *Tragedy* where he armes *Medea* to the like rite (for any thing know) *Tibi nudato pectore Mænas, sacro feriā brachia cultro: Manet noster sangu ad aras.*

7 CHARME.

Black goe in, and blacker come out,
At thy going downe, we give thee a shout.
Hoo![m]
At thy rising agayne, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee doe,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have foure,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo, *Har Har*, Hoo!

[m] These shouts and clamours, as also the voyce *Har, Har*, are very particular w[th] them by the testimony of *Bodin. Remigius Delrio.* and *M. Phil. Ludwig. Elich*, who, out of them, reports it thus. *Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem Dæmonum cantat obscœnissimos: Hæc canit, Har, Har. Illa, Diabole Diabole Salta huc, salta illuc; Altera, lude húc, lude illic; Alia Sabaath, Sabaath, &c., Imò clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus popysmis furit ad debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ hominibus, pecudibusque spargant.*

8 CHARME.

A cloud of pitch, a spur, and a switch,
To hast him away, and a whirlwind play
Before, and after, with thunder for laughter;
And stormes, for joy, of the roaring Boy;
His head of a drake, his tayle of a snake.

9 CHARME.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neyther be seene nor felt;
The woollen burne, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle yo[r] liquors upon the ground,
And into the ayre, around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a musique sound,[n]
And the pase be found,
To w[ch] we may daunce,
And o[r] *charmes* advaunce.

[n] Nor do they want musique, and in strange manner given yē by the *Devill*, if we credite they[re] confessions in *Remig. Dæm. lib. j. cap. xix.*, such as y[e] *Syrbenæam* quires were, w[ch] *Athenæus* remembers out of *Clearchus*, *Deipnos. lib. xv.*, where every

one sung what he would, without hearkning to his fellow; like the noyse of diver oares falling in the water. But be patient of *Remigius* relation, *Miris modis illic mi centur, ac turbantur omnia; nec ullâ oratione satis exprimi queat, quam strepa sonis inconditis absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius contū, aut baculū aliquod, quod forte humi repertū, buccæ ceu tibiam admovet. I pro lyra equi calvariam pulsat, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuste, vel clava gravio quercū tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius puls torū. Intercinunt raucide, et composito ad litui morem clangore Dæmones; ipsū cœlum fragosâ aridâque voce feriunt.*

At w^ch^, w^th^ a strange and sodayne musique, they fell into[o] a *magicall Daunce* full of preposterous change, and gesticulation, but most applying to theyr property: who, at theyr meetings, do all thinges contrary to the custome of men, dancing back to back, hip to hip, theyr handes joyn'd, and making theyr circles backward, to the left hand, with strange phantastique motions of they^r^ heads and bodyes. All w^ch^ were excellently imitated by the maker of the *daunce*, *M^r^. Hierome Herne*, whose right it is, here to be nam'd.

[o] The ma ner, also, theyr daun ing is conf in *Bodin. l ij. cap. iii* and *Re gius, lib. cap. xvij. a xviij.* T summe of *M. Philip Lud. Eli*

relates thus in his *Damonomag. Quest. x. Tripudijs interdum intersunt facie liberâ apertâ; interdum obducta larvâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, a farrinario excerniculo involutâ.* And a little after, *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, et omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem observis, et in orbem junc manibus, saltando circumeunt perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui æstro agitant Remigius* addes, out of the confession of *Sybilla Morelia*, *Gyrum semper in lævam p gredi*, w^ch^ *Plinie* observes in the *Preists* of *Cybele*, *Nat. Hist. lib. xxviij. cap. ii.*, a to be done w^th^ great religion. *Bodin* addes, that they use broomes in theyr hand w^th^ w^ch^ we armd o^r^ witches. And so leave them.

In the heate of theyr *daunce*, on the sodayne, was heard a sound of loud musique, as if many instruments had given one blast. W^th^ w^ch^, not only the *Hagges* themselves, but they^r^ *Hell*, into w^ch^ they ranne, quite vanish'd; and the whole face of the *Scene* altered, scarse suffring the memory of any such thing: But, in the place of it appear'd a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the *House of Fame*, in the upper part of w^ch^ were discoverd the twelve *Masquers*, sitting upon a throne triumphall, erected in forme of a *Pyramide*, and circled w^th^ all store of light. From whome a person, by this time, de-

scended, in the furniture of *Perseus;* and expressing *heroicall* and *masculine vertue*, began to speake.

HEROIQUE VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Vertue's sight,
All poore, and envious witchcraft fly the light.
I did not borrow *Hermes*' wings, nor aske [p]
His crooked sword, nor put on Pluto's caske,
Nor on mine arme advaunced wise *Pallas* shield,
(By w^ch^ my face avers'd, in open feild,
I slew the *Gorgon*) for an empty name:
When Vertue cut of Terror, he gat Fame:
And, if when Fame was gotten, Terror dyde,
What black Erynnis, or more Hellish pride
Durst arme these Hagges, now she is growne and great,
To think they could her glories once defeate.
I was her Parent, and I am her strength.
Heroique Virtue sinkes not under length
Of yeares, or ages, but is still the same
While he preserves, as when he got *good Fame.*
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see,
Built all of sounding brasse, whose columnes bee
Men-making *Poets*, and those well made men,
Whose strife it was, to have the happiest pen
Renowme them to an after-life, and not
W^th^ pride to scorne the Muse, and dye forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath, about her vaulted palace, hoorl'd
All rumors, and reports, or true orvayne,
What utmost landes or deepest seas contayne,
(But, only, hangs great actions on her file)
She to this *lesser World* and *greatest Ile*,
To night soundes Honor, w^ch^ she would have seene
In yond bright bevie, each of them a *Queene.*

[p] The Antients expressed a brave and masculine *virtue* in three figures (of *Hercules*, *Perseus*, and *Bellerophon*) of w^ch^ I chose y^t^ of *Perseus*, arm'd as I have him described out of *Hesiod. Scuto Hercul.* See *Apollodor.* the gramarian of him, *lib. ij.*

Eleven of them are of times long gone.
Penthesilea, the brave *Amazon*;
Swifte-foote *Camilla*, *Queene* of *Volscia*;
Victorious *Thomyris* of *Scythia*;
Chast *Artemisia*, the *Carian* dame,
And fayre-hayr'd *Beronice*, *Ægipts* fame;
Hypsicratea, glory of *Asia*;
Candace, pride of *Athiopia*;
The *Britanne* honor, *Voadicea*;
The vertuous *Palmyrene*, *Zenobia*;
The wise and warlike *Goth*, *Amalasunta*;
And bold *Valasca* of Bohemia.
These (in theyr lives, as fortunes) crown'd the choyse
Of woman-kind, and 'gaynst all opposite voyce
Made good to Time, had after death the clayme
To live æternis'd in the *House of Fame*.
Where howrely hearing (as what there is old?)
The glories of *Bel-anna* so well told,
Queene of the Ocean; how that she alone
Possest all vertues, for wch, one by one,
They were so fam'd; and wanting then a head
To forme yt sweete and gracious Pyramede,
Wherein they sit, it being the soveraigne place
Of all that *Palace*, and reserv'd to grace
The worthiest Queene: These, wthout envy, on her
In life desired that honor to confer,
Wch, wth theyr death, no other should enjoy.
She this embracing, wth a vertuous joy,
Farre from *selfe-love*, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath agayne brought forth
Theyr names to Memory, and meanes this night
To make her, once more, visible to light.
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.

To you, most royall, and most happy King,
Of whome *Fame's* house, in every part, doth ring
For every vertue; but can give no increase,
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze yo^{r} peace:
To you that cherish every great example
Contracted in yo^{r} selfe; and being so ample
A feild of honor, cannot but embrace
A spectacle so full of love, and grace
Unto yo^{r} court: where every *Princely Dame*
Contendes to be as bounteous of her fame,
To others, as her life was good to her;
For, by theyr lives, they only did confer
Good on them selves, but by theyr fame, to yours,
And every age the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sate, being *machina versatilis*, sodaynely chang'd, and in the place of it appeard *Fama bona*, as she is describd in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa., attir'd in white, wth white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it; w^{ch} Orus Apollo in his Hieroglyp. interprets the note of a good fame. In her right hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive branch, and for her state, it was as Virgil[q] describes her at the full, her feete on the ground, and her head in the cloudes. She, after the musique had done, w^{ch} wayted on the turning of the machine, call'd from thence to *Vertue*, and spake this.

[q] Æneid, lib. 4.

FAME.

Virtue, my father, and my honor; thou
That mad'st mee good, as great, and darst avow
No *Fame* for thyne, but what is perfect, ayde,
To night the triumphes of thy *white-wing'd Mayde*.
Do those renowmed Queenes all utmost rites
Theyr states can aske. This is a night of nights.

In mine owne *chariots* let them crowned ride,
And mine owne birds and beasts in geeres applied,
To draw them forth. Unto the first carre tie
Farre-sighted *eagles*, to note *Fame's* sharpe eye;
Vnto the second, *griffons*, that designe
Swiftnesse and strength, two other guifts of mine:
Vnto the last our *lions*, that implie
The top of graces, State and Majestie.
And let those *Hagges* be led, as captives, bound
Before theyr wheeles, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At w^ch^ the loud musique sounded as before, to give the Masquers time of descending. And here, wee cannot but take the opportunity, to make some more particular description of the *Scene*, as also of the *Persons* they presented: w^ch^, though they were dispos'd rather by chance then election, yet is it my part to justefie them all vertuous; and then the Lady, that will owne her presentation, may.

To follow therefore the rule of *chronologie*, w^ch^ wee have observ'd in o^r^ *verse*. The most upward in time was *Penthesilea*. She was Queene of the Amazons, and succeeded *Otrera*, or (as some will) *Orythyia*. She liv'd, and was present at the warre of *Troy*, on theyr part, agaynst the *Greekes*, where (as[r] *Justine* gives her testemony) *inter fortissimos viros magna ejus virtutis documenta extitére*. Shee is no where mentioned, but w^th^ the preface of honor and virtue; and is always advaunced in the head of the worthiest women. *Diodorus Siculus*[s] makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honord in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of w^ch^,[t] *Propertius* sings this triumph to her beauty.

[r] *Epitom. Trog. Pomp. lib.* 2.

[s] *Hist. lib.* 2

[t] *Lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 10.

Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

Next followes *Camilla*, Queene of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil[u] about the end of the seventh booke; then whose

[u] *Æneid, lib.* 7.

verses nothing can bee imagined more exquisite, or more honoring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on *Turnus* part agaynst *Æneas.*

Hos super advenit Volscâ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florenteis ære catervas
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisve Minervæ
Femineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lœsisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterward tells her attire, and armes, w^th^ the admiration, that the *Spectators* had of her. All w^ch^, if the *Poet* created out of him selfe, without *Nature,* he did but shew how much so divine a Soule could exceede her.

The third liv'd in the age of Cyrus, the great *Persian Monarch,* and made him leave to live; *Thomyrus* Queene of the Scythians, or Massagets. A *Heroine* of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude, who, when *Cyrus* had invaded her, and taking her only sonne (rather by trechery then warre as shee objected) had slayne him; not touch'd w^th^ the griefe of so great a losse, in the juster comfort she tooke of a greater revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honor of conquering so potent an Enemye, w^th^ whome fell two hundred thousand souldiers; but, (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the *Massacre.* She is remembred both by [v] *Herodotus* and [w] *Justine* to the great renowne and glory of her kind, w^th^ this *Elogie: Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque et vitâ & castris spoliavit, ad justè ulciscendam filij ejus indignissimam mortem.*

[v] In Clio.
[w] Epito. lib. x.

The fourth was honor'd to life, in the time of *Xerxes,* and

present at his great expedition into *Greece*, *Artemisia*, the *Queene* of *Caria*: whose vertue[x] not w^th^out some wonder, records. That a woman, a *Queene* without a husband, her sonne a ward, and she administring the government, occasion'd by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embarque her selfe for such a warre; and there so to behave her, as *Xerxes*, beholding her fight, should say:[y] *Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminæ, feminæ autem viri.* She is no lesse renowm'd for her chastety and love to her husband, *Mausolus*,[z] whose bones, (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes, and dranke in wine, making herselfe his tombe: and yet built to his memory a *moniment*, deserving a place among the seaven *Wonders of the World*, w^ch^ could not be done by lesse then a Wonder of Women.

[x] *In Polymn*

[y] *Herod.* i *Urania.*

[z] Val. Ma lib. 4, cap. and A. Gel lib. 10, ca 18.

The fifth was the fayre-hayr'd Daughter of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus*, by the elder *Arsinöe*; who (maried to her brother *Ptolomæus*, surnam'd *Evergetes*) was afterward Queene of *Ægipt*. I find her written both *Beronice* and *Berenice*. This lady, upon an expedition of her new-wedded Lord into *Assyria*, vowed to *Venus*, if he returnd safe and conquerour, the offring of her hayre, w^ch^ vow of hers (exacted by the successe) she afterwards performed: But her father missing it, and taking it to heart, *Conon*, a *Mathematician*, who was then in household with *Ptolomæe*, and knew well to flatter him, perswaded the King that it was tane up to Heauen, and made a Constellation; shewing him those *seven starres ad caudam Leonis*, w^ch^ are since called *Coma Beronices*. W^ch^ story, then presently celebrated by *Callimachus*, in a most elegant *poeme*, *Catullus* more elegantly converted; wherein they call her the *Magnanimous, from a virgin*: alluding (as[a] Hyginus sayth) to a rescue she made of her Father in his flight, and restoring the honor and courage of his army, even to a victory. The words are—

[a] *Astronom lib.* 2, in *Le*

Cognoram à paruâ virgine magnanimam.[b]

[b] *Cat. de com Beronic.*

The sixth, that famous wife of *Mithridates*, and *Queene* of *Pontus*, *Hypsicratea*, no lesse an example of *vertue* then the rest: who so lov'd her Husband, as she was assistant to him in all labors and hazards of the warre, in a masculine habite. For wᶜʰ cause (as *Valerius Maximus* observes)[c] she departed wᵗʰ a cheife ornament of her beauty. *Tonsis enim capillis, equo se et armis assuefecit, quò facilius laboribus et periculis ejus interesset.* And afterward, in his flight from *Pompey*, accompanied his misfortune, wᵗʰ a mind and body equally unwearied. She is solemnely registered by that grave author, as a notable præsident of *mariage-loyalty* and *love*: vertues that might rayse a meane person to the æquality wᵗʰ a Queene; but a Queene to the state, and honor of a *Deitye*.

[c] *Lib.* 4, *cap.* 6. *De Amor. conjug.*

The seventh, that renowme of *Æthiopia*, *Candace*; from whose excellencye the succeeding *Queenes* of that nation were ambitious to be calld so. A woman of a most haughty spirit agaynst enemies; and singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by[d] *Dion* and *Pline*,[e] invading *Ægipt* in the time of *Augustus*; who, though she were enforc'd to a peace by his Lieutenant, *Petronius*, doth not the lesse worthely hold her place here, when every where this *Elogie* remaynes of her fame; that she was *Maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopum reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ.* She govern'd in *Meroë*.

[d] *Hist. Rom. lib.* 54.
[e] *Nat. Hist. lib.*6, *cap.*29.

The eyght, our owne honor, *Voadicea*, or *Boodicia*, by some *Bunduica*, and *Bunduca*: Queene of the *Iceni*, a people that inhabited that part of the Iland, wᶜʰ was call'd *East-Anglia*, and comprehended *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, *Cambridge*, and *Huntingdon* shires. Since she was borne here at home, we will first honor her wᵗʰ a home-borne testemony from the grave and diligent Spenser[f].

[f] *Ruin of Time.*

Bunduca, *Britonesse*,
Bunduca, that victorious Conqueresse,

That lifting up her brave heroique thought,
'Bove womens weakenesse, w^th^ the Romanes fought;
Fought, and in feild agaynst them thrise prevayled, &c.

To w^ch^, see her orations in story, made by *Tacitus*[g] and *Dion*,[h] wherin is expressed all magnitude of a spirit breathing to the liberty and redemption of her countrey. The latter of whome doth honest her, beside, w^th^ a particular description. *Bunduica Britannica femina, orta stirpe regiâ, quæ non solum eis cum magnâ dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit, cujus animus virilis, potius quam muliebris erat.* And afterwards *femina formâ honestistimâ, vultu severo, &c.* All w^ch^ doth waygh the more to her true prayse, in comming from the mouthes of *Romanes* and enemies. She liv'd in the time of *Nero*.

[g] *Annal. lib.* 14.
[h] *Epit. Joan Xiphilin* in *Ner.*

The ninth in time, but æquall in fame, and (the cause of it) vertue, was the chast *Zenobia*, Queene of the *Palmyrenes:* who, after the death of her Husband, *Odenatus*, had the name to be reckond among the *xxx.* that usurp'd the *Romane Empire* from *Galienus*. She continew'd a long and brave warre agaynst severall *Cheifes*, and was at length triumphed on by *Aurelian;* but *eâ specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur.* Her chastety was such, *ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* She liv'd in a most royal manner, and was adord to the custome of the *Persians*. When she made orations to her souldiers, she had alwayes her caske on. A woman of a most divine spirit and incredible beauty. In[i] *Trebellius Pollio* reade the most noble description of a *Queene*, and her, that can be utter'd with the dignity of an *Historian*.

[i] *In Trigin. Tyrann.*

The tenth succeeding, was that learned and herioque *Amalasunta, Queene* of the *Ostrogothes*, daughter to *Theodorick*, that obtayn'd the principality of *Ravenna*, and almost all *Italy*. She drave the *Burgundians* and *Almaynes* out of

Liguria, and appear'd in her government rather an example then a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages, of any nation y^t^ had commerce w^th^ the *Romane Empire.*[j] It is recorded of her that, *sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem: Tantaque illi in decernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.*

[j] *M. Anton Cocci. Sabell.* (out of *Cassiod.*) Ennead. vij. lib. ij.

The eleventh was that brave *Bohemian Queene, Valasca*, who, for her courage, had the surname of *Bold.* That to redeeme herselfe and her sexe from the *tyranny* of men, w^ch^ they lived in, under *Primislaus*, on a night, and at an hower appoynted, led on the women to the slaughter of theyr barbarous *husbands* and *lords;* and possessing them selves of their horses, armes, treasure, and places of strength, not only rul'd the rest, but liv'd many years after w^th^ the liberty and fortitude of *Amazons.* Celebrated (by *Raphael Vollaterranus*,[k] and in an elegant tract of an *Italians*,[l] in *Latine*, who names himselfe *Philalethes, Polytopiensis civis*) *inter præstantissimas feminas.*

[k] *In Geograp. lib.* 7.
[l] *Forcia quæst.*

The twelvth, and worthy *Soveraigne* of all I make *Bel-anna*, Royall *Queene* of the *Ocean;* of whose dignity and person the whole scope of the Invention doth speake throughout: w^ch^ to offer you agayne here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty, w^ch^ heares any testemony of others iterated w^th^ more delight, then her owne prayse. She being placed above the neede of such ceremony, and safe in her princely vertue agaynst the good or ill of any witnesse. The name of *Bel-anna* I devis'd to honor hers *proper*, by; as adding to it the attribute of Fayre, and is kept by mee in all my *Poemes*, wherin I mention her Majesty w^th^ any shadow or *figure.* Of w^ch^ some may come forth with a longer *desteny* then this *age*, commonly, gives the best births, if but help'd to light by her gratious and ripening favor.

But here I discerne a possible objection, arising agaynst mee,

to w^ch^ I must turne: As, *How I can bring persons of so different ages to appeare properly together? or why (w^ch^ is more unnaturall)* w^th^ Virgil's Mezentius, *I joyne the living w^th^ the dead.* I answere to both these at once; Nothing is more proper; nothing more naturall; for these all live, and together, in theyr *Fame;* and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of *Poetry*, where could I not take sanctuary? or in whose Poeme?

There rests now, that wee give the description (we promist) of the Scene, w^ch^ was the House of *Fame.* The structure and ornamente of w^ch^ (as is profest before) was intierly *Mr. Jones* his invention and designe. First, for the lower columnes, he chose the statues of the most excellent *Poets*, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Lucan*, &c., as beeing the substantiall supporters of *Fame.* For the vpper, *Achilles*, *Æneas*, *Cæsar*, and those great *Heroes* w^ch^ those *poets* had celebrated. All w^ch^ stood as in massy gold. Betwene the Pillars, underneath, were figured *land-battayles*, *sea-fights*, *triumphes*, *loves*, *sacrifices*, and all magnificent subjects of honor, in brasse, and heightened w^th^ silver. In w^ch^ he professt to follow that noble description, made by *Chaucer* of the like place. Above were plac'd the *Masquers*, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of *Honor* and *Vertue*, for the *arch.* The freezes, both below and above, were filld w^th^ severall colour'd lights, like *emeralds*, *rubies*, *saphires*, *carbuncles*, &c. The reflexe of w^ch^, w^th^ other lights plac'd in y^e^ concave, upon the *Masquers'* habites was full of glory. These habites had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthely varied, by his invention, to the *Nations* whereof they were *Queenes.* Nor are these alone his due, but diverse other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the *spectacle*, as the *Hell*, the going about of the *chariots*, the binding of the *witches*, the turning *machine*, w^th^ the præsentation of *Fame.* All w^ch^ I willingly acknowledge for him; since it is a vertue planted in good natures, that what re-

spects they wish to obtayn fruictfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves.

By this time, imagine the *Masquers* descended, and agayne mounted into three triumphant *chariots*, ready to come forth. The first foure were drawne w^th^ *Eagles* (wherof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in *Fame's* speech) theyr 4 torchbearers attending on the *chariot* sides, and foure of the *Hagges* bound before them. Then follow'd the second, drawne by *Griffons*, w^th^ theyr torchbearers and four other *Haggs*. Then the last, w^ch^ was drawne by *Lions*, and more eminent (wherin her Ma^tie^ was) and had sixe torchbearers more, (peculiar to her) w^th^ the like number of *Hagges*. After w^ch^ a full triumphant *Musique*, singing this song, while they rode in state about the stage.

SONG.

Helpe, helpe, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voyce of *Fame* should be as loud as thonder.
Her House is all of *echo* made,
Where never dies the sound;
And, as her browes the clouds invade,
Her feete do strike the ground.
Sing then *good Fame*, that's out of *Vertue* borne,
For, who doth fame neglect, doth vertue scorne.

Here they alighted from theyr *chariots*, and daunc'd forth theyr first *daunce*; then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtile and excellent changes, and seem'd perform'd w^th^ no lesse spirits, then those they personated. The first was to the *cornets*, the second to the *violins*. After w^ch^ they tooke out the men, and daunc'd the *Measures*, entertayning the time, almost to the space of an hower, w^th^ singular variety. When, to give them rest, from the *Musique* w^ch^ attended the *chariots*, by that most excellent *tenor* voyce, and exact singer (her Ma^ties^ servant, *Mr. Jo. Allin*) this Ditty was sung.

SONG.

When all the *Ages* of the earth
Were crowned, but in this *famous birth;*
And that, when they would boast theyr store
Of *worthy Queenes,* they knew no more:
How happier is that *Age,* can give
A *Queene,* in whome all they do live.

After w^ch^ they daunc'd theyr third *daunce,* then w^ch^ a more *numerous* composition could not be seene: *graphically* dispos'd into *letters,* and honouring the name of the sweete and ingenious *Prince, Charles, Duke of Yorke,* wherin, beside that principall grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and theyr expression so just, as if *Mathematicians* had lost *proportion,* they might there have found it. The author was Mr. Tho. Giles. After this, they daunc'd *Galliards* and *Corrantos.* And then theyr last *daunce,* no lesse elegant (in the place) then the rest, w^th^ w^ch^ they tooke theyr *chariots* agayne, and triumphing about the stage, had theyr return to the *House of Fame* celebrated w^th^ this last *song,* whose *notes* (as to the former) were the worke and honor of my excellent Friend, *Alfonso Ferrabosco.*

SONG.

Who, *Virtue,* can thy power forget,
That sees these live, and triumph yet?
Th' *Assyrian* pompe, the *Persian* pride,
Greekes glory, and the *Romanes* dy'de.
And who yet imitate
Theyr noyses, tary the same fate.
Force Greatnesse, all the glorious wayes
You can, it soone decayes;
But so *good Fame* shall never:
Her triumphs, as theyr causes, are for ever.

To conclude w^ch^, I know no worthyer way of *Epilogue*, then the celebration of who were the *Celebraters*.

The Queenes Ma^tie^.
Co. of Arundell.
Co. of Derbye.
Co. of Huntingdon.
Co. of Bedford.
Co. of Essex.
Cou. of Montgomery.
La. Cranborrne.
La. El. Guilford.
La. Anne Winter.
La. Windsore.
La. Anne Clifford.

THE END.

THE TWELVTH NIGHT'S REVELLS.

Plinie Solinus Prolomæe, and of late, Leo Africanus, remember unto us a river in Aethiopia, famous by the name of Niger, of w^ch^ the people were called Nigritæ, nowe Negros, and are the blackest nation of the world. This river taketh his springe owt of a certaine lake, eastward, and after a longe race, falleth into the Westerne Ocean.

Hence the invention is deriv'd, and presented thus. In the end of the designd place, there is drawne uppon a downe right cloth, straynd for the scene, a devise of landtscope, w^ch^ openinge in manner of a curtine, an artificiall sea is seene to shoote foorth it self abroad the roome, as if it flowed to y^e^ land. In front of this sea are placed six Tritons, with instrumentes made of antique shells for musique, and behind them two Sea-maides. Betweene y^e^ Maydes a payre of Sea-horses, figured to the life, put foorth them selves in varied dispositions; uppon whose backes are advanced Oceanus and Niger, arme in arme enfolded.

Oceanus naked, the cullors of his flesh blew, and shadowed w^th^ a roab of seagreene. His bodie of a humane forme. His head and beard gray. Hee is gyrlanded w^th^ sea-grasse, and his hand sustaynes a Trident.

Niger in forme and coullor of an Aethiope blacke: his hayre and rare beard curled; shadow'd w^th^ a blew and bright mantle; his necke and wrists adorned w^th^ pearle, crowned w^th^ an artificiall wreath of cane and paper rush.

These induce the Masquers, w^ch^ are twelve Nymphs,

Negros, and ye daughters of Niger, attended by as manie of the Oceanie, who are their light-bearers.

The Masquers are placed in an entire concave shell of mother of pearle, curiously made to move on those waters, and guarded (for more ornament) wth Dolphins and Sea-monsters of different shapes: on wch in payres their light-bearers are, wth their lights burninge out of Murex shelles, advanced.

The attire of ye Masquers is alyke in all, wthout difference. Their cullours azure and silver; their hayre thicke, and curled upright in tresses, lyke Pyramids, but retoorninge in the top, with a dressinge of feathers and jewells. And for the eare, necke, and wrist, the ornament of ye brightest pearle, best settinge of from the blacke.

For the light-bearers, sea-greene, their faces and armes blew. Their hayres loose and flowinge, gyrlanded wth Alga, or sea-grasse, and yt stucke about wth braunches of corall, and water lillyes.

These thus presented, one of the Tritons, wth the two Sea-maydes, beginne to singe to the other lowd musique. Their voyces being a tenor, and two trebles.

THE SONG.

Sound, sound aloud
The welcum of the orient Floud
Into the west:
Fayre Niger, sonne to great Oceanus,
Now honored thus,
Wth all his beauteous race:
Who though but black in face,
Yet are they bright,
And full of life and light;
To prove that beauty best,
Wch not ye coullor but ye feature
Assures unto ye Creature.

W^ch^ ended, and the musique ceassinge, Oceanus provokes Niger as followeth.

OCEANUS.

Bee silent now the ceremony's done:
And Niger, say, howe comes it, lovely sonne,
That thou, the Aethiop's river, so far east
Art seene to fall in y^e^ extreamest west
Of mee, the King of floud's Oceanus,
And in myne empires hart salute mee thus?
What is the end of thy Herculean labors,
Extended to those calme and blessed shores?

NIGER.

To doe a kynd and carefull father's parte,
In satisfying every pensive harte
Of these my daughters, my most loved birth;
Who, though they were first-form'd dames of Earth,
And in whose sparcklinge and refulgent eyes
The glorious sonne did still delight to rise;
Though hee (the best Judg, and most formal cause
Of all dames' bewties) in their firme hews drawes
Signes of his ferventst love, and therby shewes
That in their blacke the perfect'st beauty growes;
Since the fixt cullour of their curled hayre
(W^ch^ is the heighest grace of dames most fayre)
No cares, no age, can chandge, or there display
The fearfull tincture of abhorred gray.
Since Death him self (him self beinge pale and blew)
Can never alter their most faithfull hew;
All w^ch^ are arguments to prove howe farre
Their beauties conquer in great Beauties warre:
And now how neare Divinitie they bee
That stand from passion, or decay so free:

Yet since the fabulous voyces of some few
(Poore braynsicke men, stild poets, here wth you)
Have with such envy of their graces sunge
The paynted beauties, other empires sprung,
Lettinge their loose and winged fictions fly,
To infect all climattes, yea, our puritie,
As of one Phaethon that fir'd the world,
And that before his heedlesse flames were hurl'd
About the Globe, the Aethiops were as fayre
As other dames, nowe blacke wth blacke dispayre,
And in respect of their complexions chaungd
Are each where since for lucklesse creatures rang'd.
Wch when my daughters heard (as woemen are
Most jealous of their beauties) feare and care
Possest them whole, yea, and beleevinge them,
They wept such ceaslesse teares into my streame,
That it hath thus farre overflow'd his shore,
To seeke them pacience whoe have since ermore,
As the Sonne riseth, chargd his burninge throne
Wth vollyes of revilinges; cause hee shone
On their scorcht chekes wth such intemperat fiers,
And other dames made queenes of all desiers.
To frustrat wch strange errour oft I sought,
(Though most in vayne against a settled thought,
As woemens are) till they confirm'd att length,
By miracle, what I with soe much strength
Of argument resisted; (else they faynd)
For in the lake where their first springe they gaind,
As they satt coolinge their soft lymbs by night,
Appeard a face all circumfusd wth light,
Wherein they might decipher through the streame,
(And sure they saw't, for Aethiops never dreame)
These wordes—

That they a land must forthwith seeke,
Whose termination of ye Greeke

Sounds Tania, where bright Sol, y^t^ heatt
Their bloodes, doeth never rise nor sett,
But in his jorney passeth by,
And leaves that climatte of y^e^ sky
To comfort of a greater light,
That formes all beautyes w^th^ his sight.

In search of this have wee three Princ-doomes past
That speake owt Tania in their accents last;
Blacke Mauritania first, and secondly
Swarth Lusitania. Next we did descry
Rich Aquitania, and yet cannot find
The place unto those longing nymphes designd.
Instruct and ayd mee, great Oceanus:
What land is this that nowe appeares to us?

OCEANUS.

This land, that lifts into the temperate ayre
Hir snowy cliffe, is Albion the fayre,
So calld of Neptune's sonne, y^t^ ruleth here;
For whose deare guard my self four thousand yeere
(Since old Deucalions dayes) have walkt the round
About his empire, proud to see him crownd
Above my waves.

At this the Moone is discovered in y^e^ upper parte of the house, triumphant in a chariot, hir garments white and silver, the dressinge of her head antique, and crownd w^th^ lights. To her Niger.

NIGER.

O, see our silver starre,
Whose pure auspicious light greetes us thus farre.
Great Aethiopia, Goddesse of our store,
Since w^th^ particular woorshipp wee adore

Thy generall brightnesse, lett particular grace
Shine on my zealous daughters: show y^e^ place
W^ch^ longe their longinges urgd their eyes to see.
Bewtifie them that long have diefied thee.

AETHIOPIA.

Niger, bee gladd: resume thy native cheere,
Thy daughters' labors have theyr period here,
And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the lake, in w^ch^ thy race
Read mistick lynes, w^ch^ skyll Pithagoras,
First taught to men by a reverberat glasse.
This blessed Ille doth with that Tania end,
W^ch^ their they sawe inscrib'd, and shall extend
Wish'd satisfaction to their best desiers.
Britania, w^ch^ the triple world admyres,
This Ille hath nowe recovered for his name,
Where raigne the beauties y^t^ w^th^ so much fame
The sacred Muses' sonnes have honored,
And from sweete Hesperus to Eous, spread.
W^th^ that great name, Britania, this blest ille
Hath wonne his antient dignitie and stile,
A world divided from the world, and tryed
The abstract of it in his generall pride.
And were the World, with all his wealth, a ringe,
Britannia (whose fresh name makes thunder singe)
Might bee a diamond woorthy to enchace it,
Rul'd by a Sunne that to this height doeth grace it,
Whose beames shine day and night, and are of force
To blanch an Aethiop and revive a corse:
His light scientiall is, and past meere Nature,
Can salve the rude defects of every creature.

Call forth thy honor'd daughters, then,
And lett them, fore the Britaine men,

Indent the land with those pure traces,
They flow with in their native graces.
Invite them boldly to y^e^ shore,
Their beauties shalbee scorts't no more.
This sonne is temperate, and refines
All thinges on w^ch^ his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons sound, and they daunce on y^e^ shore, every couple (as they advance) severally presentinge their fannes; in one of w^ch^ are inscrib'd their mixed names, in the other a mute hieroglyphick, expressinge their mixed qualities, w^ch^ manner of symbole wee rather choose, then impresse, as well for strangenesse, as relishinge more of antiquitie, and nearer applyinge to y^t^ originall doctrine of sculpture w^ch^ the Aegiptians are sayd first to have derived from the Aethiopians.

When their owne daunce is ended, as they are about to choose their men, on[e] from the sea is heard to call them w^th^ this songe, sunge by a tenor voyce.

SONGE.

Cum away, cum away;
We grow jealous of your stay:
If you doe not stopp yo^r^ eare,
Wee shall have more cause to feare
Syrens of the land, then they
To doubt the Syrens of y^e^ sea.

Here they daunce w^th^ there men, w^ch^ beinge perfect, they are againe provoked from the sea, w^th^ a songe of two trebles, iterated in y^e^ fall by a double Echo.

SONGE.

Treb. 1. { Daughters of the subtill floud,
Do not let earth longer entertaine you.

Treb. 2. { 'Tis to them enough of good,
That yo^u^ geive this little hope to gaine you.

Treb. 1. If they love,
Treb. 2. You shall quickly see.
Treb. 1. { For when to flight you move,
They'll follow you y^e^ more yo^u^ flee.
Tre. do. { If not, impute it each to other matter:
They are but earth, and what you owed was water.

W^th^ this, Aethiopia speakes againe.

AETHIOPIA.

Enough, bright nymphes, the night grows old,
And we are griev'd wee cannot hold
You longer light; but comfort take:
Yo^r^ father only to the Lake
Shall make returne; yo^r^ selves w^th^ feastes
Must here remayne, the Ocean's guests.
Nor shall this vayle the Sunne hath cast
Above yo^r^ bloods more sommers last,
For w^ch^ you shall observe these rites
Thirteene tymes thrice, on thirteene nights.
Soo often as I fill my spheare
W^th^ glorious light throughout the yeare,
You shall, when all things ells doo sleepe
Save yo^r^ chast thoughts, w^th^ reverence steepe,
Yo^r^ bodyes in that purer brine,
And holsome dew, called Ros-Marine,
Then with that soft and gentle fome,
Of w^ch^ the Ocean yet yeeldes some,
Whereof bright Venus, Beauties Queene,
Is sayd to have begotten beene,
You shall yo^r^ gentler lymbs ore-lave,
And for yo^r^ paynes perfection have:
Soe that this night, the yeare gone round,
You doe againe salute this ground,
And in the beames of yond bright sunne
Yo^r^ faces dry, and all is done.

With w^ch^ in a daunce they returne to the sea agayne, where they take their shell, and with a full songe goo owt.

SONG.

Now Dian w^th^ the burning face
Decline's apace:
By w^ch^ our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.
Backe seas, backe Nymphes; but w^th^ a forward grace
Keepe still yo^r^ reverence to y^e^ place,
And shout w^th^ joy of favor you have wonne
In sight of Albion, Neptun's sonne.

Hos ego versiculos feci.

BEN. JONSON.

THREE COURT MASKS;

VIZ.:

THE MOUNTEBANK'S MASK,

BY JOHN MARSTON.

THE MASK OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

THE MASK OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

THE MOUNTEBANK'S MASK.

THE FIRST ANTIMASKE OF MOWNTEBANKES.

MOUNTEBANK'S SPEECH.

The greate Master of medicine, Æsculapius, preserve and prolong the sanitie of these Royall and Princely Spectators. And if any here present happen to be valetudinarie, the blessed finger of our grand Master Paracelsus bee at hand for their speedie reparation. I have heard of a madd fellowe that styles himselfe a merry Greeke, and goes abroade by the name of Paradox, who with frisking and dauncing, and newe broacht doctrine, hath stolne himselfe, this Festivall tyme of Christmas, into favour at the Court of Purpoole, and having there gott some approbation for his small performance, is growne so audacious as to intrude himselfe into this honoured presence. To prevent whose further growyng fame, I have, with these my fellowe Artists of severall nations, all famous for the banke, hether made repaire, to present unto your view more wholesome, more pleasing, and more novell delights, which, to avoyd prolixitie, I distribute into these following common places.

Names of Diseases cured by us,
Which being infinite, purposelie we omitt.
Musicall Charmes,
Familiar Receipts,

Sing their Songs, viz.:

Chorus. What ist you lack, what would you buye?
What is it that you neede?
Come to me, Gallants; tast and trye:
Heers that will doe the deede.

1 Songe.

1. Heers water to quench mayden fires;
Heers spirits for olde occupiers;
Heers powder to preserve youth long,
Heers oyle to make weake sinews strong.
What!

2. This powder doth preserve from fate;
This cures the Maleficiate:
Lost Maydenhead this doth restore,
And makes them Virgins as before.
What!

3. Heers cure for tooth ache, feaver, lurdens,
Unlawfull and untimely burthens:
Diseases of all Sexe and Ages
This Medicine cures, or els asswages.
What!

4. I have receipts to cure the gowte,
To keepe poxe in, or thrust them owte;
To coole hott bloods, colde bloods to warme,
Shall doe you, if noe good, no harme.
What!

2 Mo. Song.

1. Is any deffe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound, or loose behinde?

Is any fowle, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Does any dreame? Does any walke,
Or in his sleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

2. Be drummes or rattles in thy head;
Are not thy braynes well tempered?
Does Eolus thy stomak gnawe,
Or breed there vermine in thy mawe?
Dost thou desire, and cannot please,
Loe! heere the best Cantharides.
I come.

3. Even all diseases that arise
From ill disposed crudities,
From too much study, too much paine,
From lasines, or from a straine,
From any humor doing harme,
Bee't dry or moist, or could or warme.
I come.

4. Of lasie gowte I cure the Rich;
I ridd the Beggar of his itch;
I fleame avoyde, both thick and thin:
I dislocated joyntes put in.
I can old Æsons youth restore,
And doe a thousand wonders more.
Then come to me. What!

3 Song.

1. Maydes of the chamber or the kitchinge,
If you be troubled with an itchinge,

Come give me but a kisse or twoe,
Ile give you that shall soone cure you.
Nor Galen nor Hipocrates
Did ever doe such cures as theis.

2. Crakt maids, that cannot hold your water,
Or use to breake wynd in your laughter;
Or be you vext with kibes or cornes,
Ile cure; or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galen.

3. If lustie Doll, maide of the Dairie,
Chance to be blew-nipt by the Fairie,
For making Butter with her taile,
Ile give her that did never faile.
Nor Galen.

4. Or if some worse mischance betide her,
Or that the night mare over ride her;
Or if shee tell all in a dreame,
Ile cure her for a messe of creame.
Nor Galen.

4 M. Song.

1. Is any so spent, that his wife keepes lent?
Does any wast in his marrowe?
Is any a slugg? Lett him tast of my drugg,
Twill make him as quick as a sparrow.
My powder and oyle, extracted with toile,
By rare sublimbe infusions,
Have proofe they are good, by myne owne deere bloode,
In many strange conclusions.

2. Does any consume with the salt French rhewme?
Doth the Gowte or palsy shake him:
Or hath hee the stone, ere a moneth be gone,
As sound as a bell Ile make him.
My powder.

3. The greefes of the spleene, and maides that be greene,
Or the heate in the Ladies faces;
The gripes of the stitch, or the Schollers itch,
In my cures deserue no places.
My powder.

The Webb or the Pinn,[1] or the morphew of skynn,
Or the rising of the mother,
I can cure in a trice. Oh, then, be not nice,
Nor ought that greeves you smother.
My powder.

FAMILIAR RECEIPTS.

An approved receipt against Melancholie fœminine.

If any Lady be sick of the Sullens, she knowes not where, let her take a handfull of simples, I know not what, and use them I know not how, applying them to the parte grievde, I knowe not which, and shee shall be well, I knowe not when.

Against the Skirvie.

If any Scholler bee troubled with an itch, or breaking out, which in tyme may prove the Skirvy, lett him first forbeare clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by noe meanes upwards.

For restoring Gentlemen Ushers' Leggs.

If any Gentleman Usher hath the consumption in his legges, lett him feede lustelie on veale two monethes in the

[1] See "Winter's Tale," act i., sc. 2, and "King Lear," act iii., sc. 4.

spring tyme, and forbeare all manner of mutton, and hee shall increase in calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the Tentigo, lett him travell to Japan, or, because the forest of Turnbolia is of the same altitude, or elevation of the Pole, and at hand, lett him hunt there for his recreation, and it shalbe done in an instant.

For the Angina.

If any Scholler labor of the Angina, a daungerous disease in the throate, soe that he cannot speake an howre togeather once in a quarter of a yeere, lett him forbeare all violent exercises, as trotting to Westminster Hall every terme, and all hott liquors and vapors; lett him abstayne from company, retiring himselfe warme cladd in his studie fowre daies in a weeke, *et fiet.*

For a Fellon.

If any be troubled with a Fellon on his finger, whereby he hath lost the lawfull use of his hand, lett him but once use the exercise of swinging, and stretche himselfe uppon the soveraigne tree of Tiburnia, and it will presently kill the Fellon. *Probatum.*

For a Tympanie.

If any Virgine be soe sick of Cupid that the disease is growne to a Tympanie, lett her with all speed possible remove herselfe, changing aire for forty weekes at least, keeping a spaire diett as she travelles, allwayes after using lawfull exercises, till shee be married, and then she is past daunger.

For Barrennes.

If any Lady be long married, yet childles, lett her first desire to be a mother, and to her breakefast take a newe-laid egge, in a spoonefull of goat's-milke, with a scruple of Amber-

greece; and at supper feede on a henn trodden by one cock. But above all thinges, lett her avoide hurrying in a Coroch, especially on the stones, and assuming a finer molde then nature ment her, and noe doubt she shall fructifie.

For the Falinge Sicknes.

If any woman be trobled with the falinge sicknes, lett her not travell Westward Ho, because she must avoide the Isle of Man; and for that it is an evill Spirrit only entred into her, lett her for a Charme allwayes have her legges a crosse when she is not walking, and this will help her.

For a Rupture.

If any Tradsman bee troubled with a Rupture in the bowells of his estate, that hee cannot goe abroade, lett him decoct Golde from a pound to a noble, taking the broth thereof from six monethes to six monethes, and hee shalbe as able a man as ever he was.

Nowe, Princely Spectators, to lett you see that we are men quallified from head to foote, wee will shewe you a peece of our footemanship.

Dance Antemaske.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PARADOXE.

Helth and jouisance to this faire assembly. Now the thrice three learned Sisters forsake mee, if euer I beheld such beauties in Athens. You aske, perhappes, whoe I am that thus conceitedly salute you? I am a merry Greeke, and a Sophister of Athens, who, by fame of certaine novell and rare presentments undertaken and promised by the gallant Spirrits of Graia drawne hither, have intruded myselfe, Sophiste like, in att the back doore, to bee a Spectator, or rather a Censor of their undertakings. The Muses graunt they may satisfie our expectations. Ah, the shewes and the

songs, and the speeches, and the playes, and the comedies, and the actings that I have seene at Athens! The universe never saw the like. But lett that passe. There was another end of my coming, and that was to gett some of these Beauties to bee my desciples; for I teach them rare doctrynes, but delightfull; and if you be true Athenians, (that is, true lovers of novelties, as I hope you all are) you will give my hopes theire lookt for expectation. Knowe, then, my name is Paradox: a strange name, but proper to my discent, for I blush not to tell you truth. I am a slipp of darknes, my father a Jesuite, and my mother an Anabaptist; and as my name is strange, soe is my profession, and the art which I teach, my selfe being the first that reduced it to rules and method, beares my owne name, Paradoxe. And I pray you, what is a Parradox? It is a Quodlibet, or strayne of witt and invention strued above the vulgar conceyte, to begett admiration. And (because method is the mother of discipline) I devide my Paradoxe into theis heads—Masculine, Fœminine, and Newter; and first of the first, for the Masculine is more worthie then the Fœminine, and the Fœminine then the Newter.

Drawes his Booke and reades.

Masculine.[1]

1. He cannot be a Cuckold that weares a Gregorian, for a perriwigg will never fitt such a head.

2. A Knight of the long robe is more honorable then a Knight made in the fielde; for furrs are deerer then spurs.

3. Tis better to be a coward then a Captaine; for a goose lives longer then a cock of the game.

4. A Caniball is the lovingst man to his enemie; for willingly no man eates that he loves not.

5. A Batchelor is but halfe a man, and being wedd, he may prove more then halfe a monster; for Aries and Taurus

[1] These paradoxes are all numbered and marked by the author.

rule the head and shoulders, and Capricorne reacheth as lowe as the knees.

6. A wittall cannot be a Cuckold: for a Cuckolde is wronged by his wife, which a wittall cannot bee; for *volenti non fit injuria.*

7. A Shoemaker is the fittest man of the parish to make a Constable; for he *virtuti officii* may put any man in the stocks, and enlarge him at last.

8. A prisoner is the best fencer; for hee ever lies at a close warde.

9. An elder Brother may be a wise man; for he hath wherewithall to purchase experience, at any rate.

10. A Musicion will never make good Vintner; for he deales to much with flats and sharps.

11. A Drunkard is a good philosopher; for hee thinkes arighte that the world goes round.

12. The Divell cannot take Tobacco through his nose; for S^{t}. Dunstone hath seerd that upp with his tongs.

13. Prentices are the nimblest Scavengers; for they can clense the Citty Stews in one day.

14. Noe native Phisician can bee excellent; for all excellent simples are forriners.

15. A Master of Fence is more honorable then a M^{r}. of art; for good fighting was before good writing.

16. A Court Foole must needs be learned; for hee goes to schoole in the Porter's Lodge.

17. Burgomasters ought not to weare their furd gownes at Middsomer; for soe they may bring in the sweating sicknes againe.

18. A Cuttpurse is of the surest trade; for his worke is no sooner done, but hee hath his mony in his hand.

Fœminine.

1. Tis farr better to marrie a widdow then a maide.—*Causa patet.*

2. Down right language is the best Rhetorique to wyn a wooman; for playne dealing is a jewell, and there is no lady but desires her lapp full of them.

3. Weomen are to be commended for loving Stage players; for they are men of known action.

4. If a wooman with child long to lye with another man, her husband must consent; for if hee will not, shee will doe it without him.

5. Rich widdowes were ordained for younger brothers; for they, being borne to no land, must plow in another man's soile.

6. A maid should marry before the years of discreation; for *Malitia supplet et cætera*.

7. Tis dangerous to wed a widdow; for she hath cast her rider.

8. An English virgin singes sweeter here than at Brussells; for a voluntary is sweeter than a forct noate.

9. A greate Lady may with her honor weare her servant's picture; for a shaddowe yet never made a Cuckold.

10. A painted Lady best fitts a Captaine; for so both may fight under theire cullors.

11. It is good for a young popish wench to marry an old man; for so shee shalbe sure to keepe all fasting nights.

12. A dangerous secrett is safely plac't in a woman's bosom; for noe wise man would search for it there.

13. A woman of learning and tongues is an admirable creature; for a starling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.

14. There were never so many chast wives as in this age; for now tis out of fashion to lye with their owne husbands.

15. A greate Lady should not weare her owne haire; for that's as meane as a coate of her owne spinning.

16. A faire woman's necke should stand awrie; for so she lookes as if she were looking for a kisse.

17. Women love fish better then flesh; for they will have Place, whatever they pay for it.

Newter.[1]

1. Ould thinges are the best thinges; for there is nothing newe but diseases.

2. The best bodyes should weare the playnest habits; for painted Clothes were made to hide bare walls.

3. Dissemblers may safely be trusted; for their meaning is ever contrary to theire words.

4. Musicions cannot be but helthfull; for they live by good aire.

5. An Usurer is the best Christian; for *Quantum nummorum in arca, Tantum habet et fidei.*

6. None should haue license to marry but rich folks; for *Vacuum* is a monster *in rerum natura.*

7. A hare is more subtile then a fox; for shee makes more dubbles then old Reynard.

8. Tis better to be a beggar then a Marchant; for all the worlde lyes open to his traffique, and yet he paies no custome.

9. Tis more safe to be drunk with the hopp then with the grape; for a man should be more inward with his Countryman than with a stranger.

10. It is better to buy honour then to deserve it; for what is farr fecht and deere bought is good for Ladyes.

11. A man deepe in debt should be as deepe in drink; for Bacchus cancells all manner of obligations.

12. Playhowses are more necessary in a well govern'd Commonwelth then publique Schooles; for men are better taught by example then precept.

13. It is better to feede on vulgar and grosse meats, then on dainty and high dishes; for they that eate only partridge or quaile, hath no other brood then woodcock or goose.

[1] The word "Epicæne" is struck out by the author, and *Newter* written instead of it.

14. Taverns are more requisite in a Citty then Academies; for it is better the multitude were loving then learned.

15. A Tobacco Shop and a Bawdy howse are coincident; for smoake is not without fire.

16. An Almanacke is a booke more worthy to be studied then the history of the world; for a man to knowe himself is the most worthy knowledge, and there hee hath twelve signes to know it by.

17. Welth is better then witt; for few poetts have had the fortune to be chozen Aldermen.

18. Marriage frees a man from care; for then his wife takes all uppon her.

19. A Kennell of hounds is the best Consort; for they neede no tuning from morning to night.

The Court makes better Schollers than the Universitie; for where a King vouchsafes to bee a teacher, every man blushes to be a non proficient.

Music sounds.

Enter Pages.

Para. But harke! Musick: they are uppon entrance. I must put upp.

MAYNE MASKE.

Enter Pages 4.

Theire Song, dialoguewise.

Where shall wee finde reliefe?
Is there noe end of griefe?
Is there noe comfort left?
What cruell Charmes bereft
The patrons of our youth?
Enter Wee must now begg for ruth.
Obscuritie. Kind pitty is the most
Poore boyes can hope for, when
Their joyes are lost.

OBSCURITIE.

Light, I salute thee: I, Obscuritie,
The sonn of Darknes and forgetfull Lethe;
I, that envie thy brightnes, greete thee nowe,
Enforc't by Fate. Fate makes the strongest bow.
The ever youthfull Knights by spells inchain'd,
And long within my shady nooks restraynd,
Must be enlargd, and I the Usher bee
To theire night glories; so the Fates agree.
Then, putt on life, Obscuritie, and prove
As light as light, for awe, if not for love.
Loe! heere their tender yeerd, kind-harted Squires,
Mourning their Masters' losse: no new desires
Cann trayne them from these walks, but here they wend
From shade to shade, and give their toyles noe end.
But now will I relieve their suffring care.
Heare me, faire Youths! since you so constant are
In faith to your lov'd Knights, goe hast a pace,
And with your bright lights guide them to this place;
For if you fall directly, that discent,
Their wisht approach will farther search prevent.
Haste by the virtue of a charming songe,
While I retrive them, least they lagg to longe.

THE CALL, OR SONGE OF OBSCURITIE.

Appeare, Appeare, you happie Knights!
Heere are severall sortes of Lights:
Fire and beawtie shine togeather,
Your slowe steppes inviting hether.
Come away; and from your eyes
Th' olde shades remove,
For now the Destinies
Release you at the suite of Love.

So, so: tis well marcht, march a pace;
Two by two fill up the place,
And then with voice and measure
Greete the Kinge of Love and Pleasure.
Nowe, Musicke, change thy notes, and meete
Aptly with the Dancers' feete;
For tis the pleasure of Delight
That they shall tryumph all this night.

THE SONG AND DANCE TOGETHER.

Frolick measures now become you,
  Overlong obscured Knights:
What if Lethe did benum you,
  Love now wakes you to delights.
Love is like a golden flowre,
  Your comely youth adorning:
Pleasure is a gentle shower
  Shedd in some Aprill morning.

Lightly rise, and lightly fall you
  In the motion of your feete:
Move not till our notes doe call you;
  Musicke makes the action sweete.
Music breathing blowes the fire
  Which Cupid feeds with fuell,
Kindling honour and desire,
  And taming hartes most cruell.

  Quickly, Quickly, mend your paces,
  Nimbly changing measurd graces:
  Lively mounted high aspire,
  For joy is only found in fire.

Musicke is the soule of measure,
  Mixing both in equall grace;

Twinnes are they, begott of Pleasure,
When she wisely nombred space.
Nothing is more old or newer
Then nomber, all advancing;
And noe nomber can be truer
Then musick joyn'd with dancing.

Every Knight elect a Bewty,
Such as may thy hart inflame:
Think that her bright eye doth view thee,
And to her thy action frame.
So shall none be faint or wearie,
Though treading endles paces;
For they all are lighte and merry
Whose hopes are fedd with graces.

Sprightly, sprightly, end your paces,
Nimbly changing measurd graces:
Lively mounted high aspire,
For joy is only found in fire.

OBSCURITIE.

Servants of Love, for soe it fittes you bee,
Since hee alone hath wrought your liberty,
His ceremonies nowe and courtly rights
Performe with care, and free resolved sprights.
To sullen darknes my dull steppes reflect;
All covett that which Nature doth affect.

The Second Measure; which danc't,

SONG TO TAKE OUT THE LADIES.

On, on, brave Knights, you have well shewde
Each his due part in nimble dances:
These Bewties to whose hands are owde

Yours, wonder why
You spare to try.
Marke how inviting are their glances.
Such, such a charm, such faces, such a call,
Would make old Æson skip about the Hall.

See, see faire choise, a starry sphere
Might dymme bright day: choose here at pleasure.
Please your owne eye: Approve you heere,
Right gentle Knights:
To these softe wights
View, talk and touch, but all in measure.
Farr farr from hence be roughnesse, farr a frowne;
Your fair deportment this faire night shall crowne.

After they have danced with the Ladyes, and sett them in their places, fall to their last Dance.

Enter PARADOX, *and to him his Disciples.*

Silence, Lordings, Ladies, and fidells! Lett my tongue twang awhile. I have seene what hath beene shewed; and now give me leave to shew what hath not beene seene, for the honour of Athens. By vertue of this musicall Whistle I will summon my disciples. See obedience: heere they are all redy. Put forward, my paradoxicall Pupils, methodically and arithmetically, one by one.

1. Behould this principall Artist that swift encounters mee, whose head is honoured by his heeles for dauncing in a Chorus of a Tragedy presented at Athens, where hee produced such learned varietie of footing, and digested it so orderly and close to the ground, that hee was rewarded with this Relique, the Cothurne or Buskin of Sophocles, which for more eminence he weares on his head. The paradoxical vertue thereof is, that being dipt into River or Spring, it

alters the nature of the liquor, and returneth full of wine of Chios, Palermo, or Zaunte.

2. This second Master of the science of footemanship (for hee never came on horsback in his life) was famed att the Feast of Pallas, where in dauncing he came of with such lofty trickes, turnes above ground, capers, crosse capers, horse capers, so high and so lofty performed, that hee for prize bare away the Helmett of Pallas. The paradoxicall vertue of the Caske is, that in our travells if we fall among enemies, shew but this, and they suddenly vanish all like fearefull shaddowes.

3. Now, view this third peece of Excellence: this is hee that putt downe all the Bakers, at the feast of Ceres, and soe daunced there, as if he had kneaded doe with his feete: wherewith the Goddesse was so tickled, that shee in reward sett this goodly loafe on his head, and endued it with this paradoxicall influence, that cutt of it and eate as often as you please, it streit fills up againe, and is in the instant healed of any wound our hunger can inflict on it.

4. Approach now thou that comst in the reare of my disciples, but mayest march in the vanguard of thy validitie; for at the celebration of the feast of Venus Cytherea, this Amoroso did expresse such passion with his eyes, such castes, such wynkes, such glances, and with his whole body such delightfull gestures, such cringes, such pretty wanton mymickes, that hee wonne the applause of all; and, as it was necessary at the Feast of that Goddesse, hee had then a most ample and inflaming codpeece, which, with his other graces, purchast him this prize, the Smock of Venus, wrapt turbantlike on his head, the same shee had on when shee went to bed to Mars, and was taken napping by Vulcan. The paradoxe of it is, that if it bee hanged on the top of our Maypole, it drawes to us all the young lads and lasses neere adjoyning, without power to part till wee strike sale ourselves. And now I have named our Maypole, goe bring it forth, though it be

more cumbersome then the Trojan horse: bring it by force of armes, and see you fixe it fast in the midst of this place, least, when you circle it with your caprichious dances, it falls from the foundation, lights upon some ladyes head, and cuffes off her Periwigg. But now for the glory of Athens!

Musicke playes the Antymaske. The Disciples dance 1 *Strayne.*

Wee have given you a taste of the excellency of our Atheniall Revells, which I will now dignifie with myne owne person. Lye here, impediment, whereof being freed, I will discend. O, you Authors of Greeke woonders! what ostent is this? What supernaturall Paradoxe? a wooden Maypole find the use of voluntarie motion! Assuredly this tree was formerly the habitation of some wood nimphe, for the Dryads (as the Poets say) live in trees; and perhaps, to honour my dauncing, the nimphe hath crept into this tree againe: soe I apprehend it, and will entertaine her curtesie.

PARADOX *his Disciples, and the Maypole, all daunce.*

Did ever eye see the like footing of a tree, or could any tree but an Athenian tree doe this? or could any nimphe move it but an Athenian nimphe? Faire Nymphe, though I can nott arrive at thy lippes, yet will I kisse the wooden maske that hides thy no doubt most amyable face.

PARADOX *offers to kisse, and a Nymph's head meets him out of the Maypole.*

Woonder of woonders! Sweete Nymphe, forbeare: my whole structure trembles: mortalitie cannot stand the brightnes of thy countenance. Pursue me not, I beseech thee: putt up thy face, for love's sake. Helpe, helpe! Disciples, take away this dismall peale from me. Rescue me! Rescue me, with all your violence.—So, the Divell is gone, and I will not stay long after. Lordings and Ladies: if there bee any here desirous to be instructed in the misterye of

Paradoxinge, you shall have me at my lodging in the black and white Court, at the signe of the Naked Boye. And so to you all the best wishes of the night.

Enter MOUNTEBANKE, *like a Swisse.*

Stay, you presumptious Paradox! I have viewed thy antickes and thy Puppett, which have kindled in me the fire of Emulation. Looke; am I not in habitt as fantasticke as thy selfe? Dost thou hope for grace with Ladyes, by thy novell doctrine? I am a man of art: witnesse this, my Charming Rodd, wherewith I worke Miracles; and whereas thou, like a fabulous Greeke, hast made monsters of thy Disciples, loe! I will oppose squadron against squadron, and plaine trueth against painted fiction. Now for [thy] moving Ale-signe: but for frighting the Devill out of it, I could encounter thee with Tottnam Hie Crosse, or Cheape Crosse, (though it bee new guilt) but I scorne odds, and therefore will I affront thee Pole to Pole. Goe, Disciples: usher in our lofty inchanted motion; and, Paradoxe, now betake you to your tackling, for you deale with men that have ayre and fire in them.

PARADOXE.

Assist me, thou active Nimphe, and you, my glorious associates. Victory! Victory for Athens!

[*Dance.*

MOUNTYBANKE.

Accomplisht Greeke! now, as we are true Mountebankes, this was bravely performed on both parts, and nothing now remaynes but to make these two Maypoles better acquainted. But we must give place: the Knights appeare.

OBSCURITIE *Enter.*

Enough of these night sportes! part fairely, Knightes,
And leave an edge on pleasure, least these lightes

I suddenly dymme all; and pray, how then
Will theis gay Ladies shift among you men,
In such confusion? Some their homes may misse:
Obscuritie knowes tricks as madd as this.
But make your parting innocent for me;
I will no Author now of Error bee.
My selfe shall passe with you, a friend of lighte,
Giving to all this round a kind good nighte.

LAST SONG.

Wee must away: yet our slack pace may showe
Tis by constraint wee this faire Orbe forgoe.
Our longer stay may forfitt what but nowe
Love hath obtaind for us: to him we bowe,
And to this gentler Powre, who soe contriv'd
That wee from sullen shades are now depriv'd,
And hither brought, where Favour, Love, and Light,
Soe gloriously shine, they banish Night.
More would we say, but Fate forbids us more.—
Our Cue is out—Good night is gone before.

FINIS.

THE MASQUE OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

To lowde Musique. The Scene being discouerd, the twelve Spheres descend, and sing to twelve Instruments this first Song, calling Bewty from her Forte, y^e^ Hearte. After which, and an Alarme given by the Pulses, the Hearte opens, and Bewty issues, attended by Aglaia, (one of the Graces) the two Pulses beating before them up towardes y^e^ King. Being neare, BEWTY *speaks.*

Bew. Peace, amourous Pulses! y'are too Martial for Peace.

Agl. If they be amourous, Madame, they must be Martiall: *Militat omnis Amans.*

Bew. They beate yet too stronglie and passionately.

Agl. Before whom should th' enamoured Pulses beate passionatelie, if not before Bewty?

Bew. Before Bewtyes Soveraigne: that enamours infinitely more, and insulte on nothing.

Agl. Before him they are. Why commaund you them to cease, then?

Bew. Because, notwithstanding all their most cause to beate before him, the maiestie and merritt enthron'd in him compelling all passionate reverence in his beholders, yet they are troublesome, and troublesome Love is lothsome. Besides, they are nowe to be employed aboute my forte, the Hearte.

Agl. What places supply they there?

Bew. The places of Sentinells; since the Pulses naturally discover y^e^ whole state of the Heart, through all the dimensions of his dilatation and contraction.

Agl. What Hearte is it, Madame? A mans Heart, or a womans Hearte?

Bew. A womans, and so greate?

Agl. What Heart so greate as a womans? And this is so bigg, it burst.

Bew. Not burst, but oppened. And that opennesse, indeed, is proper to a womans hearte; but for that weaknes, unfitt to be made a Forte. This heart, therefore, is neither man's nor woman's, but the heart of the yeare; signifying that the whole yeares cheife virtues and bewties are now to be contracted in one night, as the whole worldes are in one year.

Agl. A contraction greate and princely.

Bew. To performe, w^{ch} we are to induce, in their effectes the foure Elementes and the foure Complexions; of whose apt composition, all the Bewtie of the world is informed.

Agl. Of all w^{ch} y^{r} excellence is presented as abstract.

Bew. Being amplified wth other personages infinitely more bewtifull.

Agl. What persons are those that lye still enslumberd aboute yo^{r} Forte?

Bew. They are the issue of the Elementes and Complexions, who sent mee these their sonnes, as their homages, acknowledging mee their Soveraigne, as being their best disposer and composer.

Agl. Maye I entreate their names?

Bew. The sonne of fire is Sparke; of ayre, Atome; of water, Droppe; and of earth, Ant.

Agl. Poore yonger brothers, it seemes, serving at this Forte onely as *enfans perdus.*

Bew. Pages, pages; onely persons of forme and ridiculous pleasure.

Agl. Of w^{ch} you have nam'd yet but foure.

Bew. The other foure are y^{e} issue of y^{e} Complexions: of the sanguine, a little Cupid (Love being a cheife effect of

bloud); of choller, a little Furie (anger, w^{ch} choller causeth) being *brevis furor;* of flegme, a little Foole; and of melancholie, a little Witch.

Agl. Of whate use are those banners and bandrolls stucke upon the forte?

Bew. They are the Yeares ensignes, whose Hearte this is suppos'd, expressing in amorous mottos, inscrib'd in them, the triumphant love and loyaltie included. To this our glorie of the yeare, and his most peaceful employer.

Agl. What are those plumes stucke in y^{e} middst and toppe, as that heartes pride, and his affections scope?

Bew. The ensignes of the darling of the yeare, delicious Aprill.

Agl. What's the motto there?

Bew. His virtus nititur Alis. They are the winges of virtue, twixt w^{ch} (spight of fate) shee ballances her selfe, and staies her state; and thus much for our necessarie relation. Goe, Pulses! Beate towarde our sleepie Pages, and startle them wth an alarme from their sleepe into their Antemasque, using the most spritely action they maie, to expresse in gestures their particular natures.

The Pulses beate towards the Forte, and give an Alarme; at which the eight Pages starte up, and fall into their Antemasque. After which AGLAIA *speaks.*

Agl. Here were gestures enowe, Madame, in steade of jestes.

Bew. I wishe jestes had supplied their gestures; for their want, perhappes, may argue a dearth of witt amongst us.

Agl. A want that may well chance here, wthout a misse. Such witt is butt like a wilde weede in a ranke soile; w^{ch} yett, being well manur'd, (I confesse) maie yeeld the wholesome croppe of wisedome and discretion, at tyme o' th' yeare, and in y^{e} meane tyme, beare the most ingenious flower of laughter.

Bew. Ingenious! what is't, but a foolish tickling of the

spleene, and, indeed, the very embleme of a foole? A quality long since banisht y^e^ Courte; specially from all proficientes in policie, and ladies of employment.

Agl. However, Madame, meethinkes inward delight should be as pleasing as laughter. To w^ch^ end, if variety of showe be inserted, bee our hopes confident, wee shall not much misse laughter.

Bew. If showe will serve, Aglaia, we will try
To call y^e^ whole pompe of the peacefull skye
In all the thirteene moones that decke the yeare,
And to the glorious Moneths the torches beare;
With incantations downe eithers sphere,
The Queene of all invok't. O, Cynthia!
If ever a deformed witch could drawe
The dreadfull brightnes from thie duskie throne,
Lett nowe y^e^ Goddesse of Proportion
Much rather move it; to right him for all,
In whome all charms of Art and Nature call.

Lowde musique, and the Moones appeare like Huntresses, w^th^ torches in their hands, &c.

Agl. O, see! yo^r^ short charme was so sweete and strong,
It past all power t'oppose or to prolong.
In all these great confiners of y^e^ skies,
Ladies of ladies, wing'd inconstancies,
Greate Presidentes of all Earth's changing fashions,
In all her bodies ornamentes and passions,
That (never getting garmentes fitt for them)
Make lordes and ladies ravisht w^th^ their streame.

*Musique. And they dance the second Antemasque. After w^ch^* BEWTY *speaks.*

Bew. Theise fires, I hope, have made y^e^ colde night warme
With stirring pleasures; and our royall charme
Call'd downe w^th^ it as much delight as light.
Agl. Soe maie it; and disclose the crowning sight

Of all y^e^ Moneths, for w^ch^ these moones were made,
As upper torchbearers, to guild their shade.

After this, PROGNOSTICATION *enters, caperinge.*

Bew. Howe nowe! what frolicke person have wee here?
Agl. Prognostication, Madame, that nowe enters,
In prime of this newe yeare, in all his honors
Sought to for his predictions; and forerunnes
The Moneths, our Masquers, and newe rising sunnes.

After this, he dances vpp, and delivers his prognostications; w^ch^ done, lowde Musique, and the Masquers descend, BEWTY *speaking.*

Bew. Admire, admire, the full pompe of the yeare,
Contracted, yett much amplified here.
Agl. What glorious Moneths renowme that first araie!
Bew. There princely Aprell sittes; and flourishing May;
Sweete Aprill, lov'd of all, yett will not love,
Though Love's great godhead for his fauor stroue,
Fetherd his thoughtes, and to his bosome flewe,
Like to a nightingale, that there did sewe,
To save her life, sought by some bird of prey.
Hee smil'd at first, and gave her leave t' allay
Her fright in shadowe of his flowrie hand:
W^ch^ pleas'd her so, that there she tooke her stand,
And sung for joie; then tooke another showe,
And seem'd a lovely Nymphe w^th^ shaftes and bowe,
And shott at birdes aboute him. He drewe nye,
And askt a sight of her faire Archerie;
W^ch^ when he handl'd, and did well behold
The bewtie of her shafte, fordg'd all of gold,
Hee askt them of her: shee excusde, and said
Shee had no other riches, yett obaide;
And (with intention to make a kiss
Good as her arrowe) those delights of his

Offer'd to stake against one, and to plaie
A game att chesse for all. He tooke the laie,
Went in and wunne, and wrapt them in embraces;
And now Love's shaftes are headed wth his graces.

Agl. Hee pluckt his winges, too, some reportes presume.

Bew. Hee did, and beares them in a triple plume.

Agl. Sweete Goddesse, lett your musique sound, and sing
Him and his traine forth.

Bew. Sett vp everie string,
And euerie voice make like a trumpett ring.

Here the Second Song, calling the Masquers to their Dance. After w^{ch} they dance their Entrie: which done, AGLAIA *speakes.*

Agl. These are no Moneths, but that celestial seede
Of men's good angells, that are said to breede
In blessed iles about this Britane shore;
That heighten spirittes bred here, with much more
Then humane virtues.

Bew. Gravest authors saye
That there such angells dwell; and these are they.

Agl. O! how they move nowe, while they rest; but moving,
Ravishe beholders, and cause more then loving:
Commaund Heaven's harmony in numerous ayer,
To sacrifice to their divine repaire,
And make them move in all their pompe again.

Bew. What shall we offer to his wisedome, then,
By whome these move and be? for whose worth all
These wonders in those Iles angelicall,
Are sett in circle of his charm'd commaund,
Wall'd with the wallowing ocean? And whose hand,
Charming all warre from his milde monarchie,
Tunes all his deepes in dreadfull harmonie.

Agl. Not harmonie of tunes alone, but heartes,
Set to his love, sung in a world of partes.

Here the third Song, beginning thus: Proceede with your, &c. After wᶜʰ they dance their mayne dance; wᶜʰ done, BEWTY *invites them to dance with the Ladies.*

Bew. Nowe double all that hath bin pleasing,
On Pleasure's cheife deservers seasing.
No pleasure is exactlie sweete,
Till ladies make their circles meete.

After this, the fourth Song: See, See, &c.; wᶜʰ done, they dance with the Ladies, and the whole Revells followe. At end whereof, BEWTY *speakes.*

Enter MADG HOWLET, *hooting, going vp towards yᵉ King. After whome follows* PIGGWIGGEN, *a Fairy, calling to her.*

Pig. You, myne hostesse of the Ivie bushe! What make ye hooting in theis walkes?

How. What? Lady Piggwiggin, th' only snoutfaire of the fairies. A my word, hadst thou not spoken like a maid, I had snatcht thee vp for a mouse. O! a good fatt mouse were an excellent rere banquet this midnight, specially a citty mouse; yoʳ contry mouse is not worth yᵉ fleying.

Pig. Why, knowst thou where thou art, Madge?

How. In a good Yeoman's barne, I thinke; for I am sure that from hence flowes all the barnes breade of the kingdome. But what wynde brings thee hether?

Pig. I am comaunded by our fairy Queene, that rules in night, now to attend her charge that night and daie rules, being the great enchantresse, imperiouse Bewty, who in her charmed fort sittes close hereby, enthron'd, and raignes this night great President of all those princely revells that in yᵉ honor of our fairy king are here to be presented, to whose state her highnes hath design'd theis silent houres,

Commaunding Musique from ech moving sphere,
And silence from eche mover seated here.

How. Nay, then, Pigg, I must tell yoᵛ yoᵛ usurp my

naturall office: Night's all taming silence is my charge to proclaime, being Night's cheife herauld; and at this howre, when Heauen had clos'd his eye, I open myne, and through y^e^ silken ayre wing all my softer feathers, summoning all earth's sweete ladyes to their sweetest rest, or to their sweeter labors. Evry night make I attendance on this blessed bowre,

Where Majestie and Love are mett in one,
All harmfull spirritts frighting from his throne,

And keeping watch y^t^ noe ill-looking plannet fasten his beames here; all ill-looking commettes (in all their influences so much feared)

Converting into good and golden dewes,
That peace and plenty through y^e^ land diffuse.

Pig. What! turn'd poet, Madge?

How. I, Pigg: I hope I have not harbord so long in an ivie bush, but I can play the poet for a neede.

Pig. Meaning a needy poet.

How. Faith, needy we are all, Pig; and all for the needlesnes of so many.

But this all equal knowledge hath decreed,
Neede is no vice, since vices have no need.

Pig. Sententious and satyricall! Who would beleeve dull Madge were so sharpe a singer?

How. What, not the bird of Pallas? Knowe thou, Pig,
I have sung w^th^ the Nightingall, and obtain'd
The prise from her in judgment of the best eares.

Pig. True; if y^e^ biggest be best; for the asse was yo^r^ judge.

How. No matter who be a judge, so hee beares upright eares betwixt partie and partie. But if my song should not prove pleasing to lords, I hope yet ladies would a little beare w^th^ mee for kindred sake.

Pig. Kindred, Madge? By what clame comes that in? Methinkes there's little resemblance betwixt them and thee.

Madg. Tis true, that fewe of them resemble mee favor, but in quallitie wee are a kinne.

Pig. As howe, Madge?

Madg. Why, one point is, that they commonly love to be chatting, when all else are silent, w^h^ is property borrowed from mee; for my tongue is still walking, when all else are tonge-tyde.

Pig. Thats something agreeable.

Madg. Another is, that ladies take more pleasure in night then daie; and so doe I. Only we differ in this; they keepe house all night, and fly out ith' day.

Pig. Then be it thie heraldrie to call them home nowe, and proclaime their silence.

Madg. Nay, lett them alone for silence: when they come home, they'le keepe councell in their own causes as well as men.

Pig. Proclaime their attendence, then, and attention to Bewty. Make a noise.

How. Oyes!

Pig. All manner of ladies. *Ma.* All &c.

Pig. Cittie or countrey, *Ma.* Citty &c.

Pig. That either are, or would be, of Bewties traine,
Ma. That &c.

Pig. Make ready to be observ'd, *Ma.* Make &c.

Pig. In all the newest fashons *Ma.* In all &c.

Pig. They can possibly gett for loue or mony.
Ma. They &c.

Pig. What cost soever is spard *Ma.* What &c.

Pig. Shalbe defalkt out of their contentment.
Ma. Shalbe &c.

Pig. If their husbandes be in fault, *Ma.* If &c.

Pig. They shall punish them at their pleasure.
Ma. They &c.

Pig. If their lovers, they shall change at pleasure.
Ma. If &c.

Pig. And further it is provided, *Ma.* And &c.
Pig. That if any lady loose her jewell, *Ma.* That &c.
Pig. If it cannot be restored, *Ma.* If &c.
Pig. Shee shall have the vallue of it given her.
Ma. Shee &c.
Pig. Out of Bewties privy purse. *Ma.* Out of &c.
Pig. And Jove save our soueraigne. *Ma.* And &c.

Pig. See nowe, the seane opens, and the twelve Spheres descend to call Bewty from her forte, the Hearte.

Ma. Lett us be gone, then, and performe the rest
Of our observance in some seate unseene.
Ile flutter upp, and take my perche upon
Some citty head-attire, and looke through that
(Buzzelld wth bone lace) like myselfe in state.
Doe thou transforme thie selfe into a glowe-worm,
And twixt some ladies lovely brestes lye shining,
Like to a crisolite, till, in the end,
With some Good Night wee both againe attend.

Pig. Agreed.

[*Exeunt.*

Bew. Nowe, Somnus, open thie Ambrosian gates,
Usherd wth all Athenias birdes and battes,
And (crown'd with poppey) rule and bound y^{e} knees
Of these thus spritelie principalities:
Concluding all in as much golden rest,
As all their motions have been prais'd and blest.

After this, SOMNUS *is seene hovering in y^{e} ayre, and sings the last song. Retire, &c. W^{ch} done, they dance their going off, and conclude.*

1 SONG.

Grace of Earth and Heaven appeare!
Feare to trust a human forte:
Bewty, so divinelie cleare,
Must not be conceald in Courte.

If ever you your selfe affected,
Showe here your light, or live neglected.
Chor. Pulses, you that guard her lighte,
Borne to rest nor daie nor night,
Dead slumber must not thus enthrall:
Wake, and with a lowde alarme,
Serve our Conqueror of Charms,
And for him breake your Hearte and all.
Cho. Breake, Hearte, for feare to holde a forte
Against the kingdome of a Courte.

2 SONG.

Shine out, faire Sunns, with all your heate,
Showe all your thousand colour'd lighte;
Black Winter freezes to his seate;
The graie wullff howles, he does so bite;
Crookt Age on three knees creepes the streete;
The bonelesse Fish close quaking lies,
And eates for colde his aking feete;
The Starrs in isickles arise.
Cho. Shine out, and make this winter nighte
Our Bewties Spring, our Prince of Lighte.

Here they come forth, and dance their entrie. After w^ch^, BEWTIE *speakes a little; and* HARMONY *comaundes this* 3^d^ *Song.*

3 SONG.

Proceede with your divine delighte,
Even till it reach meridian height;
Exceede the Sunne in your advances,
Who onlie at his rising dances.
Quicke offerings still to our Apollo give;
In whose creating beames yee shine and live.

4 SONG.

See, see, howe Beauties summer glowes,
Incenst to make her solstice here,
Where all the motions of the yeare
To all the Graces paie their vowes.
Cho. Whie rest these breathing Plannetts, then?
These moulds of Life? these orbs of Men?
Since here (it seemes) they passe for neither.
Elsewhere, life's joies are fors't and laide
Still on y^e^ racke.
Or else, are like the inconstant wether,
Wings without bodies, never staide,
But in their lacke.
But here they flowe, and staie and sitt,
For worthie choices free and fitt.
Chuse, chuse! these joies [not] seas'd in tyme will flitt.

SONG.

Retire! Rest calls ye to retreate;
Late watchings waste the vitall heate,
Though spent in sports, that nectar sweate.
Retire; and lett these numberd pleasures
Teach youth and state to tread the measures;
And spare, still in the middst their treasures.
Retire; though in your princely blood
Each spirrit for Somnus is too good.
Yett come: bathe in his golden flood,
Where true dreames shall employ yo^r^ breath,
And teach you howe to wake in Death.

FINIS.

MASK OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

GENIUS, *or the Countryes better Angell, wrapt in amazement at some happy changes he observes in his Soyle and Clymate, begins the entertainment w^th^ his first Entry.*

GENIUS.

What mean these præparations in y^e^ ayre,
proclaimeing some great welcome? all soe fayre,
the dogstar bites not! and the parching heat
that lately chapt our feilds, sweet showres, that beat
on the earth's teeming bosome, have allay'd:
the earth in robes of a new Spring arayde,
seems proude of some late gueste: the days are clear
as had tyme, from all seasons of y^e^ year,
extracted forth theyr quintessence. In mee,
this countryes Genius, the sweet harmony
of all the elements (that have conspir'd
to blesse our soyle and clymate) hath inspir'd
a fresher soule. But soft! what doo I see?
Beuty join'd hand in hand with Majesty?
Mars and y^e^ Queen of Love? Sure, tis not they.
I see noe wanton glances, but a raye
like bright Diana's smiles; and in his face
a grave aspect, like Jove's, taking his place
amidst heavns counsellors: nor are those twayn
yonge Cupids: they have eys, and I in vayne
guesse at yon fresher beauty then ye Spring,
or smooth-fac't Hebe. Let sweet Orpheus sing

unto his well tun'd lyre, y^{t} they may see
they're truly welcome here, whoe ere they bee.

ORPHEUS *enters wth this Song.*

Canst thou in judgment bee soe slow,
as those ritch beautyes not to know?
look on those eys, and sure theyr shine
will give more clearnes unto thine.

These, the fayr causes of our mirth,
shall in esteem our barren earth
equall with theyrs, whose lofty eys,
our higher mountaines heer despise.

See how the heavnes smile on our land,
and plenty stretch her opened hand,
enritching us wth hearts content,
civility and government.

Wee in our country, that in us,
both happy are, and prosperous;
and of our youth noe more made poore,
shall find y^{e} Court ev'n at our dore.

GENIUS.

I'me sung into my sences, but nought might,
like Majesty or Beuty, dazle sight:
bee that my just excuse. Now let mee show
what welcome for my country's sake I owe
to these her blessings. Backward shall y^{e} year
runne in his course; y^{e} Seasons shall apear
each wth theyr proper dantyes; Winter shall,
as for his age preferd, bring first of all
his full, though grosser dishes; let them be
th'expression of our entertainement, free,

though not soe fine. Yet thus much lett mee say,
there is noe danger in them, but you may
feareles tast where you please, they're all our own;
noe dish whose tast or dressing is unknown
unto our natives: neighbouring mountains yeald
us goats, and in y^e^ next adjoining feilds
pasture our muttons: if there beę a buck
turnd into venison, that was likewise struck
on our owne lawnes: of whatsoere is more,
wee serve in noe strange dish, but [our] owne store.

This speech ended, WINTER *ushers in y^e^ first course, w^ch^ having ordered upon y^e^ table, turnes to y^e^ Company.*

WINTER.

Not to detaine you longer from your fare,
to tell you more then welcome, welcome y'are:
welcome, with all my hart. More can't be spoak;
a fuller word then welcome is would choak.
[*An old man: if you hear more, hear grace.*[1]

The first Course taken away, ORPHEUS *ushers* AUTUMNE, *with the second: hee presents a bakemeat in one hand, and wyne in y^e^ other, being y^e^ fruits of Ceres and Bacchus, properly belonging to* AUTUMNE, *in whose name* ORPHEUS *sings.*

Your beautyes, ladyes, far more bright
and sweet then Phœbus clearest light,
have sooner far fetcht Autumne heer
then all his smiles throughout y^e^ year.
Though w^th^ his rayes
and fayrest days,
and w^th^ serenest view,
hee courts mee heer,

[1] This is inserted as a stage-direction in the MS.; but it seems a sort of prose conclusion to the speech of Winter, who, we may suppose, says grace before the King, Queen, &c., begin the feast.

yet I appear,
but to attend on you.

And, being come, I hold it scorne
to welcome you w^th^ meer bare corne;
here's Ceres in a new attire,
and ripned w^th^ a second fire.
Cut up and find
how shee is lind;
for to entertaine you
here's Bacchus blood,
to digest your food;
why then, doe not refraine you.

[*Exeunt.*

The second Course taken away, ORPHEUS *enters again, bringing in Summer, and the frutes of her Season, w^th^ this Song.*

Summer was offring sacrifice
unto y^e^ Sunne, but from your eys
perceiving far a clearer light,
ladyes, hee gives them to your sight;
and ritcher paiment doth hee find
from your breaths then the Southern wind.

As Autumnes clusters ripned bee
by neighbouring grapes maturity,
soe from your lips his cherryes, heer,
take sweetnes, and theyr colour clear.
Noe marvell, then, y^t^ as your due
they thus present themselves to you:
all other fruites his season yealde[s]
are yours, himself, his trees, his feilds.

[*Exeunt.*

The last of ORPHEUS *songs is in y^e^ person of y^e^ Spring, whoe brings in y^e^ bason and ewer.*

The nightingale, y^e^ larke, y^e^ thrush doe sing,
and all to welcome in y^e^ Spring.

The warme blood in y^e^ veynes
doth hop about and dance,
and new life's in evry thing.

The yong men they doe likewise court theyr lovers,
whilst them theyr lusty warme blood mooves;
but unto you y^e^ Spring
doth [raise] her voyce and sing,
and her self your lover prooves.

Shee not presents you heer w^th^ simple flowres,
but with sweet distilled showres:
theyr very quintessence,
most pleasing to y^e^ sence,
extracted from them forth shee powres.

Add sweet to sweet, and wash your lilly hands:
The Spring shall be at your commands.
Nought could have brought back heer
y^e^ Spring tide [of] y^e^ year,
Save you, fayr blessings of our land,
To whom thus w^th^ a wish shee bids Adieu.
Spring, youth, and beuty, still attend on you.
[*Exeunt.*

After supper is ended, and y^e^ tables taken away, Enters

GENIUS.

Heres not enough of mirth. I warne t'appear
Once more the Seasons of y^e^ year.
Let musique strike, and you shall see
old Winters full of jollity:
Autumne is Bacchus darling, and
soe joyd, perchance hee can not stand:
the other livelyer Seasons shall,
show[1] you theyr pastimes festivall,

[1] Miswritten *So* in the MS.

how usually they doe themselves bestirre
on May day, and the feast of Midsommer.

This Speech ended, enter WINTER.

Winter is old, yet would he fain
this fayr assembly entertain
to his best powre; but should he try,
he feares it were not worth your ey.
His cold stiffe limbs are most unfit,
although his heart be merry yet,
his long nights jovially to spend
with cups and tales to pleas his friend.
Let not your expectations runne
further; his dancing days are done:
yet if hee soe may satisfie,
by some quicke yongster to supply
his place, hee Christmas Gambolcs pickes,
to entertain you w^th^ his trickes.

1. *Then enters* GAMBOLES, *dancing a single Anticke w^th^ a forme.*
2. *After him,* AUTUMNE *brings in his Anticke of drunkards.*
3. SUMMER *followes, w^th^ a country dance of heymakers or reapers.*
4. *The last is a morrice dance, brought in by y^e^* SPRING.

These ended, Enter GENIUS, *w^th^ Epilogue.*

If these our pastimes pleas, I've yet one more
that freely doth present you all her store:
Night gives her howres; part them, as you think best,
between your recreation and your rest.

FINIS.

NOTES

OF

BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS

WITH

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

OF HAWTHORNDEN.

JANUARY, M.DC.XIX.

Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where JONSON sat in DRUMMOND'S classic shade.
COLLINS.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1842.

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

COUNCIL

OF

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

President.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF NORMANBY.

Vice-Presidents.

RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.
RT. HON. LORD F. EGERTON, M.P.
RT. HON. THE EARL OF GLENGALL.
RT. HON. EARL HOWE.
RT. HON. LORD LEIGH.
RT. HON. THE EARL OF POWIS.

AMYOT, THOMAS, ESQ., F.R.S., TREAS. S. A.
AYRTON, WILLIAM, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
BOTFIELD, BERIAH, ESQ., M.P.
BRUCE, JOHN, ESQ., F.S.A.
COLLIER, J. PAYNE, ESQ., F.S.A., DIRECTOR.
CRAIK, GEORGE L., ESQ.
CUNNINGHAM, PETER, ESQ., TREASURER.
DYCE, REV. ALEXANDER.
FIELD, BARRON, ESQ.
HALLAM, HENRY, ESQ., F.R.S., V.P.S.A.
HALLIWELL, J. O., ESQ., F.R.S. F.S.A., &c.
HARNESS, REV. WILLIAM.
MACREADY, WILLIAM C., ESQ.
MILMAN, REV. HENRY HART.
OXENFORD, JOHN, ESQ.
PETTIGREW, T. J., ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
PLANCHÉ, J. R., ESQ., F.S.A.
THOMS, WILLIAM J., ESQ.
TOMLINS, F. GUEST, ESQ., SECRETARY.
WATSON, SIR FREDERICK BEILBY, K.C.H., F.R.S.
WRIGHT, THOMAS, ESQ., F.S.A.

PREFACE.

Few documents connected with literary history have recently occasioned greater, and, at the same time, more useless and unprofitable controversy, than Drummond of Hawthornden's Notes of Conversations with Ben Jonson. In submitting to the Members of the Shakespeare Society, for the first time in a substantive form, what is presumed to be a full and genuine copy of Drummond's manuscript, it may be necessary to prefix a few remarks on two points. The first is, in regard to the purpose of Jonson's Visit to Scotland; the second, as to the imputations that have been liberally bestowed on the Poet of Hawthornden, in connection with these Notes of Conversations, by inquiring whether they are well founded, and to what extent.

It is, perhaps, vain to inquire what motives induced the great English dramatist to undertake, as it was then viewed, a long and toilsome journey. The editor of Drummond's Works, in 1711, asserts, indeed, that Jonson "came down to Scotland on foot, in the year 1619, on purpose to visit him [Drummond], and stayed some three or four weeks with him at Hawthornden." This statement has been currently repeated for more than a

century. It is, however, apparently nothing but a gratuitous assumption, there being no kind of evidence to shew that any acquaintance existed betwixt the two poets till some months after Jonson had reached Edinburgh. That he was induced to visit Scotland by any supposed admiration of Drummond's genius, may be safely denied, judging from what he himself records of Jonson's "censure of my verses," that "they smelled too much of the schools," and that, *merely to please the King*, he wished he had been the author of Forth Feasting, a congratulatory poem, written by Drummond on occasion of King James's visit to his native kingdom in May 1617.

Jonson, when he commenced his journey, was well advanced in life, having reached the forty-fifth year of his age. He was at the time in special favour at the English court; and the desire of visiting some of his noble friends in the course of his travels may have strengthened his resolution to spend some time in what in one sense he might regard to be his native country, although Jonson could not have felt the same "salmon-like instinct" with his Royal master, (to use his own words) when he announced his long-deferred intentions to revisit Scotland, having "had (he says) these many years a great and naturall longing to see our native soyle and place of our birth and breeding." But "this desire of ours, proceeding from a naturall man," having been accomplished, it might possibly suggest to the English poet a similar journey during the year that followed the King's return. We know at least that, with that sturdy independence which marked his character,

Jonson set out with the resolution to walk all the way both going and returning. This must have been in the summer of 1618. John Taylor, "the Water-Poet," about the same time undertook what he termed his "Pennylesse Pilgrimage" to Scotland—in other words, that he should carry no money with him; and as Jonson, while in Scotland, was impressed with the belief that Taylor, who left London on the 14th of July 1618, and reached Edinburgh on the 13th of August, "had been sent hither to scorn him," this implies that he must have followed, not preceded, Jonson. But the Water-Poet, in 1623, published a rambling account, in verse and prose, of his "Pennylesse Pilgrimage," showing, "how he travailed on foot from London to Edenborough in Scotland, not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meate, drinke, or lodging," and he there indignantly repels the aspersion of his having been actuated by such a motive, and vows, "by the faith of a Christian," that the insinuations of "many shallow-brained criticks" were wholly unfounded. The address in which this is stated is too curious in itself not to be quoted at full length.

"*To all my Loving Adventurers, by what name or title soever, my Generall Salutation.*

"Reader, these Trauailes of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but onely deuised by myselfe, on purpose to make triall of my friends, both in this Kingdome of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witnes of diuers things which I had heard of that Countrey; and whereas many shallow-brain'd Critickes, doe lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergoe this project, either in malice or mockage of Master Benjamin Ionson,

I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a Gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have receiued from him, and from others by his fauour, that I durst neuer to be so impudent or ungratefull, as either to suffer any man's perswasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requitall, for so much goodnesse formerly received. So much for that," &c.

After " five and thirty days hunting and travell " in the Highlands, Taylor came back to Edinburgh before the end of September; and he informs us—

" Now the day before I came from Edenborough [on his return to England] I went to Leeth, where I found my long approued and assured good friend Master Beniamin Iohnson, at one Master Iohn Stuarts house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leaue of him, he gaue me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England; and withall, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends: So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope neuer to see him in a worse estate: for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their owne honours, where, with much respectiue loue he is worthily entertained."[a]

Jonson remained at least four months longer in Scotland, no doubt residing in different parts of the country, with the noblemen and gentlemen to whom Taylor alludes. The precise time of Jonson's visit at Hawthornden is uncertain, and of no moment. But it was previous to the 17th of January, 1619, when Drummond sent him the following note.[b]

[a] " Workes of Iohn Taylor, the Water Poet," p. 138, London, 1630, folio. Taylor reached London on the 18th of October 1618. See an interesting account of his life and writings, in Mr. Southey's volume on Uneducated Poets.

[b] Drummond's Works, p. 234.

" *To his worthy friend Mr. Benjamin Johnson.*

" Sir,

" Here you have that Epigram which you desired, with another of the like argument. If there be any other thing in this Country, (unto which my power can reach) command it: there is nothing, I wish more, than to be in the Calendar of them who love you. I have heard from Court, that the late Mask was not so approued of the King as in former times, and that your absence was regretted: Such applause hath true worth, even of those who otherwise are not for it. Thus, to the next occasion, taking my leave, I remain

" Your loving friend

" January 17, 1619." [W. DRUMMOND.]

Two days later, on the 19th of January, the very day " when he took his departure," Jonson sent him the madrigal, " On a Lover's Dust, made sand for an hour-glass," (which will be found at p. 39) with this very flattering inscription :—

" TO THE HONOURING RESPECT,
BORN
TO THE FRIENDSHIP CONTRACTED WITH
THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND LEARNED
MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND,
AND THE PERPETUATING THE SAME BY ALL OFFICES OF LOVE HEREAFTER,
I BENJAMIN JOHNSON,
WHOM HE HATH HONOURED WITH THE LEAVE TO BE CALLED HIS, HAVE WITH MINE OWN HAND, TO SATISFY HIS REQUEST, WRITTEN THIS IMPERFECT SONG."

Jonson reached London in April; and, on the 10th of May, addressed the following letter to Drummond.

"*To my worthy, honoured and beloved Friend Mr. William Drummond, Edinburgh.*[c]

"Most loving and beloved Sir,

"Against which titles I should most knowingly offend, if I made you not at length some account of myself, to come even with your friendship. I am arrived safely, with a most Catholick welcome, and my Reports not unacceptable to His Majesty. He professed (I thank God) some joy to see me, and is pleased to hear of the purpose of my Book: To which I most earnestly sollicit you for your promise of the Inscriptions at Pinky, some things concerning the Loch of Lomound, touching the Government of Edinburgh, to urge Mr. James Scot; and what else you can procure for me with all speed; Especially I make it my request, that you will enquire for me whether the Students method at St. Andrews be the same with that at Edinburgh, and so to assure me, or wherein they differ. Though these requests be full of trouble, I hope they shall neither burden nor weary such a Friendship, whose commands to me I will ever interpret a pleasure. News we have none here, but what is making against the Queen's Funeral, whereof I have somewhat in hand, which shall look upon you with the next. Salute the beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scots, the Levingstons, and all the honest and honoured names with you; especially Mr. James Writh, his wife, your sister, &c. And if you forget yourself, you believe not in

"Your most true friend and lover

"BEN JOHNSON.

"London, 10th of May 1619."

Previous to this letter being received, Drummond had written a note to Jonson as follows, according to the first scroll of the letter still preserved:—

"Sir,

"Mr. Fenton shew mee a letter of yours, in which yee remember your freinds heere, but I am particularly beholden to you for your particular remembrance of mee. Other letters of yours I

---

[c] Drummond's Works, page 154, Edinburgh, 1711, folio.

have not seene. The vncertaintye where to find you, hath made mee so negligent in writing. When I haue vnderstood of your being at London, I will not be so lazie. I haue sent you here the Oth of our Knights, as I had it from Drysdale, haralt, if there be anay other such pieces wherein I can serue you, yee haue but to aduertise mee. Many in this countrye of your friends have trauelled with you in their thoughts, and all in their good wishes place you well at home. What a losse were it to vs if ought should have befallen you but good. Because I doubte if these come vnto you, I shall commit you to the tuition of God, and remaines

"Your assured and louing freind,"

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND.]

In the Hawthornden MSS. there is also a corrected copy of this letter in Drummond's hand, which may be given, as it differs in a number of minute particulars:

"*To my good freind* BEN JONSON.

"SIR,—After euen a longing to heare of your happy journey, Mr. Fenton shew mee a letter from you, remembring all your freinds heere, and particularlie (such is your kyndnesse) mee. If euer prayers and good wishes could have made a voyage easie, your must have beene, for your acquaintance heere in their thoughts did trauelle along with you. The vncertaintye where to directe letters hath made mee this tyme by past not to write: when I vnderstand of your being at London I shall neuer (among my worthiest freinds) be forgetful of you. I have sent you the Oth of our Knights, as it was giuen mee by Harald Drysdale: If I can serue you in any other matter, yee shall find mee most willing. Thus wishing that the succesee of your fortunes may answer our desires, [be equall to your deserts,] I commite you to the tuition of God.

"Edenbrough, 30 of Aprile 1619."

Another letter from Drummond to Jonson, dated the 1st of July 1619, and the copy of "The Oath of a Knight," which accompanied it, were first printed among his Familiar Epistles, at the end of his History of Scot-

land, in 1655. These are here subjoined, as forming the entire correspondence that has been discovered to have passed between the two Poets.

" *To his worthye Freind M. Benjamin Johnson.*[d]

" Sir,

" The uncertaintie of your abod was a cause of my silence this tyme past: I have adventured this packet upon hopes that a man so famous can not be in any place either of the Cittye or Court where hee shall not be found out. In my last I sent you a Description of Lough-Lomound with a Map of Inch-merinoch, which maye by your booke be made most famous; with the form of the Governement of Edenbrough, and the Method of the Colleges of Scotland. For all Inscriptions I have beene curious to find out for you: The Impresa's and Emblems on a Bed of State, wrought and embrodered all with gold and silke by the late Queen Marie, Mother to our sacred Soverayne, which will embellish greatlie some pages of your Booke, and is worthy of remembrance. The first is the Loadstone turning towards the Pole; the word, Her Majesties name turned into an Anagram, MARIA STEUART, SA VERTU M'ATIRÈ, which is not much inferiour to VERITAS ARMATA. This hath reference to a Crucifixe, before which, with all her royal ornaments, she is humbled on her knees most livelie, with the word UNDIQUE. An Impresa of Marie of Lorraine, her Mother, a Phœnix in flames, the word, *En ma fin git mon commencement.* The Impresa of an Apple tree growing in a Thorn, the word, *Per vincula crescit.* The Impresa of Henry the Second the French King, a Crescent, the word, *Donnec totum impleat orbem.* The Impresa of King Francis the First, a Salamander crowned in the midst of flames, the word, *Nutrisco et extingo.* The Impresa of Godfrey of Bullogne, an Arrow passing throw three birds, the word, *Dederitve viam Casusve Deusve.* That of Mercurius charming Argos with his hundred eyes expressed by his Caduceus, two Flutes and a Peacock, the word, *Eloquium tot lumina clausit.* Two

[d] From Drummond's History, 1655, page 137, the first part collated with the original scroll preserved in the Hawthornden MSS., vol. ix.

women upon the wheels of Fortune, the one holding a launce the other a Cornucopia; which Impresa seemeth to glance at Queen Elizabeth and herself, the word, *Fortunæ Comites.* The Impresa of the Cardinal of Lorrain, her Uncle, a pyramid overgrown with Ivy, the vulgar word, *Te stante virebo;* A ship with her Mast broken and fallen in the Sea, the word *Nanquam nisi rectam.* This is for herself and her son, a big Lyon and a young whelp beside her, the word, *Unum quidem sed Leonem.* An Emblem of a Lyon taken in a net, and Hares wantonly passing over him, the word, *Et Lepores devicto insultant Leoni.* Cammomel in a garden, the word, *Fructus calcata dat amplos.* A Palm tree, the word, *Ponderibus virtus innata resistit.* A Bird in a cage and a Hawk flying above, with the word, *Il mal me preme et me spaventa peggio.* A Triangle with a Sun in the Middle of a Circle, the word, *Trino non convenit orbis.* A Porcupine amongst Sea rocks, the word, *Ne volutetur.* The Impresa of King Henry VIII., a Portcullis, the word, *Altera securitas.* The Impresa of the Duke of Savoy, the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, the word, *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenuit*: He had kept the Isle of Rhodes. Flourishes of Arms, as Helms, Launces, Corslets, Pikes, Muskets, Cannons and the word, *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.* A Tree planted in a Church-yard environed with dead mens bones, the word, *Pietas revocabit ab Orco.* Eclipses of the Sun and the Moon, the word, *Ipsa sibi lumen quod invidet aufert;* glancing, as may appear at Queen Elizabeth. Brennus's ballances, a Sword cast in to weigh Gold, the word, *Quid nisi victis dolor?* A Vine tree watred with wine, which, instead of making it spring and grow, maketh it fade, the word, *Mea sic mihi prosunt.* A Wheel rolled from a mountain into the Sea, *Piena di dolor voda de Speranza,* which appeareth to be her own, and it should be, *Precipitio senza speranza.* A heap of wings and feathers dispersed, the word, *Magnatum vicinitas.* A Trophie upon a tree, with mytres, crowns, hats, masks, swords, books, and a Woman with a vail about her eyes or muffled, pointing to some about her, with this word, *Ut casus dederit.* Three Crowns, two opposite, and another above in the Sky, the word, *Aliamque moratur.* The Sun in an eclipse, the word, *Medio occidit die.*

"I omit the Arms of Scotland, England and France severally by

themselves, and all quartered in many places of this Bed. The workmanship is curiously done, and above all value; and truly it may be of this piece said *Materiam superabat opus.*

"I have sent you (as you desired) the Oath which the old valiant Knights of Scotland gave, when they received the order of Knighthood, which was done with great solemnity and magnificence.

"W. DRUMMOND.

"July 1st 1619."

"THE OATH OF A KNIGHT.

"I shall fortifie and defend the true holy Catholique and Christian Religion presently professed, at all my power.

"I shall be loyal and true to my Soveraign Lord the King his Majesty, and do honour and reverence to all Orders of Chevalrie, and to the noble office of Arms.

"I shall fortifie and defend Justice to the uttermost of my power, but feed or favour.

"I shall never flie from the King's Majesty my Lord and Master, or his Lieutenant in time of battel or medly with dishonour.

"I shall defend my native country from all aliens and strangers at all my power.

"I shall maintain and defend the honest Adoes and Quarrels of all Ladies of Honour, Widows, Orphans, and Maids of good Fame.

"I shall do diligence, wherever I hear tell there is any Traytours, Murtherers, Rovers, and Masterfull Theeves and Outlaws, that suppress the Poor, to bring them to the Law at all my power.

"I shall maintain and defend the Noble and gallant state of Chevalrie with Horses, Harnesses, and other Knightly Apparel to my power.

"I shall be diligent to enquire and seek to haue the knowledge of all Articles and points touching or concerning my duty contained in the Book of Chevalrie.

"All and sundry the premisses I oblige me to keep and fulfil, so help me God by my own hand, and by God himself."

Jonson, it appears, had written a work describing his journey to Scotland; but this was unfortunately destroyed in the fire which consumed several of his other

papers, (probably in 1629), as commemorated by himself in his "Execration upon Vulcan." In his masque of "News from the Moon," presented at court in the January 6th and February 11th, 1620-21, he thus alludes to his Northern journey:

"*P.* How might we do to see your Poet? Did he undertake this Journey, I pray you, to the Moon, on foot?

"*First Herald.* Why do you ask?

"*Printer.* Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back: Marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since; for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing, I am sure.

"*First Herald.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it: It is the very same party that has been in the Moon now."

Jonson died at London on the 6th of August 1637, and Drummond survived to the 4th of December 1649.

In 1711, there was published at Edinburgh an edition of Drummond's works, both in prose and verse. His son, Sir William Drummond, who still survived, and had preserved his father's papers with religious care, communicated them to the editor of the volume, supposed to be Thomas Ruddiman the grammarian, or to Bishop Sage, who is said to have furnished the biographical account of the author, and the historical Introduction. Among those papers were the original Notes by Drummond of his Conversations with Ben Jonson. Unfortunately, as it has proved, the editor, instead of giving a correct copy of these Notes, or Informations, gave merely an abstract, which he entitled "Heads of a Conversation betwixt the famous Poet Ben Johnson, and William

Drummond of Hawthornden, January 1619," but which left it very doubtful what might be the precise extent and nature of the original. Unfortunately, also, this paper was occasionally employed to asperse Jonson's character, and some scurrilous additions were interpolated by the anonymous editor of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, the better to serve such a purpose.

That Drummond committed to writing such recollections of his conversations with a person of so much eminence as the English Dramatist, can excite no surprise: it is what hundreds of persons before his time and since have done with impunity in similar circumstances. That he was actuated by any unworthy motive, is neither confirmed by internal evidence, nor by any proper use that can be made of such notes. It is strange, however, to find a person of so much natural acuteness and sagacity as the editor of Massinger and Jonson, speaking of Drummond as "decoying Jonson under his roof," as "betraying the confidence of his guest," as "publishing his remarks and censures, without shame," and such like assertions. But it is necessary to hear the critic's own words:—

"It is not known (says Gifford) at what period, or in what manner, Jonson's acquaintance with Drummond began; but the ardour with which he cherished his friendship is almost unexampled; he seems, upon every occasion, to labour for language to express his grateful sense of it; and very depraved must have been the mind, that could witness such effusions of tenderness with a determination to watch the softest moment, and betray the confidence of his guest. For this perfidious purpose no one ever afforded greater facilities than Jonson. He *wore his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at it:* a bird of prey, therefore, like Drummond, had a noble quarry before him; and he could strike at it without stooping.

"It is much to be lamented that our author did not fall into kindly hands. His learning, his judgment, his love of anecdote, his extensive acquaintance with the poets, statesmen, and eminent characters of the age, of whom he talked without reserve, would have rendered his conversations, had they been recorded with such a decent respect for the characters of the living as courtesy demanded, the most valuable body of contemporary criticism that had ever appeared. Such was not Drummond's object. He only sought to injure the man whom he had decoyed under his roof; and he, therefore, gave his remarks in rude and naked deformity. Even thus, however, without one qualifying word, without one introductory or explanatory line, there is little in them that can be disputed; while the vigour, perspicuity, and integrity of judgment which they uniformly display, are, certainly, worthy of commendation.

* * * * *

"Such are the remarks of Jonson on his contemporaries; set down in malice, abridged without judgment, and published without shame, what is there yet in them to justify the obloquy with which they are constantly assailed, or to support the malicious conclusions drawn from them by Drummond? Or who, that leaned with such confidence on the bosom of a beloved friend, who treacherously encouraged the credulous affection, would have passed the ordeal with more honour than Jonson.

* * * * * *

"As Ben Jonson (say the collectors of Drummond's works) has been very liberal of his censures (opinions) on all his contemporaries, so our author *does not spare him.*

"But Jonson's censures are merely critical, or, if the reader pleases, hypercritical; and, with the exception of Raleigh, who is simply charged with taking credit to himself for the labours of others, he belies no man's reputation, blasts no man's moral character, the apology for the slander of his host, therefore,

> —— who should against his murderer shut the door,
> Not bear the knife himself,

is weaker than water.

* * * * * *

"The words put into Drummond's mouth, do not, indeed, belong to him; of this, however, the critics, who trusted merely to Shiels, and quote a work which they never saw, were ignorant. No matter: there is still enough to justify the rhapsody on the 'sweets of friendship!' It must not be concealed, however, that there have been persons free enough to question the purity of Drummond's conduct, and that even the wretched scribbler who interpolated the passage, cannot avoid saying:—'We have inserted Ben's conversations, though, perhaps, it was not altogether fair of Mr. Drummond to commit to writing things that passed over a bottle, and which, perhaps, were heedlessly advanced. As few people are so wise as not to speak imprudently sometimes, it is not the part of a man who invites another to his table to expose what may drop inadvertently.' (Cibber's Lives, vol. i., p. 310.) This gentle reproof from Lauder the second, is extremely pleasant!—perhaps it was a *compunctious visiting*. Mr. A. Chalmers, too, has an awkward observation. Drummond's return, (he says) to the unreserved conduct of Jonson, 'has been thought *not very liberal*.' Is it possible! Fie, fie! 'Not *very* liberal!' To do Mr. Chalmers justice, he has no doubts of this kind himself; in tenderness, however, to those who have, he suggests, 'that this *suspicion* of *illiberality* is considerably lessened, when we reflect that Drummond appears not to have intended to publish his remarks,' &c. Mr. Chalmers never heard, perhaps, of a legacy of half-a-crown left to a hungry Scotsman, to fire off a pistol, which the ruffian who loaded and levelled it, had not the courage to discharge. At any rate, he seems to think that there is nothing unusual or improper in framing a libellous attack on the character and reputation of a friend, keeping it carefully in store for thirty years, and finally bequeathing it, fairly engrossed, to the caprice or cupidity of an executor."—(*Jonson's Works*, by Gifford, vol. i., pp. 116, 124, 126, 129.)

It is strange, I repeat, to find a man like Gifford making use of such language. From all this, and similar remarks obtruded in, and occurring in other parts of the work, one might suppose that no calumny would ever have assailed Jonson's memory, unless for

these unfortunate notes, committed to writing by Drummond, in January 1619. The only publication of them, in 1711, he terms "The costive and splenetic abridgement of his Conversations," (p. xxiii.) but, as Drummond obviously could not be charged with the abridgment, he elsewhere says, (p. cxxiv.) "It is observable that every addition by Drummond is tinctured with spleen," and exclaims, "*What a tissue of malevolence must the original record of those Conversations have been!*" Now, supposing all this to have been so, it may be asked, what reasonable motive can be assigned to have made Drummond feel any desire "to blazon Jonson's vices, and bequeath them to posterity?" If this question could be answered in any satisfactory manner, we might then inquire, what were the steps he took to accomplish this object? But no credible motive has, or can be, assigned: and Gifford knew well that during Jonson's life his intercourse with Drummond could not in the smallest degree have influenced his fate, or injured his reputation. He admits (vol. vi., p. 50) that this "gentleman, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept this libel to himself, at least while the poet lived." But he likewise knew that if Drummond was deterred, during a period of eighteen years, in the life-time of the English poet by the dread of retaliation, he, nevertheless, allowed the other twelve years that he survived Jonson to pass away without employing his notes, or "libel," for any such purpose. This was, undoubtedly, a very unusual mode for any person to take who is alleged to have harboured such malice. As to what Mr. Gifford chooses to insinuate of Drummond

having bequeathed his papers "fairly engrossed," and of the half-crown legacy, such insinuations betray a mean and vindictive spirit, to which silent contempt is the most fitting reply.

Whether the estimate which Drummond was led to form of Jonson's private character be harsh and unfounded, is quite a different matter. This remains for a dispassionate biographer to investigate. Here it may be sufficient to show that "the original record," as now published, is genuine, although the autograph copy is not known to exist. Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet's son, died in 1713, (two years after the publication of his father's works,) in the seventy-seventh year of his age. None of his immediate successors seem to have inherited a literary disposition; and little or no care was, probably, taken of the poet's books and papers, and many of them, there is reason to believe, were destroyed through sheer neglect. At length, in November 1782, the Reverend Dr. Abernethy Drummond (who had assumed the name on his marriage, in 1760, with the heiress of Hawthornden, Sir William Drummond's grand daughter) presented a large mass of papers, chiefly in the hand-writing of the poet, to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. This we learn from the following announcement, made by the Earl of Buchan, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Society on the 14th of November, 1782: "From the Rev. Dr. Abernethy Drummond we have lately received the whole manuscripts of the celebrated historian and poet, William Drummond of Hawthornden, consisting of thirteen volumes; which donation, so generously bestowed, will,

I hope, be exemplary, and productive of similar exertions in favour of the Republic of Letters, through the channel of the Society."—"The gift of Doctor Abernethy Drummond (his Lordship continues) being immediately on our table, and recently presented with peculiar generosity, has forced me to report it as part of the ordinary business of the day." — (*Minutes of the Society*, vol. i., p. 268.)

These MSS. were said to consist of thirteen volumes; but the bulk of the papers remained unbound and unarranged for upwards of forty years; no inventory or list of their contents appears to have been made; and a belief prevailed that either from accident or design many of the more interesting autographs were lost. After careful investigation, I am persuaded that such a notion was unfounded; and it is just as likely that a portion of the letters and papers made use of by the editor of Drummond's Works, in 1711, had never been returned to Hawthornden; or it may be that some of them may still remain among the family papers. Having already, in the fourth volume of the "Archæologia Scotica," given a pretty copious account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the possession of the Antiquarian Society, it is not necessary in this place to say further, than that the original Notes of Conversations, and the autographs of the various original letters addressed to Drummond that were published in 1711, form no part of these manuscripts; and thus it seemed most probable that we never should be able to ascertain the actual form in which Drummond committed to writing his record of Ben Jonson's Conversations.

At a later period, while examining some of the manuscript collections of Sir Robert Sibbald, a well-known antiquary and physician in Edinburgh, I was agreeably surprised to find in a volume of "Adversaria," what bears very evident marks of being a literal transcript of Drummond's original Notes. The volume has no date, but was probably anterior to 1710, when Sibbald was in his seventieth year. It is transcribed with his own hand; and the volume containing it was purchased after his death, with the rest of his MSS., for the Faculty of Advocates, in 1723. He might either have been a personal acquaintance of Sir William Drummond, or have obtained the use of the original papers through his friend Bishop Sage, who contributed to the publication of Drummond's Works in 1711. At all events, Sir Robert Sibbald was merely an industrious antiquary, and with considerable learning and unwearied assiduity, no doubt copied these Notes on account of the literary information they contained; while his character is a sufficient warrant for the literal accuracy of his transcript. Conceiving it, therefore, to be a literary document of considerable interest, after communicating it to Sir Walter Scott, and other gentlemen well qualified to judge of its genuineness — and no doubt has ever been expressed on this head — it was communicated to a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in the "Archæologia Scotica," as a sequel to the Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts.

The Transactions that contain the communications alluded to, having had but a very limited circulation, and being almost wholly unknown in England, it was

thought the Notes of Jonson's Conversations might prove a suitable republication for the members of the Shakespeare Society. For this purpose, the foot notes, illustrating some of the concise or obscure allusions, have been amplified and corrected, by the kind and efficient aid of my excellent friends, Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER, and Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM; the text has been compared carefully with the manuscript, and it is hopedthis work, in its present form, may serve the purpose at once of freeing the memory of Drummond from unjust aspersions of treachery and want of good faith; and of furnishing additional facts, in the most authentic form, of the life and manners of one of England's greatest dramatic writers.

Brief and meagre as these Notes of Conversations are, they furnish us, in fact, with the only satisfactory evidence respecting the parentage, education, and early life of the English poet; they explain many obscure allusions in regard to his employments, such as his visit to Paris in 1613, in the capacity of tutor to a son of Sir Walter Raleigh; and, if they bear testimony to Jonson's occasional arrogance and boasting, they exhibit him also in a more favourable aspect, as of a warm-hearted kindly disposition, easily offended, it is true, but as easily appeased. Without enlarging, however, on the views they give of his own personal character, we could have wished that Jonson had proved more communicative, or Drummond been more curious in inquiring into the personal history of those master-spirits, whose writings have shed so much lustre over that age. But, either Drummond was more disposed to hear of those

poets, who, like himself, were writers of sonnets, madrigals, and courtly compliments, or Jonson, with a natural degree of vanity, was more accustomed to speak of the gay and high-born personages, for whom his Court Masques were written, than of those who, like himself, lived "by their wit." Still, even the casual glimpses and brief allusions to such men as Raleigh, Sidney, Bacon, Selden, Fletcher, Beaumont, and "the gentle" Spenser, have an indescribable charm; and, above all, the incidental mention of the name of Shakespeare fortunately contains nothing to justify the idle outcry of malignity and jealousy on the part of Jonson, or to call in question the sincerity of that affection, so beautifully expressed in his exquisite verses, "To the Memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," or in that touching passage of his "Discoveries," where he says, "I LOVED THE MAN, AND DO HONOUR HIS MEMORY, ON THIS SIDE IDOLATRY, AS MUCH AS ANY."

DAVID LAING.

SIGNET LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS

WITH

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

CERTAIN INFORMATIONS AND MANERS OF BEN JOHNSON'S TO W. DRUMMOND.[a]

I.

That he had ane intention to perfect ane Epick Poeme intitled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowsed by Fame; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes. Said he had written a Discourse of Poesie both against Campion and Daniel,[b]

[a] This title corresponds so far with a stray leaf in Vol. ix. of the Hawthornden MSS., and which, probably, was the envelope of the original: bearing, in the hand-writing of Drummond's son, these titles: [Certain] "Informations & Manners of Ben Jonson to W. D., 1619;" and "Informations be Ben Jonston to W. D., when he cam to Scotland upon foot, 1619." In Sibbald's transcript the same titles are thus repeated: "Informations be Ben Johnston to W. D., when he came to Scotland upon foot, 1619," and "Certain Informations and Manners of Ben Jonson's to W. Drummond;" preceded by another, (apparently interlined at a subsequent time, and no doubt his own invention) "Ben Ionsiana."

[b] Thomas Campion's "Observations in the Art of English Poesie" were first printed in 1602, and Daniel's answer in the same year. It was reprinted in 1603, with the following title: "A Defence of Ryme agaynst a pamphlet, entititled Observations in the Art of English Poesie; wherein is demonstratively proued that Ryme is the fittest harmonie of wordes that comportes with our language. By Sa: D. At London, 1603," 8vo. Both these pieces are reprinted in the late Mr. Haslewood's collection of "Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy." Vol. ii., London, 1815, 4to.

especially this last, wher he proves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like Hexameters; and that crosse rimes and stanzaes, (becaus the purpose would lead him beyond 8 lines to conclude) were all forced.

II.

He recommended to my reading Quintilian, (who he said would tell me the faults of my Verses as if he lived with me) and Horace, Plinius Secundus Epistles, Tacitus, Juvenall, Martiall; whose Epigrame *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, &c., he hath translated.[c]

III.

His censure of the English poets was this:

That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself.

Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not, nor his matter;[d] the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie.

Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children; but no poet.

That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if [he] had performed what he promised to writte (the deeds of all the Worthies) had been excellent: His long verses pleased him not.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartàs was not well done; and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to conferr:[e] Nor that of Fairfax his.[f]

[c] See Mr. Collier's "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. 54, where this translation is inserted, from a copy in the hand-writing of Ben Jonson.

[d] Alluding, of course, to the Faerie Queene.

[e] That is, before Jonson understood French sufficiently to judge of the merits of Silvester's translation. Jonson's Epigram was prefixed to the 4to. edition of Du Bartas's "Weeks and Days," printed in the year 1605. (See note in Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. viii., p. 239.)

[f] Alluding to Fairfax's beautiful version of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, first printed in the year 1600, folio. Jonson entertained particular notions

That the translations of Homer and Virgill in long Alexandrines were but prose.[g]

That [Sir] John Harington's Ariosto, under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harrington desyred him to tell the truth of his Epigrames, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, and not Epigrames.[h]

That Warner, since the King's comming to England, had marred all his Albion's England.[i]

That Done's Anniversarie was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. That Done, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.

That Shakspeer wanted arte.[j]

in regard to poetical translations, which led him to underrate some of those that still continue to be justly admired. Fairfax's *Jerusalem*, Mr. Campbell emphatically says, "was inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, and forms one of the glories of her reign."

[g] Referring, evidently, to Chapman's Homer's Iliad, and to Phaer and Twyne's Virgil. Chapman commenced his translation of Homer in 1598, in common heroic couplets, but afterwards altered it to verses of fourteen syllables.

[h] Ben Jonson published a Book of Epigrams, or, rather, Epistles. By an epigram, says Gifford, Jonson meant nothing more than a short poem, chiefly restricted to one idea. An epigram, in our modern acceptation, is a short poem, terminating in a point. But many of Jonson's epigrams, instead of being, (to use his own language)

bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and tooth'd withal,

are mere harmless effusions. Jonson, however, had wormwood and sulphur for his verse, when he wished to be severe. We shall see that Jonson said Owen's epigrams were not epigrams, but narrations.—P. C.

[i] Warner's poem, under the title of *Albion's England*, which had passed through several editions, the earliest in 1586, and of which "A Continuance" appeared in 1606.

In the printed selections, 1711, this remark is very improperly connected with Jonson's subsequent observation in regard to *The Win-*

That Sharpham, Day, Dicker, were all rogues;[k] and that Minshew was one.[l]

That Abram Francis,[m] in his English Hexameters, was a foole.

That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask.

IV.

HIS JUDGEMENT OF STRANGER POETS WAS:

That he thought not Bartas a Poet, but a Verser, because he wrote not fiction.

He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to Sonnets; which he said were like that Tirrant's bed, wher some who where too short were racked, others too long cut short.

That Guarini, in his Pastor Fido, keept not decorum, in making Shepherds speek as well as himself could.

That Lucan, taken in parts, was good divided; read altogidder, merited not the name of a Poet.

ter's Tale, implying a general censure on all Shakespeare's works, as follows:—"He said, *Shakespear wanted Art, and sometimes Sense;* for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered Ship-wrack in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."

[k] Edward Sharpham, a member of the Middle Temple, published *The Fleire*, a comedy, in 1610; and John Day wrote several plays, the titles of which will be found in the Biographia Dramatica. Thomas Dekker is a still more voluminous author, and his history is better known, partly in consequence of Ben Jonson's Poetaster, in which he has ridiculed Dekker, under the character of Demetrius, and Marston, under that of Crispinus: the former retorted upon Jonson as Young Horace, in his Satyro-Mastix, or the Untrussing a Humourous Poet, 1602.

[l] Minshew is chiefly known as the author of a Polyglot Dictionary, in eleven languages, published in 1617.

[m] For the titles of the several publications by Abraham Fraunce, see Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica, p. 211. George Peele, in the Order of the Garter, 1593, calls Fraunce "a peerless sweet translator of our time." (Works, by Dyce, vol. ii., p. 221, second edit.)

That Bonefonius Vigilium Veneris was excellent.[n]

That he told Cardinal de Perron, at his being in France, anno 1613, who shew him his translations of Virgill, that they were naught.

That the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes.

All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italiannes.[o]

V.

He read his translation of that Ode of Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.*, and admired it. Of ane Epigrame of Petronius, *Fœda et brevis est Veneris voluptas;* concluding it was better to lie still and kisse . . .[p]

[n] Jean Bonnefons (Bonnefonius) was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, at Clermont, in Auvergne, where he cultivated Latin poetry with considerable success. He affected to imitate Catullus, though there was one whom he imitated more closely, viz., Johannes Secundus. Bonnefons died in 1614. (Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vol. iii., p. 347.) Jonson was an admirer of Bonnefonius; his exquisite little song,

Still to be neat, still to be drest,

in "The Silent Woman," is from Bonnefonius, and is a happy pouring out of sentiment, from one language to another—a true translation.—P. C.

[o] These words are printed in italics, as they are evidently the expression of Drummond's own sentiments. Gifford quotes them, with this remark: "It is observable that every addition by Drummond is tinctured with spleen: what a tissue of malevolence must the original record of these conversations have been!" (Vol. i., p. cxxiv.) Had Mr. Gifford lived to see this "original record," as now published, he might, probably, have regretted the intemperate wrath he displayed against the Poet of Hawthornden, as there are so few instances of such "additions." Drummond's remark in this place must, however, be taken in a limited sense, as Jonson could not fail to understand both languages, which, in his day, were far more familiar to Englishmen than at present. But Drummond might only mean that Jonson was unable to comprehend the beauties of these languages.

[p] A word in the MS. at the end of this sentence is illegible. The fragment of Petronius Arbiter here referred to, was translated by Jonson, and printed among his Underwoods. (Works, vol. ix., p. 147.)

To me he read the preface of his Arte of Poesie, upon Horace ['s] Arte of Poesie, wher he heth ane Apologie[q] of a play of his, St. Bartholomee's Faire :[r] by Criticus is understood Done. Ther is ane Epigrame of Sir Edward Herbert's befor it: the [this] he said he had done in my Lord Aubanie's house ten yeers since, anno 1604.[s]

The most common place of his repetition was a Dialogue pastoral between a Shepherd and a Shepherdesse about sing-

[q] This translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, although one of Jonson's earliest works, was not printed till some years after his death. The preface alluded to was, probably, destroyed, along with the copious notes prepared to illustrate the translation, in the fire about 1623, which consumed so many of Jonson's papers. In the preface to his Sejanus, in 1605, he speaks of his Observations upon Horace his Art of Poetry, "which, (says he) with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish." The preface appears to have been in dialogue, and the friends of the poet introduced as speakers, under fictitious names—*Vide* p. 29. "He hath commented and translated Horace Art of Poesie: it is in dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done." Dryden wrote his famous Essay on Dramatic Poesy, *dialogue ways* — and his friends are speakers under classic names. —P. C.

[r] The Comedy of Bartholomew Fair, although acted in 1614, is not included in the folio works, 1616, a circumstance which his late Editor cannot account for. As we here learn that it required an Apology, we may infer that it had given offence to the King, to whom we are told it had been dedicated, and, therefore, purposely omitted. That Bartholomew Fair was acted before the king, is proved by the prologue and epilogue. "It came out at the Hope Theatre, on the 31st of October, 1614, and was soon after performed at court, for I find, in an old roll of the Account of the Master of the Revels, from 1 November, 1614, to 31 October, 1615, now before me, the following item: — '*Canvas for the boothes and other neccies* [*necessaries*] *for a play called Bartholmewe faire,* xlj^{s}. vj^{d}.'" — P. C. See also the "Revels Accounts" (printed by the Shakespeare Society), by which we find that, on the 11th June, 1615, Nathaniel Field received £10 for Bartholomew Fair, performed at court on the 1st Nov., 1614.

[s] Sir Edward Herbert's epigram is among the commendatory verses, in the first volume of Gifford's edition of Jonson. There must be some mistake here, "ten years since," and the date 1604 will not agree with the period of Jonson's visit at Hawthornden.—P. C.

ing.[t] Another, Parabostes Pariane with his letter; that Epigrame of Gout; my Lady Bedfoord's bucke; his verses of drinking, *Drinke to me bot with thyne eyes; Swell me a Bowle*, &c. His verses of a Kisse,[u]

> Bot kisse me once and faith I will be gone;
> And I will touch as harmelesse as the bee
> That doeth but taste the flower and flee away.

That is, but half a one; what sould be done but once, should be done long.

He read a satyre of a Lady come from the Bath; Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistriss Boulstred,[v] whose Epitaph Done made; a Satyre, telling there was no abuses to writte a satyre of, and [in] which he repeateth all the abuses in England and the World. He insisted in that of Martiall's *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*.

VI.

HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS:

That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme: for a child (sayes he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeks and Latine verses in running; yett that he wished, to please the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his owne.[w]

[t] Probably "The Musical Strife, a pastorall Dialogue."

[u] Most of these pieces are well known. "Swell me a bowl of lusty wine," a little ode, inserted in the Poetaster, was parodied by Decker. "Drink to me only with thine eyes," has always been a popular drinking song. For the lines of a Kisse, see Works, vol. viii., p. 312.

[v] An Epigram on the Court Pucelle will be found among his Works, vol. viii., p. 437. See, afterwards, page 38, where he says it had been stolen out of his pocket, and brought him into trouble. There are two elegies "on Mistris Boulstred," printed in Donne's Poems, pp. 253, and 258, edit. 1669, 8vo.

[w] Drummond's Teares on the Death of Meliades appeared in 1613; and his Forth Feasting, written on occasion of the King's visit to Scotland,

VII.

He esteemeth John Done the first poet in the world in some things: his verses of the Lost Chaine he heth by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr, all was so quiet.* Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old.

Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happie lyfe,[x] he hath by heart; and a peice of Chapman's translation of the 13 of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done.

That Done said to him, he wrott that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith*,[y] to match Sir Ed: Herbert in obscurenesse.

in 1617. The writer of an excellent article on Drummond's Poetry, in the Retrospective Review, in reference to the current, but unfounded tradition of Jonson's object in visiting Scotland, quotes the above words, and says, "Truly, if this be admiration enough for a pilgrimage, and by such a man as Jonson, there is much less enthusiasm wanting on such occasions, than we have heretofore imagined." (*Retr. Rev.*, vol. ix., p. 355.)

[x] The poem here mentioned, is "The Character of a Happy Life," by Sir Henry Wotton, and is so beautiful, that we may be excused quoting the first two and last verses.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will?
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill?

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the World by care
Of publick fame, or private breath.

This Man is freed from servile bands,
Of hopes to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

See a copy of these verses, taken from the original in Ben Jonson's hand-writing, in Mr. Collier's "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 53. They there vary materially from the copies as printed in the various editions of Wotton's Remains.

[y] Donne's Elegy on the Prince was first printed in 1613.

He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender, about wyne, between Coline and Percye.

VIII.

The conceit of Done's Transformation, or Μετεμψυχώσις,[z] was, that he sought the soule of that aple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin: Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems.[a]

IX.

That Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke best Latine; that Quintiliane's 6. 7. 8. bookes were not only to be

[z] His "Metempsychosis, the Progress of the Soule," bears the date August 16, 1601, in the collection of his poems, p. 286. The fragment extends to fifty-two stanzas, of ten lines each. It may be added, that Donne appears to have still better claims than either Bishop Hall or Marston, to be considered the *first* English Satirist. In Drummond's transcript, Donne's Fourth Satire is dated "Anno, 1594," three years previous to the publication of Hall's. Mr. Collier, however, was the first to point out the priority in date of Donne's Satires. In the British Museum, among the Harleian MSS., (No. 5110) is a copy of Donne's three first satires, dated 1593, and headed, "Ihon Dunne, his Satires: Anno Domini 1593." Donne's fourth satire, according to Drummond's transcript, might be written in 1594. Dr. John Donne was born in 1573, and died the 31st of March, 1631.

[a] Donne's poems were not collected and published till after his death, in 1633. Izaac Walton says of him, that "the recreations of his youth were *Poetry*;" and "of those pieces which were facetiously composed, and carelessly scattered," most of them were written before the twentieth year of his age. He adds, "It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces too loosely scattered in his youth, he wish't they had been abortive, or so short-liv'd, that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals." The earliest of Donne's poems which appeared in print, was entitled, "An Anatomy of the World," which came out in 1611. (See the Cat. of the Bridgewater Library, p. 9) and was republished anonymously in 1612, 1621, and 1625.

read, but altogither digested. Juvenal, Perse, Horace, Martiall, for delight; and so was Pindar. For health, Hippocrates.

Of their Nation, Hooker's Ecclesiasticall historie (whose children are now beggars,[b]), for church matters. Selden's Titles of Honour, for Antiquities here; and ane book of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scripture, of Selden's.

Tacitus, he said, wrott the secrets of the Councill and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courte.

X.

For a Heroik poeme, he said, ther was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that S. P. Sidney had ane intention to have transform'd all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthure.[c]

XI.

His acquaintance and behaviour with poets living with him.

Daniel was at jealousies with him.[d]

Drayton feared him; and he esteemed not of him.

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.

That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrott a moral

[b] See, however, the Appendix to Walton's Life of Hooker, edit. 1670. p. 113. He died Nov. 2, 1600, leaving four daughters, and a widow, who married again with such indecent haste, that she had not time enough to repent it; "for which (says Walton), doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death."

[c] Milton also intended Arthur for his subject; and Dryden gave the plan of an Epic poem on Arthur, in the preface to his translation of Juvenal, which Blackmore laid hold of, with what success the neglect of posterity is no doubt a just criterion.

[d] Jonson says (in a letter to the Countess of Rutland) that Daniel "envied him, though he bore no ill will on his part." (Vol. v., p. 251.)

Epistle to him, which began,[e] *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords,* [*as*] *Lords do us.*

He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.

Sir W. Alexander[f] was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.

That Sir R. Aiton[g] loved him dearly.

Nid Field[h] was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrames of Martiall.

That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i.* [*e.*] *Poets*, and but a base fellow.[i]

[e] The moral epistle "To Ben Johnson" here incorrectly quoted is dated 6 January, 1603, and is printed as a poem of Donne. (Edit. 1669, p. 197.) It begins:

> The State and men's affairs are the best playes
> Next yours.

Other instances of poems erroneously attributed to Donne might be pointed out. Thus, the one beginning *Deare Love, continue*, &c. (*Poems*, p. 59) is transcribed by Drummond, and signed "J. R.," probably the initials of John Roe.

[f] Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, author of the Four Monarchick Tragedies, printed between 1603, and 1607, and of various other poems. He was created Earl of Stirling by Charles the First.

[g] Sir Robert Aiton, of Kinaldie, in Fifeshire, was secretary to Anne of Denmark, wife of James the First. He was an elegant poet, and died in 1638. He lies interred in the south aisle of the choir in Westminster Abbey. See Smith's Iconographia Scotica, and the Bannatyne Miscellany, vol. i., pp. 299 to 324.

[h] Nathan Field, an actor and dramatic poet of some celebrity, performed, as one of the Children of the Chapel, a principal part in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, in 1600. (See *Biogr. Dram.* and Note in Weber's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. i., p. xxvii.) Field was the author of two good comedies, inserted by Mr. Collier in a supplemental volume to Dodsley's Old Plays: one is entitled "A Woman is a Weathercock," printed in 1612, and the other "Amends for Ladies," which was twice printed, in 1618 and 1639.

[i] The explanatory word *Poets* was, probably, Drummond's addition. Gervase, or Jervis Markham, a poet, who wrote much, and little well — a sort of bookseller's hack. Markham stole Tofte's translation of Ariosto's Satires, and printed his own name boldly on the title-page. He was

That such were Day and Midleton.

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.

Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.[j]

XII.

Particulars of the actions of other poets; and apothegmes.

That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a litle child new born, he and his wyfe escaped;[k] and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, He was sorrie he had no time to spend them. That in that paper S. W. Raughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Blating Beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Q. of Scots.

guilty of nearly the same offence with a prose pamphlet by Barnabe Rich. Jonson rendered no injustice to him when he called Markham "a base fellow."—P. C.

[j] When the enmity between Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Overbury began is nowhere stated; probably anterior to February, 1602-3, under which date we meet with the following in Manningham's Diary. (Harl. MSS. 5353.) "Ben Johnson, the Poet, now lives upon one Townesend and scornes the World. So Overbury." See Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage*, i., 334.

[k] Edmund Spenser accompanied Arthur Lord Grey to Ireland as his Secretary, August 12, 1580; and was appointed Clerk in ChanceryMarch 22, 1581; but Lord Grey being recalled from his Irish government in 1582, Spenser returned with him to England. It has been nowhere stated that Spenser was ever in Scotland, and it is a mere conjecture that the poet was the person who is mentioned in the following postscript of a letter to Queen Elizabeth from James VI., dated St. Andrews, July 2, 1583 (in the King's own hand): "Madame I haue staied maister Spenser upon the lettr quhilk is uritten uith my auin hand, quhilk sall be readie uithin tua daies." (MS. Cotton. Calig., c. vii., f. 191.) By the "Revels' Accounts," published by the Shakespeare Society, it appears that Spenser had been employed to convey despatches from France as early as 1569; the same year in which his Sonnets in the translation of Vander Noodt's Theatre of Worldlings appeared. It is probable, therefore, that the date usually assigned of his birth is erroneous. Unfortunately, after his return to Ireland, he rendered

That Southwell was hanged ;[1] yet so he had written that piece of his, the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.

himself obnoxious to the Irish by some proceedings in regard to the forfeited lands that had been assigned him. Various interesting particulars respecting the poet and his descendants are given by Mr. Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, 1831, vol. i., p. 319 &c. Spenser died broken-hearted, and Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, thus alludes to Lord Essex's having paid him attention at the time of his death.

And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low) pitied thy woful plight,
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor graced with any common rite.

[1] Southwell entered the order of the Jesuits, and, having returned to England to convert his countrymen, was apprehended and executed at London in 1595. As the reader may have some curiosity to see a poem so much admired by Jonson, and not easily to be met with, it is here inserted from the edition of Southwell's Works, London, 1636, 12mo., sign. G 6.

As I in hoarie Winters night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surpriz'd I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearefull eye
To view what fire was neere,
A prettie Babe, all burning bright,
Did in the aire appeare;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such flouds of teares did shed,
As though his flouds should quench his flames,
Which with his teares were bred:
Alas (quoth he) but newly borne,
In fierie heats I frie,
Yet none approach to warme their hearts
Or feele my fire, but I;
My faultlesse brest the furnace is,
The fuell wounding thornes:
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scornes;
The fuell justice layeth on,
And mercy blowes the coales,

Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.[m]

Sir John Roe was ane infinit spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spende he could die. He died in his armes of the pest, and he [Jonson] furnished his charges 20 lb.; which was given him back.[n]

The metall in this furnace wrought
Are Mens defiled soules:
For which, as now on fire I am,
To worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.
With this he vanisht out of sight,
And swiftly shrunke away,
And straight I called unto minde
That it was Christmasse Day.

[m] Beaumont died in the beginning of March, 1616, and was buried on the ninth of that month in Westminster Abbey. Jonson's lines, "How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse," evince his great regard for his young friend. But see his remark at p. 10.

[n] Jonson, in more than one copy of verses, embalmed Roe's memory, (See Jonson's Works by Gifford, vol. viii., pp. 165, 168, 196), and in particular in the following beautiful lines:

In place of Scutcheons that should deck thy herse,
Take better ornaments, my tears and verse.
If any sword could save from Fates, Roe's could;
If any muse outlive their spight, his can;
If any friend's tears could restore, his would;
If any pious life ere lifted man
To heaven,—his hath: O happy state! wherein
We, sad for him, may glory and not sin.

And again, "To the same."

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mention'd Roe; thou art but gone before,
Whither the World must follow: and I, now
Breathe to expect my When, and make my How.
Which if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

Mr. Gifford supposes Sir John Roe, for whom Jonson had so much regard and esteem, to have been a son of Sir Thomas Roe, an eminent merchant of London.

That Drayton was chalenged for intitling one book Mortimeriados.[o]

That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigrame on Draton's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his Mistriss might been the Ninth[p] Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said, For wit his Mistresse might be a gyant.

Done's grandfather, on the mother side, was Heywood the Epigramatist. That Done himself, for not being understood, would perish.

That Sir W. Raughley esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his Historie. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick warre, which he altered and set in his booke.

S. W.[q] heth written the lyfe of Queen Elizabeth, of which ther is [are] copies extant.

Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes, which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.[r]

[o] That is, he was found fault with by the pedants of 1596 for styling "The Barons' Wars," "*Mortimeriados; the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barons.*" "Grammaticasters," says Drayton, in his second and improved edition, "have quarrel'd at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole." He complied with their murmurs, and changed his stanza as well as his title.—P. C.

[p] Drummond has written *Ninth* for *Tenth*.—Drayton's Sonnet is the XVIIIth of "Ideas." (Chalmers's *British Poets*, vol. iv., p. 402.) The following is the Epigram by Sir John Davies, *In Decium*.

Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made,
But Poet Decius more audacious farre,
Making his Mistresse march with men of warre,
With title of Tenth Worthie doth her lade.
Methinkes that Gul did use his termes as fitt,
Which termde his Love a Giant for her witte.

[q] By "S. W." is evidently meant Sir Walter Raleigh.

[r] The metrical version of the Psalms, begun by Sir Philip Sidney, and completed by his sister, Lady Pembroke, remained unpublished till 1823, but it was probably extensively circulated in manuscript.

Marston wrott his Father-in-lawes preachings, and his Father-in-law his Commedies.[s]

Sheakspear, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea neer by some 100 miles.[t]

Daniel wrott Civill Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his book.[u]

The Countess of Rutland[v] was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P. Sidney in poesie. Sir Th : Overburie was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would have him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes to*[o] *near who comes to*

[s] Little is known of Marston's personal history, and nothing of his father-in-law, excepting that Mr. Gifford has shown that the latter, probably, was William Wilkes, chaplain to King James, and that Marston died June 25, 1634. (*Ben Jonson*, vol. i., p. cxxiii., note.)

[t] See before, p. 3, note j. In justice to the author, Mr. Gifford's note on this passage should be here added : "This (he says) is the tritest of all our author's observations. No one ever read the play without noticing the 'absurdity,' as Dr. Johnson calls it ; yet, for this simple *truism*, for this casual remark in the freedom of conversation, Jonson is held up to the indignation of the world, as if the blunder was invisible to all but himself, or as if he had uttered the most deliberate and spiteful calumny." (*Ben Jonson*, vol. i., p. cxxii., note.)

[u] The allusion is to Daniel's narrative poem of the Civil Wars, of which four books were printed in 1595 : a fifth was added in 1599, a sixth in 1602, and two others, eight in all, in 1609.

[v] And Jonson tells us so in an Epistle of the Countess of Rutland, unhappily a fragment. (Vol. viii., p. 275.)

> With you I know my offering will find grace—
> For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit,
> Were it to think, that you should not inherit
> His love unto the Muses, when his skill
> Almost you have, or may have when you will?

This lady, Elizabeth, only child of Sir Philip Sidney, was the wife of Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, who died 26 June, 1612. She herself died issueless in the August of the same year.—P. C.

be denied.[w] Beaumont wrot that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland;[x] and in effect her husband wanted the half of his. [*sic* in MS.] in his travells.

Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of litle children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrames being bare narrations.[y]

Chapman hath translated Musaeus, in his verses, like his Homer.[z]

Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse,[a] a Tragicomedie, well done.

Dyer[b] died unmarried.

Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoilled with pimples, and of high blood, and long: that my Lord Lisle, now Earle of Wor[ce]ster, his eldest son, resembleth him.[c]

[w] Another and a more celebrated lady kept this line in remembrance. See Lady Mary W. Montague's Poems, where this maxim is printed as her own.—(MS. note by Charles K. Sharpe, Esq.)

[x] See the Elegy in Beaumont and Fletcher's works, vol. xiv., p. 441.

[y] This is too harsh a sentence, as any one will perceive who looks into Owen's book, which passed through several editions. See the "Revels' Accounts," Introd., p. xvi., where it is stated that Prince Henry gave Owen £30 as a reward for his Latin poetry.

[z] The poem of Hero and Leander, here alluded to, was begun by Marlowe, and finished by Chapman, and printed at London, 1606, 4to. If it be meant that Chapman's part of Musæus is, like his Homer, in fourteen-syllable lines, it is a mistake; it is in ten-syllable couplets, conformable with Marlowe's portion.

[a] The Faithful Shepherdesse, a pastoral drama of great beauty, was the sole production of Fletcher. It was brought out in 1610, but not printed for some years. The first edition has no date. Of the numerous plays published under their joint names, in 1647, Sir Aston Cockayne asserts,

> For Beaumont of those many writ but few:
> ———————————— the main
> Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.

[b] Sir Edward Dyer, whose poetry, if we may judge from what remains of it, was strangely overrated by his contemporaries. (See note by Mr. Dyce in his excellent edition of Greene's Works, vol. i., p. xxxiv.)

[c] As Jonson was only thirteen at the time of Sidney's death, in 1586,

XIII.

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale[d] to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease;[e] brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden);[f] after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campes, killed ane enemie and taken *opima spolia* from him;[g] and since his com-

and then moved in a very different sphere of life, it is very unlikely that he could have known any thing of his personal appearance.

[d] Mr. Gifford makes some remarks as to the spelling of Ben Johnson's name; but, if Ben's grandfather went, as Johnson supposed, from Annandale to Carlisle, which lies very near it, he must have pronounced and written, if he could write, his name *Johnstone*. I believe there never was a Johnson heard of in Annandale or its vicinity; but it was the nest of the *Johnstones:* the lairds of the Lochwood, ancestors of the marquisses of Annandale, were the chiefs of the clan, and this consisted of many considerable families of the name of Johnstone—the lairds of Wamphray, Powdean, Lockerby, Gretna, &c. I have examined as many of their pedigrees as I possess, in order to ascertain if Benjamin were ever a family name among them, but have not found it in Annandale. — (MS. note by C. K. Sharpe, Esq.)

[e] Jonson's birth must be placed in 1573, and not 1574, as stated by Mr. Gifford and other authorities. See p. 40 of this tract. His mother married her second husband in November, 1575.

[f] On many occasions, Jonson expressed his sincere regard towards his old Master; but it may be sufficient to notice that his first play, "Every Man in his Humour," is dedicated "To the most learned and my honoured friend MASTER CAMDEN, Clarencieux."

[g] Ben Jonson's Epigram, addressed to true Soldiers, touches on this incident of his life with some elation of heart. (Works, vol. viii., p. 219.)

ming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which [who] had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his; for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallowes.[h] Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie.[i]

He maried a wyfe who was a shrew, yet honest: 5 yeers he had not bedded with her, but remayned with my Lord Aulbanie.

In the tyme of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but I and No. They placed two damn'd villains to catch advantage of him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigrame.[j]

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's

[h] See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," by J. Payne Collier, p. 50, for an original letter from P. Henslowe, to the founder of Dulwich College, by which it appears that the adversary whom Ben Jonson killed, was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer. In the same letter Ben Jonson is called "bricklayer." The date of this event is 1598, and Henslowe's letter giving an account of it, is of the 26th of September, in that year.

[i] This is, probably, what Jonson refers to when he says, "to render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act," in his dedication of Volpone in 1607, "To the two famous Universities." There is no evidence that he had ever the benefit of an academical education. According to Anthony Wood (Fasti, vol. i., p. 392), "Benjamin Johnson, the father of English poets and poetry, and the most learned and judicious of the comedians, was then actually created Master of Arts, in a full House of Convocation," 19th July, 1619. From this date it would appear that the honour had been conferred on him a second time at Oxford, while on a visit to Dr. Corbet, Dean of Christ's Church, after his return from Scotland.

[j] Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burnt your selves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.
(Works, vol. viii., p. 182.)

house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague.[k] He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe,[l] and voluntarly imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him;[m] the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage,

[k] This plague broke out in 1603, and Jonson's child was then in his seventh year. (See Gifford's note, Works, vol. viii., p. 175.)

[l] The objectionable passage was, probably, omitted in the printed copy of the play. Jonson was a second time in prison with his friend Chapman in 1605, and the cause—a play. We know no more than that Jonson solicited Lord Salisbury to protect them. What the offence was, and the very name of the play, remain unknown. The letter, and it is a manly one, is in Gifford. (Works, vol. i., p. cxxxix.)

[m] The Poetaster was brought out in 1601, and in it he ridicules Marston and Dekker, under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius. (See before, p. 4, note k.)

in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him:[n] one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; ane other, lay divers tymes with a woman, who shew him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France.[o] This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes (as the setting of the favour of damosells on a cwd-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour streetched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane apointment to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she keeped; and it was himself disguysed in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder.

[n] The relation of these "accidents" might have been well spared, but, so much has been said in regard to this literary document, that I could not think myself justified in withholding any passages in it that relate to Jonson's personal history.

[o] The story of Ben Jonson's visit to France as governor of Sir Walter Raleigh's son, is discredited by Mr. Gifford, proceeding on the inaccuracy in the date, 1593, given by Aubrey, which is, indeed, two years before Sir Walter's son was born. The date 1613, when young Raleigh was in the eighteenth year, corresponds with the previous note of Jonson's conversation with Cardinal du Perron, while at Paris.

Every first day of the new year he had 20lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.

Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, bot I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus,[p] and accused both of poperie and treason by him.[q]

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, *i.* [*e.*] *sold them all for necessity.*

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what therafter sould befall him: for he would not flatter though he saw Death.

At his hither comming, S[r] Francis Bacon[r] said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poeticall Dactylus and Spondaeus.

[p] Sejanus was first acted in 1603, but not published till 1605. Jonson says that it had outlived the malice of its enemies, when he republished it in his works, 1616.

[q] An accusation of popery came with a bad grace from the Earl of Northampton, who, bred a papist, professed protestantism during the reign of Elizabeth, openly reverted to popery at the accession of James, which, at his request, he again abandoned to die—an avowed Catholic. See some account of him in Lord Orford's "Royal and Noble Authors," where all that can be told of him is little to his credit.—P. C.

[r] Jonson, in his "Discoveries," has done himself honour in the affectionate manner in which he delineates the character of Lord Bacon. "My

XIV.

14. His narrations of great ones.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord.

Queen Elizabeth never saw her self after she became old in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose. She had allwayes about Christmass evens set dice that threw sixes or five, and she knew not they were other, to make her win and esteame herself fortunate. That she had a membrana[s] on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tryed many. At the comming over of Monsieur, ther was a French chirurgion who took in hand to cut it, yett fear stayed her, and his death. King Philip had intention by dispensation of the Pope to have maried her.

Sir P. Sidneye's Mother, Leicester's sister, after she had the litle pox,[t] never shew herself in Court therafter bot masked:

conceit of his person (he says) was never increased toward him by his place, or honours: but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him; as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." (Works, vol. ix., p. 185.) See, also, his lines "on Lord Bacon's Birthday." (Ibid. vol. viii., 440.)

[s] "This impediment is mentioned in a letter from our Queen Mary, addressed to her sister queen, printed in the Burghley Papers [by Murdin, p. 558]. I have read somewhere that the epistle was supposed to be a forgery, in order to irritate Queen Elizabeth against Queen Mary. It appeared to me long ago to be a trick of Queen Mary's, to enrage Elizabeth against Lady Shrewsbury. I think there is something about this in Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors."—(MS. note by Charles K. Sharpe, Esq.) See also Appendix to Hume's History, and Seward's Anecdotes.

[t] Jonson has "an Epigram to the Small-pox," which may have allusion to the lady above mentioned. (Works, vol. viii., p. 399.) This is referred

The Earl of Leicester gave a botle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his returne from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.[u]

Salisbury never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.

My Lord Lisle's daughter, my Lady Wroth,[v] is unworthily maried on a jealous husband.

Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in, accused her that she keept table to poets, of which she wrott a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never chalenged him.

to by Lord Brooke, in his Life of Sir Philip Sydney. "The mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come upon the stage of the world with any disparagement."—P. C.

[u] Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, died September 4, 1588. It had been suspected he died of poison, and that his lady served him as he is said to have served others; but the above statement goes far to prove that it was unintentional. In the Hawth. MSS. is the following epitaph, "Of the Earle of Lei[ce]ster," probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Jonson:—

Heere lies a valiant warrior,
who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier,
who never kept his word;
Here lies the Earle of Leister,
who govern'd the Estates;
Whom the' Earth could never living love,
and the just Heaven now hates.

[v] Jonson dedicated his Alchemist, in 1612, to Lady Mary Wroth, who was daughter to Robert Earl of Leicester, and, consequently, niece to Sir Philip Sidney. She wrote a pastoral romance called *Urania*, in imitation of her uncle's *Arcadia*, printed in 1621, which contains some very pretty verses. Her husband was Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, in the county of Middlesex. (See notes in Gifford's Jonson, vol. iv., p. 5, and vol. viii., p. 391.)

My Lord Chancelor of England[w] wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other Councellours from the pyking of their teeth.

Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Johnson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse: hence his epigrame.[x]

Essex wrote that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus,[y] which is A. B. The last book the

[w] Sir Francis Bacon was Lord High Chancellor of England between 1617 and 1621.

[x] See this epigram, or "song," as it is called, in his Works, vol. viii., p. 265.

[y] The Annals of Tacitus, and his Description of Germany, were translated by Richard Greenway, and printed in 1598, with a dedication to Robert, Earl of Essex. The other portions of Tacitus, being his History, in four books (the fifth book being omitted, for which Jonson has here assigned a reason), and the Life of Agricola, had been previously translated and published by Sir Henry Saville, viz., in 1591, and again in 1598, dedicated "To her most Sacred Majestie." In the third edition, printed at London in the year 1604, these translations form one volume; and to Saville's, being the last portion, is prefixed the address of "A. B." "To the Reader," which Jonson here mentions as having been written by the Earl of Essex. Jonson has an epigram to Savile:

> If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
> That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
> I should believe, the soul of Tacitus
> In thee, most weighty SAVILE lived to us:
> So hast thou render'd him in all his bounds,
> And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.

There is yet more of this. "Sir Nicholas Bacon," says Jonson, in his Discoveries, "was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave and truly lettered; Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; Lord Egerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best

gentleman durst not translate for the evill it containes of the Jewes.

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet.[z] Neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Scullor's.[a]

It were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorants, for that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own eloquence.

XV.

HIS OPINIONE OF VERSES.

That he wrott all his first in prose, for so his Master, Camden, had learned him.

That verses stood by sense without either colours or accent; *which yett other tymes he denied.*

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what sould have been understood by what was said. That of S. Joh. Davies, 'Some loved running verses,' *plus mihi complacet.*

He imitated the description of a night from Bonifonius his *Vigilium Veneris.*

when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome."

[z] King James, in his youth, wrote a sonnet on Sir Philip Sidney's death, in which he calls upon Mars, Minerva, Apollo, and "the Sisters who dwell on Parnassus," to

Lament for him who duelie serv'd you all.

This sonnet was not only translated into Latin by the King himself, but was honoured in a similar manner by several of his courtiers, namely, by Patrick, afterwards Lord Gray, Sir John Maitland, afterwards Lord Thirlestane, and Alexander Seton, afterwards Earl of Dunfermline, besides two different versions "per Coronellum Ja. Halkerston." The sonnet and these different versions are inserted in the volume entitled "Academiae Cantabrigiensis Lachrymæ tumulo Nobilissimi Equitis, D. Philippi Sidneij sacratæ, per Alexandrum Nevillum." Londini, 1587, 4to.

[a] Apparently meaning John Taylor, the Water-Poet.

He scorned such verses as could be transponed.

Wher is the man that never yett did hear
Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene?
Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene,
Wher is the man that never yett did hear?[b]

XVI.

OF HIS WORKES:

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.

He hath a pastorall intitled The May Lord.[c] His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedfoord's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembrook, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*[d]

[b] These are the opening lines of Sir John Davies or Davy's "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing," first printed in 12mo. 1596. It differs materially from the later impressions. ("Bridgewater Catalogue," by Collier, p. 92.) See the same lines repeated at page 33.

[c] This pastoral, "The May Lord," is supposed to have perished in the fire which accidentally consumed Jonson's papers. Mr. Gifford objects in strong terms to the remark by Drummond at the end of the paragraph, "Contrary to all other pastorals," &c. (Works, vol. vi., p. 250.)

[d] "The criticism," says Gifford, "is worthy of the critic."

But here's an heresy of late let fall,
That mirth by no means fits a pastoral;
Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else there's no scene more properly assumes
The sock.

They who said this would have

No style for pastoral should go
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah! and O!
Who judgeth so, may singularly err;
As if all poesie had one character
In which what were not written, were not right.

These lines are from the prologue to *The Sad Shepherd*, and seem to have some allusion to the critic at Hawthornden.—P. C.

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.[e]

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex ['s] mariage.[f]

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.

In a poem he calleth Edinborough

The heart[g] of Scotland, Britaines other eye.

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass;[h] according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself ane Ass. Παρεργους is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.

[e] Jonson appears to have greatly admired the beautiful scenery of Loch-lomond, and in his letters to Drummond reminds him of his promise to send him "some things concerning the Loch of Lomond;" and Drummond, in a letter, dated July 1, 1619, and printed in the Preface, says, in his last he had sent a description of Loch Lomond, with a map of Inch-merinoch.

[f] This appears, from the title to the original 4to. edition, "Hymenæi; or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, magnificently performed on the Eleventh and Twelfth Nights from Chrystmas, at Court: to the auspicious celebrating of the Marriage-Union betweene Robert Earle of Essex and the Lady Frances, second daughter of the most noble Earle of Suffolke, 1605-6. The Author B. J." 1606, the date of the nuptials. The earl was divorced from the countess in 1613, who then espoused Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of King James, a circumstance sufficient to account for his omitting the names of the parties in his Works, 1616. (See vol. vii., p. 47.)

[g] In Sibbald's MS., *part* is written by mistake for *heart*; but the poem by Jonson referred to is not known to be preserved.

[h] The comedy of "The Devil is an Ass," was acted in 1616, but not printed for many years afterwards, and, during that interval, may have undergone alterations by the author in consequence of the accusation referred to above. The "Vice" was the buffoon in the old mysteries and moralities of the English stage.

He hath commented and translated Horace['s] Art of Poesie: it is in dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and keept long in wrytt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus['s] Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.[i]

XVII.

Of his jeasts and apothegms.[j]

At what tyme Henry the Fourth turn'd Catholick, Pasquill had in his hand a book, and was asked by Morphorius What it was? he told him, It was gramer. Why doe ye studie gramer, being so old? asked Morphorius. Because, ansuered he, I have found a positive that hath no superlative, and a superlative that wants a positive: The King of Spain is Rex Catholicus, and is not Catholicissimus; and the French King Christianissimus, yett is not Christianus.

When they drank on him he cited that of Plinie that they had call'd him *Ad prandium, non ad pœnam et notam.*

And said of that Panagyrist who wrott panagyriques in acrostics, windowes crosses, that he was *Homo miserrimæ patientiæ.*

He scorned Anagrams; and had ever in his mouth

> Turpe est difficiles amare nugas,
> Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

[i] If the spectators were so persuaded, they could not possibly relish the play.

[j] Of these "Jests and Apothegmes" several are found repeated by Drummond in what he calls "Democritie; a Labyrinth of Delight, or worke preparative for the apologie of Democritus:" containing a number of anecdotes, pasquils, anagrams, &c. It is preserved among the Hawthornden Manuscripts, in the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. (Arch. Scotica, vol. iv.)

A Cook who was of ane evill lyfe, when a minister told him He would to hell; askt, What torment was there? Being ansuered Fyre. Fire (said he), that is my play-fellow.

A Lord playing at Tenis, and having asked those in the gallerie Whither a strock was Chase or Losse? A Brother of my Lord Northumberland's answered, it was Loss. The Lord demanded If he did say it? I say it, said he, what are yow? I have played your worth! said the Lord. Ye know not the worth of a gentleman! replyed the other. And it proved so, for ere he died he was greater than the other. Ane other English Lord lossed all his game, if he had seen a face that liked him not he stroke his balls at that gallerie.

Ane Englishman who had maintained Democritus' opinion of atomes, being old, wrott a book to his son (who was not then six years of age), in which he left him arguments to maintain, and answer objections, for all that was in his book; only, if they objected obscuritie against his book, he bid him answer, that his Father, above all names in the world, hated most the name of Lucifer, and all open writters were *Luciferi*.

Butlar excommunicat from his table all reporters of long poems, wilfull disputers, tedious discoursers: the best banquets were those wher they mistered no musitians to chase tym.

The greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Pascall lamb that was all larded.

At a supper wher a gentlewoman had given him unsavoury wild-foul, and therefter, to wash, sweet water; he commended her that shee gave him sweet water, because her flesh stinked.

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would call him ane Inigo.[k]

[k] Jonson said to Prince Charles, "That when he wanted words to sett forth a knave, he would name him an Inigo." Hawth. MSS. (Arch. Scotica, vol. iv.)

Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, A foole: he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it.[1]

One who fired a Tobacco pipe with a ballet [ballad] the next day having a sore-head, swoare he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballet: A Poet should detest a Ballet maker.

He saw a picture painted by a bad painter, of Easter, Haman and Assuerus. Haman courting Esther, in a bed after the fashion of ours, was only seen by one leg. Assuerus back was turned, with this verse over him, And wilt thou, Haman, be so malitious as to lye with myne own wyfe in myne house?

He himselfe being once so taken, the Goodman said, I would not believe yee would abuse my house so.

In a profound contemplation a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair being asked of ane other who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, It

[1] These notes bear ample testimony to the fact of Jonson's quarrel with Inigo Jones, although no doubt they were reconciled previous to their fresh animosity, when Jones, with a spirit unworthy of a man of such genius, embittered the declining years of the poet, then suffering under the two-fold pressure of disease and poverty. In the Hawth. MSS. is the following epigram "Of Inigo Jones," by Sir William Alexander:

This man so conversantlye acts his part
That it turnes naturall to him what late was art.

This fresh animosity between Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones seems to have broken out in 1631, because (according to a letter from John Pory to Sir T. Puckering, quoted in Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. ii., p. 37), on the title-page of *Chloridia*, Ben Jonson had put his own name before that of Inigo Jones. Jonson subsequently wrote the part of Vitruvius Hoop, in his "Tale of a Tub," in ridicule of Jones; and, when Sir H. Herbert licensed it, the offensive character and the motion of the tub were struck out "by command from my Lord Chamberlain, exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the King's works, as a personal injury to him."—(*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 53.)

was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates.[m]

A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Innkeeper had advised with him about ane ensing, said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all.

A little man drinking Prince Henrie's health between two tall fellowes, said, He made up the H.

Sir Henry Wotton,[n] befor his Majesties going to England, being disguised at Leith on Sunday, when all the rest were at church, being interrupted of his occupation by ane other wenche who came in at the door, cryed out, "Pox on thee, for thou hast hindered the procreation of a chyld," and betrayed himself.

A Justice of Peace would have commanded a Captaine to sit first at a table, because, sayes he, I am a Justice of Peace; the other drawing his sword comanded him, for sayeth he, I am a Justice of War.

What is that, the more yow out of it, groweth still the longer? — A Ditch.

He used to say, that they who delight to fill men extraordinarie full in their own houses, loved to have their meate againe.

A certain Puritain minister would not give the Communion save unto 13 at once: (imitating, as he thought, our Master.) Now, when they were sett, and one bethinking himself that some of them must represent Judas, that it sould not be

[m] This jest of beards running to seed, "to sow bald pates withall," is introduced by Jonson in The Staple of News, act iii., scene i.

[n] Isaak Walton relates of Sir Henry Wotton, that about a year before Queen Elizabeth's death, Sir Henry came to Scotland, taking the name and language of an Italian, and remained there three months under the assumed name of Octavio Baldi, only known to James VI.; having been sent by Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Florence, "who had intercepted certain letters, that discovered a design to take away the life of the then King of Scots."

he returned, and so did all the rest, understanding his thought.

A Gentlewoman fell in such a phantasie or phrensie with one Mr. Dod, a puritan preacher, that she requeested her Husband that, for the procreation of ane Angel or Saint, he might lye with her; which having obtained,[o] it was but ane ordinarie birth.

Scaliger writtes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scorns his [us?] Englishe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him.[p]

A Gentleman reading a poem that began with

> Wher is the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene?

calling his Cook, asked If he had ever heard of her? Who answering, No, demonstrate to him,

> Lo, ther the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene!

A waiting woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a shee meeting in the dark, his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. "Faith, Lady (said hee) I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."

A Judge comming along a hall, and being stopped by a throng, cried *Dominum cognoscite vestrum.* One of them ther said, They would, if he durst say the beginning of that verse (for he had a fair wyfe): *Actæon ego sum,* cryed he, and went on.

A packet of letters which had fallen over board was devored of a fish that was tane at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

[o] It is, perhaps, scarcely worth remarking, that this is not a very credible anecdote, in regard at least to Mr. Dod.

[p] This seems to allude to a curious passage in a letter of Scaliger's, addressed, not to Casaubon, but to Stephanus Ubertus, in 1608. (Scaligeri Epistolæ, p. 706, edit. 1627, 8vo.)

He scorned that simplicitie of Cardan about the peeble stone of Dover, which he thought had that vertue, keeped betweene one's teeth, as to save him from being sick.

A scholar expert in Latine and Greke, but nothing in the English, said of hott broath, that he would make the danger of it: for it could not be ill English that was good Latine, *facere periculum*.

A translatour of the Emperours lyves, translated Antonius Pius, Antonie Pye.[q]

The word Harlott was taken from Arlotte,[r] who was the mother of William the Conquerour; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it.

S[r] Geslaine Piercy asked the Maior of Plimmouth, Whether it was his own beard or the Town's beard that he came to welcome my Lord with? for, he thought, it was so long that he thought every one of the Town had eked some part to it.

That he stroke at S[r] Hierosme Bowes' breast, and asked him If he was within.

An epitaph was made upon one who had a long beard,

Here lyes a man at a beard's end, &c.[s]

He said to the King, his master, M. G. Buchanan, had cor-

[q] The worthy old Roman is so called in "the booke of the life of the noble and eloquent Mark Aurelye Anthony Emperour." A small black letter volume, printed in the early part of the sixteenth century. There are other amusing renderings of Roman names. Seneca, is *Senec;* Pyrrhus, *Pyrhe;* Cneius Rufinus, *Cnee Ruffyn;* and Aulus Gellius, *Aule Gele,* or *Aul Gely*.—P. C.

[r] See note by Gifford, to a passage in Jonson's Volpone, (Works, vol. iii., p. 311.) Moth, the antiquary, in Cartwright's Ordinary, gives the very definition that Jonson gives.

[s] This epitaph occurs in the Hawthornden MSS. as follows:

Epitaph of a Longe Bearde.

At a Beards end, heere lies a man,
The odds 'tween them was scarce a span;
Living, with his wombe it did meet,
And now dead, it covers his feet.

rupted his eare when young, and learned him to sing verses when he sould have read them.

S^r^ Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was Ambassadour in Scotland, *Hic nunquam regnabit supernos.*

Of all his Playes he never gained two hundreth pounds.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:

> So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
> For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death.
>
> . . . . . .

Heywood the Epigrammatist[t] being apparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the presence, in spight of all the Gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meaned? and then he asked her, If he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he almost had misknowen himself.

His Impressa was a compass with one foot in center, the other broken, the word, *Deest quod duceret orbem.*

Essex, after his brother's death, Mr. D'Evreux, in France, at tilt had a black shield void, the word, *Par nulla figura dolori.* Ane other tyme, when the Queen was offended at him, a diamond with its own ashes, with which it is cutt, about it the word, *Dum formas minuis.*

He gave the Prince, *Fax gloria mentis honestæ.*[u]

He said to me, that I was too good and simple, and that oft a man's modestie made a fool of his witt.

His armes were three spindles or *rhombi*; his own word about them, *Percunctabor* or *Perscrutator.*[v]

[t] Old John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was among the earliest of the English dramatic writers, and his works possess a good deal of wit and coarse humour. Jonson introduces his name in his "Tale of a Tub."

[u] This is the motto of the badge which our Nova Scotia baronets now bear, but it runs:—*Fax mentis honestæ gloria.*

[v] Mr. J. P. Collier is in possession of a title-page of a copy of the "Diana" of Montemayor, translated by B. Yonge, which formerly belonged to Ben Jonson, and upon the title-page he has written his name, with the addition of the words, *Tanquam Explorator.*

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,

Here lyes BENJAMIN JOHNSON dead,
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;
That as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and evermore will.[w]

Ane other.

Here lyes honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen.

XVIII.

MISCELLANIES.

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a tailour. He and I walking alone, he asked two criples, what they would have to take him to their order.

In his Sejanus he hath translated a whole oration of Tacitus: the first four bookes of Tacitus ignorantly done in Englishe.[x]

J. Selden liveth on his owne, is the Law book of the Judges of England, the bravest man in all languages; his booke "Titles of Honour," written to his chamber-fellow Heyward.

Tailor was sent along here to scorn him.[y]

Cambden wrot that book "Remaines of Bretagne."[z]

Joseph Hall the harbenger to Done's Anniversarie.[a]

The epigrame of Martial, *Vir verpium* he vantes to expone.

[w] In the Hawth. MSS., these lines are also found, with some verbal alteration, entitled, "B. Johnson his Epitaph, told to mee by himselfe: not made by him." (Arch. Scotica, vol. iv.)

[x] This, undoubtedly, refers to Saville's translation, and rather contradicts his encomium of the work, as quoted at page 25, note y.

[y] In the Introduction it has been shown that Taylor vindicates himself from such an imputation.

[z] Camden's "Remains concerning Britain" were published originally in 1605, without the author's name.

[a] Prefixed to "The Second Anniversary" of the Progress of the Soul are forty-two lines, entitled "The Harbinger to the Progress," being evidently what Jonson referred to, as written by Hall.

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum; for Dametas sometymes speaks grave sentences. Lucan taken in parts excellent, altogidder naught.[b]

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant.[c]

Questioned about English, *them, they, those. They* is still the nominative, *those* accusative, *them* newter; collective, not *them men, them* trees, but *them* by itself referred to many. *Which, who,* be relatives, not *that. Flouds, hilles,* he would have masculines.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.

He made much of that Epistle of Plinius, wher *Ad prandium, non ad notam* is; and that other of Marcellinus, who Plinie made to be removed from the table; and of the grosse turbat.

One wrote one epigrame to his father, and vanted he had slain ten, the quantity of *decem* being false. An other answered the epigrame, telling that *decem* was false.

S. J. Davies' epigrame of the whoores C. compared to a coule.

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

[b] This is merely the repetition, as regards Lucan, of an opinion assigned to Jonson in an earlier part of these notes, and in nearly the same words. See p. 4.

[c] At a later period, in his "Discoveries," he says, "Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel), beyond all they could have hoped or done for themselves without her favour."—(Works, vol. ix., p. 175.) Ben Jonson may here have meant to refer to men like Sir John Davys, Dr. Donne, and Bishop Hall.

He had this oft,—

> Thy flattering picture, Phrenee, is lyke thee
> Only in this, that ye both painted be.[d]

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619,[e] in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton,[f] which he minded to take back that farr againe: they were appearing like Coriat's:[g] the first two dayes he was all excoriate.

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.[h]

XIX.

He sent to me this Madrigal:

ON A LOVERS DUST, MADE SAND FOR ANE HOURE GLASSE.[i]

> Doe but consider this smal dust here running in the glasse
> by atomes moved,
> Could thou believe that this the bodie ever was
> of one that loved?

---

[d] This epigram is printed in Donne's Poems, p. 64, edit. 1669, 8vo.

[e] In Drummond's Works is a short letter to Jonson, dated January 17th, 1619; mentioning his having heard from Court, that Jonson's "absence was regretted: such applause (he adds) hath true worth," &c., p. 234.—See it also in the preface to this tract, p. ix.

[f] Probably Darlington in Durham.

[g] Thomas Coryat of Odcombe, who published his Travels in 1611, under the title of "Crudities," and prefaced with an extensive and most singular collection of mock "Panegyricke verses in praise of the author and his worke," written by Jonson, and most of the principal wits of the time.

[h] See before, p. 7, note v.

[i] This madrigal, and the lines that follow it, dated January 19, 1619, in Drummond's Works, p. 155, are introduced with the dedication, (which is

And, in his Mistresse flaming playing like the flye,
turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death, as lyfe unblest
to have it exprest
Even ashes of Lovers find no rest.

And that which is (as he said) a Picture of himselfe.[j]

I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,
For else it could not bee,
That shee,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee,
And cast my sute behinde:
I'm sure my language to her is as sweet,
And all my closes meet
In numbers of as subtile feete
As makes the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

O! but my conscious feares,
That flye my thoughts betweene,
Prompt mee that shee hath seene
My hundred of gray haires,
Told six and forty yeares,[k]
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockye face,
And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her eares.

---

inserted at page ix. of the preface) and was no doubt printed from Jonson's own autograph. It is not contained in Sibbald's MS., as Drummond had not transcribed this personal compliment to himself. It is uncertain whether the original autograph is still preserved.

[j] According to Drummond's Works, this "Picture," in the original MS., was thus prefaced: "Yet that Love, when it is at full, may admit heaping, receive another; and this a Picture of my self."

[k] As this was undoubtedly written in January 1619, and not in January 1619-20, as Mr. Gifford states (vol. i., p. 3), it places Jonson's birth in the year 1573, and not in the subsequent year, the date which is usually assigned. In England, indeed, the year was still reckoned as commencing on the 25th of March; but in Scotland this computation had been changed, and our present mode adopted from and after the first of January 1601.

January 19, 1619.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth;) a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both.[1] *Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie,*

[1] See Mr. Boswell's remarks on this passage, in his edition of Malone's Shakespeare, vol. i., p. xlix. After the above words, the following interpolations first appeared in Cibber's Lives of the English Poets, which were in fact the compilation of Richard Shiel, though published in Cibber's name. "He was for any religion, being *versed in all*; his inventions were smooth and easy, but above all he excelled in translation. *In short, he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakespeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakespeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable.*" (Vol. i., p. 241.) For the words here printed in Italics, Drummond's MSS. furnish no kind of authority. Neither does Sibbald's transcript contain "The Character of several Authors, given by Mr. Drummond" himself, which is inserted in his Works, p. 226, and will be found in the appendix to this tract, p. 48. The summing up of Jonson's character remains, indeed, as unqualified as ever, and it is by no means a flattering picture. The only question, however, is, whether Drummond was a competent and an unprejudiced observer, and whether the impression left on his mind, after several days' social intercourse, be a correct delineation of Jonson's personal character and disposition — points which need not be here discussed. Mr. Gifford admits "that forbearance was at no time our poet's (Jonson's) virtue," while Drummond's testimony was not required in order to satisfy us of Jonson's overweening vanity, of his occasional arrogance, and his despite and jealousy of some of his contemporaries; but, on the other hand, he possessed many redeeming qualities, and a warm-hearted humanity, which had been sacrificed to an imaginary envy

which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.[m]

When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.

FINIS.

of Shakespeare. His character cannot be better drawn than in the words of Mr. Campbell, with part of which we may conclude. "It is true that he [Jonson] had lofty notions of himself, was proud even to arrogance in his defiance of censure, and, in the warmth of his own praises of himself, was scarcely surpassed by his most zealous admirers; but many fine traits of honour and affection are likewise observable in the portrait of his character, and the charges of malice and jealousy that have been heaped on his name for a hundred years turn out to be without foundation. In the quarrel with Marston and Dekker his culpability is by no means evident. He did not receive benefits from Shakespeare, and did not sneer at him in the passages that have been taken to prove his ingratitude; and, instead of envying that great poet, he gave him his noblest praise; nor did he trample on his contemporaries, but liberally commended them." (Specimens of the British Poets, vol. iii., p. 142.)

[m] Jonson himself and his friends maintained that his Translations were the best parts of his works; a conclusion in which Gifford and other modern critics are by no means disposed to acquiesce. See Jonson's Works, vol. ii. p. 474, note.

APPENDIX.

HEADS OF A CONVERSATION BETWIXT THE FAMOUS POET BEN JOHNSON AND WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, JANUARY, 1619.[n]

(From Drummond's Works, page 224.)

He (Ben Johnson) said, that his Grandfather came from Carlisle, to which he had come from Annandale in Scotland; that he served King Henry VIII., and was a gentleman, His Father lost his estate under Queen Mary, having been cast in prison and forfeited, and at last he turned Minister. He was posthumous, being born a month after his father's death, and was put to school by a friend. His master was Camden. Afterwards he was taken from it, and put to another craft, viz: to be a Bricklayer, which he could not endure, but went to the Low-Countries, and returning home again, he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low-Countries he had, in the view of both the armies, killed an enemy, and taken the opima spolia from him; and since coming to England, being appealed to a duel, he had killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his. For this crime he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows. Then he took his religion on trust of a Priest, who visited him in prison; he was 12 years a Papist; but after this he was reconciled to the Church of

[n] The Conversations in their abridged form is subjoined as a necessary portion of the volume. A comparison will satisfy the reader, that, if an injudicious, it was at least not an unfair abridgment.

England, and left off to be a Recusant. (At his first Communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drunk out the full cup of wine.) He was Master of Arts in both Universities. In the time of his close imprisonment under Queen Elizabeth there were spies to catch him, but he was advertised of them by the Keeper. He has an Epigram on the Spies. He married a wife, who was a shrew, yet honest to him. When the King came to England, about the time that the Plague was in London, he (Ben Johnson) being in the country at Sir Rob. Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which, amaz'd, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension at which he should not be dejected: In the meantime there come letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the Plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the Resurrection.

He was accused by Sir James Murray to the King for writing something against the Scots in a play called Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them: It was reported that they should have their Ears and Noses cut. After their delivery he entertained all his friends, there were present Camden, Selden, and others. In the middle of the feast his old mother drank to him, and shewed him a paper, which she designed (if the sentence had passed) to have mixed among his drink, and it was strong and lusty poison, and that she was no churl, she told she designed first to have drunk it herself.

He said, he had spent a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination. He wrote all his verses first in prose, as his master Camden taught him, and said, that verses stood by sense without either colours or accent.

He used to say, that many Epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said before; as that of Sir John Davies. That he had a Pastoral intitled the May Lord, his own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countess of Bedford, Mogbel Overbery the old Countess of Suffolk, an En-

chantress; other names are given to Somerset, his lady, Pembroke, the Countess of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first scene, Alkin comes in mending his broken pipe. He bringeth in, says our Author, Clowns making mirth and foolish sports, contrary to all other Pastorals. He had also a design to write a Fisher or Pastoral Play, and make the stage of it in the Lomond Lake; and also to write his foot-pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discovery, in a poem he calleth Edinburgh;

"The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye."

That he had an intention to have made a play like Plautus's Amphytruo, but left it off, for that he could never find two so like one to the other, that he could persuade the spectators that they were one.

That he had a design to write an Epick Poem, and was to call it Chorologia of the Worthies of his Country raised by fame, and was to dedicate it to his Country: It is all in couplets, for he detested all other rhymes. He said he had written a Discourse of Poetry both against Campion and Daniel, especially the last, where he proves couplets to be the best sort of verses, especially when they are broke like Hexameters, and that cross Rhimes and Stanzas, because the purpose would lead beyond 8 lines, were all forced. His censure of the English Poets was this; that Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself; Spencer's Stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of the Allegory of his Fairy Queen he had delivered in writing to Sir Walter Rawleigh, which was, that by the Bleating Beast he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa the Queen of Scots. He told, that Spencer's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King Street; he refused 20 pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no Poet; and that he had wrote the Civil Wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the Worthies, had been excellent. That he was challenged for intituling one book Mortimariades. That Sir John Davis play'd on Drayton in an Epi-

gram, who in his Sonnet concluded his Mistress might have been the ninth worthy, and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said, his Mistriss, for wit, might be a giant. That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer; and these of Fairfax were not good. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexdrines were but prose. That Sir John Harrington's Ariosto, under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of His Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were narrations, not Epigrams. He said, Donne was originally a Poet, his grandfather on the mother side was Heywood the Epigrammatist. That Donne for not being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first Poet in the world for some things; his verses of the lost Ochadine he had by heart, and that passage of the Calm, that dust and feathers did not stir, all was so quiet. He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. The Conceit of Donne's Transformation or Μετεμψυχώσις, was, that he sought the soul of that apple that Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman; his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the Hereticks from the Soul of Cain; and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made Doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his anniversary was prophane and full of blasphemies, that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable. To which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a Woman, and not as she was. He said Shakespear wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered ship-wrack in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles. That Sir Walter Rawleigh esteemed more fame than conscience; the best wits in England were imployed in making his History. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick War, which he altered, and set in his book. He said there was no such ground for an heroick poem as King Arthur's Fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his Arcadia to the Stories of King Arthur. He said, Owen was a poor pedantick Schoolmaster,

sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his Epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was 30 years of age, who, he said, was a good Poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That Sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him because a friend to Drayton. That Sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought several times with Marston and says, that Marston wrote his Father-in-laws preachings, and his Father-in-law his Comedies. His judgment of Stranger Poets was, That he thought not Bartas a Poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction: he cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into Sonnets, which, he said, was like that tyrant's bed where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini in his Pastor Fido kept no decorum, in making shepherds speak as well as himself. That he told Cardinal du Perou (when he was in France, Anno 1613.) who showed him his translation of Virgil, that it was naught; that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes. But all this was to no purpose (says our Author) for he never understood the French or Italian languages. He said, Petronius, Plinius Secundus and Plautus spoke best Latine, and that Tacitus wrote the secrets of the Council and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Court. That Lucan, taken in parts, was excellent, but altogether naught. That Quintilians 6. 7 and 8 books were not only to be read but altogether digested. That Juvenal, Horace and Martial were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar; but Hippocrates for health. Of the English nation he said, that Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity was best for Church matters, and Selden's Titles of Honour for Antiquities. Here our Author relates that the censure of his verses was, that they were all good, especially his Epitaph on Prince Henry, save that they smelled too much of the Schools, and were not after the fancy of the times; for a child (says he) may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses in running; yet that he wished for pleasing the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his own.

As Ben Johnson has been very liberal of his censures on all his co-temporaries, so our Author does not spare him; For (he says) Ben Johnson was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jea-

lous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived, a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done; he is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, a general disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation. When his play of the Silent Woman was first acted, there were found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, because there was never one man to say *Plaudite* to it.

Mr. Drummond gave the following Character of several Authors.

The Authors I have seen (saith he) on the subject of Love, are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat (whom because of their antiquity, I will not match with our better times) Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and Spencer. He who writeth the Art of English Poesy [o] praiseth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their works are so few that are come to my hands, I cannot well say any thing of them.

The last we have are Sir William Alexander, and Shakespear,[p] who have lately published their works. Constable,[q] saith some, have [hath]

[o] See Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, London, 1589.

[p] Here Drummond evidently refers to the poems of Shakespeare, and not to his plays.

[q] Henry Constable, as Mr. Collier remarks, (Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 283) "had an extraordinary reputation; but nothing he has left behind him warrants the praise bestowed upon him in an old play, 'The Return from Parnassus,' 1606, in a couplet, which will remind the reader of a beautiful passage in Milton's 'Comus:'

> 'Sweet Constable doth take the wond'ring ear,
> And lays it up in willing prisonment.'

The only work he published is a collection of sonnets, under the title of

written excellently; and Murray,[r] with others, I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works: But of secrets who can soundly judge?

The best and most exquisite Poet of this subject, by consent of the whole Senate of Poets, is Petrarch. S. W. R.,[s] in an Epitaph on Sidney, calleth him our English Petrarch; and Daniel[t] regrates he was not a Petrarch, though his Delia be a Laura; So Sidney in his Ast[rophel] and Stella telleth of Petrarch,

> You that poore Petrarch's long deceased wooes,
> With new-borne sighes, [and denisend wit do sing.]

The French have also set him before them as a Paragon; whereof we still find, that those of our English Poets who have approached nearest to him, are the most exquisite on this subject. When I say approach him, I mean not in following his invention, but in forging as good; and when one matter cometh to them all at once, who quintessenceth it in the finest substance.

Among our English Poets, Petrarch is imitated, nay, surpast in some things, in matter and manner: In matter none approach him to Sidney, who hath Songs and Sonnets in matter intermingled:[u] In manner the nearest I find to him is W. Alexander; who, insisting

'Delia,' 1592." He appears to have visited Scotland on more than one occasion. In March 1599, he was summoned to appear before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, as being a Roman Catholic; but he excused himself from appearing as a stranger, and soon after left the country.

[r] Probably Sir David Murray of Gorthy, who was tutor of Prince Henry, and was the author of a volume published in 1611, "The Tragicall Death of Sophonisba," and containing a number of sonnets, under the title of "Cælia." His cousin, John Murray, is also known as a poetical writer, but we learn from a letter addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden, by Sir William Alexander, enclosing a sonnet on his death, that John Murray died in April 1615. (Works, p. 150.)

[s] No doubt Sir Walter Raleigh: an Epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, is included in the Roxburghe volume, "Sidneiana," published by Dr. Butler, Bishop of Lichfield, in 1837. This, however, is not the epitaph that Drummond refers to.

[t] See his Delia, Sonnet xl.

[u] In his Astrophel and Stella, usually subjoined to his Arcadia.

in these same steps, hath Sextains, Madrigals, and Songs, Echoes and Equivoques,[v] which he hath not; whereby, as the one hath surpast him in matter, so the other in manner of writting, or form. This one thing which is followed by the Italians, as of Sanazarius and others, is, that none celebrateth their Mistress after her death, which Ronsard hath imitated; After which two, next (methinks) followeth Daniel, for sweetness in ryming second to none. Drayton seemeth rather to have loved his Muse than his Mistress; by, I know not what artificial Similes, this sheweth well his mind but not the Passion. As to that which Spencer calleth his Amoretti, I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a father.[w]

Donne, among the Anacreontick lyrics, is second to none, and far from all second; but as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, tho' he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil, no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's verses: They can hardly be compared together trading diverse paths; the one flying swift, but low, the other, like the eagle, surpassing the clouds. I think, if he would, he might easily be the best Epigrammatist we have found in English; of which I have not yet seen any come near the Ancients. Compare Song *Marry and Love* &c.[x] with Tasso's stanzas against beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best.

Drayton's Polyolbion is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English, poetical and well prosecuted; there are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems. The 7th song pleaseth me much. The 12th is excellent. The 13th also. The Discourse of Hunting passeth with any Poet, and the 18th, which is his last in this edition 1614.[y]

I find in him, which is in most part of my Compatriots, too great

[v] In his "Aurora, containing the first fancies of the Author's youth, William Alexander of Menstrie." London, 1604, 4to.

[w] Whatever opinion may be entertained respecting Spenser's *Amoretti*, there is no reason to call in question his being the author.

[x] The second of Donne's Elegies begins *Marry and love thy Flavia.*

[y] The second part of Drayton's Polyolbion was not published until the year 1622.

an admiration of their country; on the History of which, whilst they muse, as wondering, they forget sometimes to be good Poets.

Silvester's translation of Judith, and the Battle of Yvory, are excellent. He is not happy in his inventions, as may be seen in his "Tabacco Batter'd," and "Epitaphes;" Who likes to know whether he or Hudson hath the advantage of Judith,[z] let them compare the beginning of the 4th Book, "O Silver brow'd Diana," &c. And the end of the 4th Book, "Her waved locks," &c. The midst of the 8th [5th] Book, "In Ragau's ample plain one morning met," &c. The 6th Book, after the beginning, "Each being set anon, fulfilled out," &c. And after, "Judas, said she; Thy Jacob to deliver, now is the time," &c. His pains are much to be praised, and happy Translations, in sundry parts equalling the Original.

[z] "The Historie of Judith" was Englished by Thomas Hudson, from the French of Du Bartas, at the command of James VI., to whom it was dedicated, and printed at Edinburgh, 1584, 8vo. In a list of the king's (James VI.) household, "Mekill Thomas Hudsone" appears with three others of the same name, as Violaris. The term "mekill," or large, may apply to his person. He long continued at the Scottish court. On the 5th of June 1586, he was appointed "Maister of his Hienes Chappell Royall." See note in Alexander Montgomery's Poems, p. 302, Edinburgh, 1821, 8vo. Hudson's version of Judith was afterwards reprinted at London in 1608, and in the subsequent editions of Sylvester's popular translation of "Du Bartas his Divine Weekes and Dayes." Sylvester was so greatly admired for the smoothness of his versification, as to be called "Silver tong'd Sylvester."

INDEX OF PERSONS OR AUTHORS

MENTIONED IN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS.

Aiton, Sir Robert, 11
Alexander, Sir William, (afterwards Earl of Stirling), 11
Ariosto, 3
Arlotte, Mother of William the Conqueror, 34
Arthur, King, 10
Aubigny, Lord d', 19

Bacon, Sir Francis, Lord Chancellor, 22, 25
Bartas, Sieur Du, 2, 4
Beaumont, Francis, 10, 14, 17
Bedford, Countess of, 7, 27
Bonefonius, 5, 26
Boulstred, Mrs., 7, 38
Bowes, Sir Hierosme, 34
Buchanan, George, 34
Butler, 30

Calvin, John, 9
Camden, William, 18, 20, 26, 36
Campion, Thomas, 1
Cardan, 34
Casaubon, Isaac, 33
Chapman, George, 3, 4, 8, 12, 17, 20
Charles, Prince of Wales, 30, 35
Coriate, Thomas, 38
Cotton, Sir Robert, 20

Daniel, Samuel, 1, 2, 10, 14
Davies, or Davy, Sir John, 15, 26, 37
Day, John, 4, 12
Dekker, Thomas, 4
Democritus, 30
Devereux, Mr., brother of the Earl of Essex, 35
Dod, John, 33
Donne, Dr. John, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 15, 29, 37
Drayton, Michael, 2, 10, 11, 15
Drummond, William, of Hawthornden, *passim*
Du Bartas, *see* Bartas
Dyer, Sir Edward, 17

Elizabeth, Queen, 15, 19, 23, 35
Essex, Robert, Earl of, 12, 25, 28, 35

Fairfax, Edward, 2, 3
Field, Nathan, 11
Fletcher, John, 4, 12, 17
France, Abraham, 4

Guarini, 4, 36

Hall, Joseph, 36
Harrington, Sir John, 3
Henry the Eighth of England, 18
Henry the Fourth of France, 29
Henry, Prince of Wales, 7, 8, 32
Herbert, Sir Edward, 6, 8
Heyward, Sir John?, 36
Heywood, John, 15, 35
Homer, 3, 8, 17
Hooker, Richard, 10
Horace, 2, 5, 6, 10, 11, 29

James the First, King, 3, 19, 20, 22, 26, 34, 35
Jones, Inigo, 22, 30, 31
Jonson, Ben, *passim*, his Father and Grandfather, 18; his Mother, 18, 20; his Wife, 19; his Son, 20
Juvenal, 2, 10

Leicester, Robert, Earl of, 23, 24; his Sister, 23; his Lady, 24

Lisle, Lord, 17, 24; his daughter, 24
Lucan, 4, 37

Marcellinus, 37
Markham, Gervase, 11
Marphorius, 29
Marston, John, 11, 16, 20, 21; his Father-in-law, 16
Martial, 2, 7, 10, 11, 36
Mary, Queen of England, 18, 35
Mary, Queen of Scots, 12
Middleton, John, 12
Minshew, 4
Murray, Sir James, 20
Musaeus, 17

Northampton, Earl of, 22
Northumberland, Earl of; his Brother, 30

Overbury, Sir Thomas, 12, 16, 27
Owen, John, 17

Pasquil, 29
Pembroke, Earl of, 22, 25
Pembroke, Countess of, 15, 25, 27
Perron, Cardinal Du, 5
Persius, 10
Petrarch, 4
Petronius Arbiter, 5, 9
Phaer, Thomas, 3
Philip the Second of Spain, 23
Piercy, Sir Geslaine, 34
Pindar, 10
Plautus, 29
Plinius Secundus, 2, 9, 29, 37
Plymouth, Mayor of, 34

Quintilian, 2, 9

Raleigh, Sir Walter, 2, 12, 15, 21; his Lady, 21; his Son, 21
Roe, Sir John, 10, 11, 14
Ronsard, 5
Rutland, Countess of, 16, 17, 24, 27

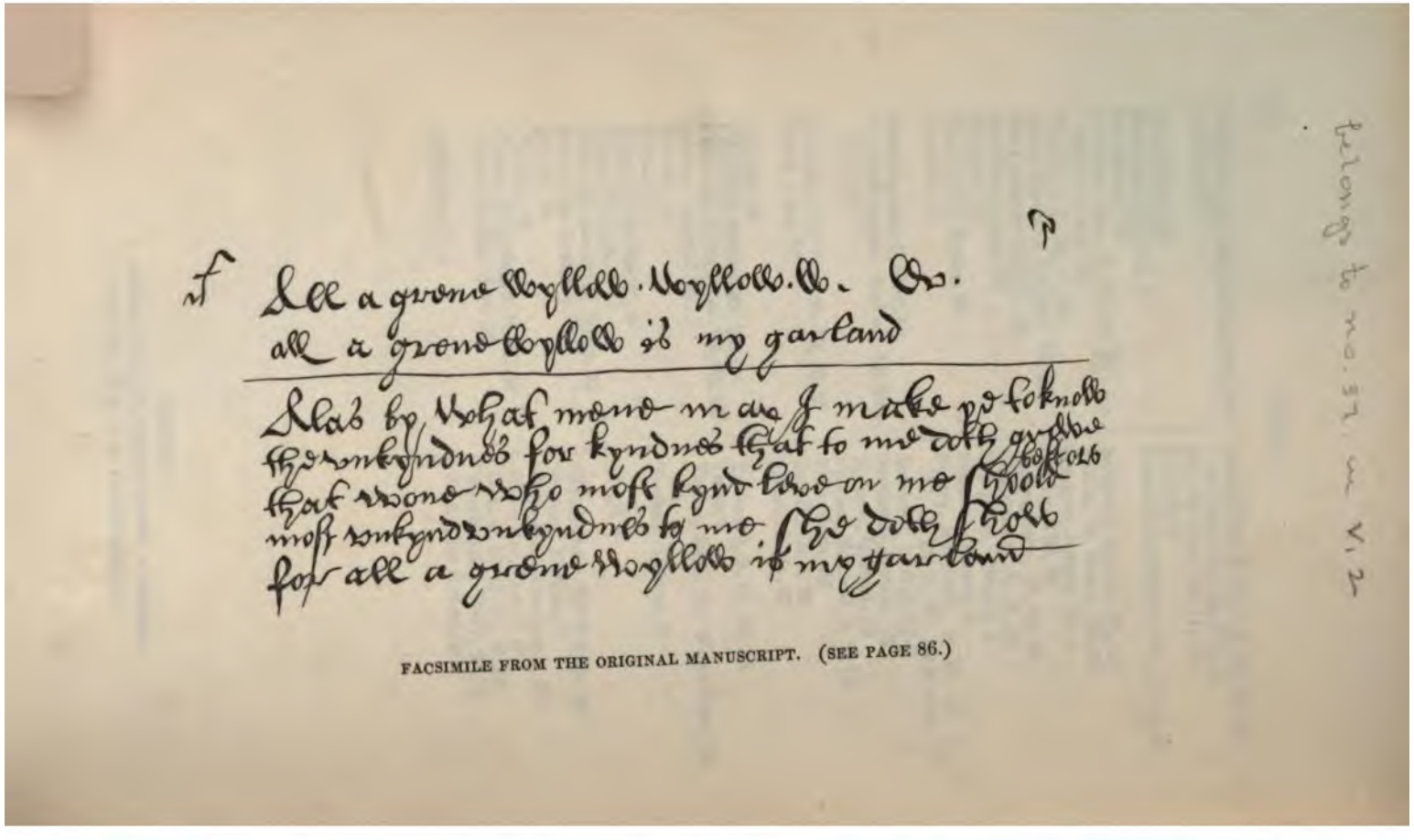
Salisbury, Earl of, 22, 24
Saville, Sir Henry, 25, 36
Scaliger, Joseph, 33
Scullor, The, 26
Selden, John, 10, 20, 36
Shakespeare, 3, 16, 39
Sharpham, Edward, 4
Silvester, Josuah, 2
Sidney, Sir Philip, 2, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, 26, 36; his Mother, 23
Somerset, Earl of, 27
Southwell, Robert, 13
Spencer, Gabriel, 19
Spenser, Edmond, 2, 9, 12
Stow, John, 36
Suffolk, Lord, 10
Suffolk, Lady, 27

Tacitus, 2, 9, 10, 25, 36
Tasso, 3
Taylor, John, the Water-Poet, 26, 36
Twynne, Thomas, 3

Virgil, 3

Walsingham, Sir Francis, 35
Warner, William, 3
William the Conqueror, 34
Worcester, Earl of, 17
Wotton, Sir Henry, 8, 32
Wroth, Lady Mary, 24, 27
Wroth, Sir Robert, 24

LONDON:
F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.



FACSIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. (SEE PAGE 86.)

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER;

A COMEDY,

BY ANTHONY MUNDAY.

PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

THE PROPERTY OF R. M. L. MOSTYN, ESQ., M.P.

WITH OTHER TRACTS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1851.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

COUNCIL

OF

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

President.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

Vice-Presidents.

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF CLARENDON.
THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF GLENGALL.
THE RT. HON. THE EARL HOWE.
THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE.
THE RT. HON. THE VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR JAMES KNIGHT BRUCE.

Council.

WILLIAM AYRTON, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
ROBERT BELL, ESQ.
BAYLE BERNARD, ESQ.
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., V.P.S.A., DIRECTOR.
W. DURRANT COOPER, ESQ., F.S.A.
BOLTON CORNEY, ESQ., M.R.S.L.
PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., F.S.A., TREASURER.
THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.
JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.
J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
THE REV. WILLIAM HARNESS.
JAMES HEYWOOD, ESQ., M.P.
DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.
CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.
WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, ESQ.
THE HON. GEORGE O'CALLAGHAN.
FREDERIC OUVRY, ESQ., F.S.A.
T. J. PETTIGREW, ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A.
WILLIAM JOHN THOMS, ESQ., F.S.A.
HIS EXCELLENCY M. DE SILVAIN VAN DE WEYER.
F. GUEST TOMLINS, ESQ., SECRETARY.

The Council of the Shakespeare Society desire it to be understood that they are not answerable for any opinions or observations that may appear in the Society's publications; the Editors of the several works being alone responsible for the same.

INTRODUCTION.

For the use of the highly valuable and remarkable manuscript, printed in the first half of the ensuing volume, we are indebted to E. M. L. Mostyn, Esq., M.P. Some of the papers of that ancient family falling under the notice of Sir Frederick Madden, (Principal Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum) he found among them a theatrical relic, under the title of "The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber," and procured the ready consent of the proprietor to the publication of it by the Shakespeare Society. It is fitting, therefore, that our obligations to both those gentlemen should, in the first instance, be emphatically expressed; and most of our Members are aware that the latter has always taken a warm interest in our proceedings, as well as in every thing calculated to illustrate the history of our early drama, poetry, and general literature.

How the play of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" came into the hands of the Mostyns, after the lapse of more than two centuries and a half we are unable to determine. We entertain little doubt that it was written originally for representation at one of

the public theatres of the Metropolis; and it is possible that, having been in some respects well adapted to private performance, the author subsequently prepared it for the purpose, and transmitted his manuscript to North Wales, where it may have been exhibited by the retainers of some powerful house as a Christmas entertainment. On the other hand, it seems more likely that it was acted by a company of professional performers during their progress through North Wales and South Lancashire; and it is to be observed that the author was at one time engaged as a writer for a body calling themselves the theatrical servants of Lord Strange.[1] They may have left their "book" behind them in the country, and in this way it may have been deposited among domestic muniments. It is, however, needless to speculate upon this point: we have good reason to rejoice that the MS. has been preserved, and that we have now an opportunity of presenting it to our subscribers.

There is no doubt respecting the authorship of the work, since it is signed by that celebrated dramatist, Anthony Munday, or Mundy, at the conclusion, in the following form:

"Finis.

"Anthony Mundy.

"Decembris, 1595."

The whole body of the work is in Munday's hand-

[1] The earliest account in "Henslowe's Diary" is thus headed: "In the name of God, Amen, 1591, beginning the 19 of February, my Lord Strange's men, as followeth." See p. 20 of our impression of this valuable manuscript, made in 1845 by the liberal permission of the Master, Warden, and Fellows, of Dulwich College.

writing, and, by permission of Mr. Mostyn, we have had a facsimile made of a portion of it, which precedes the title-page of our volume.

The size of the original manuscript is foolscap-folio, and it is in all parts quite as closely written as our specimen; but, unfortunately, damp and other causes have worn away some of the margins, especially at the tops and bottoms of the pages, so that in various places the sense can only be filled up by conjecture. We have usually indicated these defects by asterisks; and if here and there we have ventured to supply a word or two, regarding which we could not be mistaken, we have never omitted to place our insertions between brackets, in order that the reader might not be misguided as to the real state of the original. What we have left undone, in the way of completing the writer's meaning, a little ingenuity would often have accomplished; but we preferred trusting the matter to the speculation of others, even though the mode we have pursued has disfigured our text more than otherwise might have been necessary. It will be seen that our last two pages exhibit a grievous deficiency of this kind; for the final leaf of the MS. has been diagonally torn, and nearly one half of it is entirely wanting: luckily, however, the name of the author is left, with the date of the month and year when, perhaps, he finished his composition. We ought to state, however, that "Decembris, 1595," is not Munday's autograph, although in a handwriting of the time. The tearing of the MS. has had the lament-

able effect of annihilating the beginnings or ends of from twenty to thirty lines.

Notwithstanding this apparent ill-usage of the manuscript, and the farther injury it has sustained from damp or accident, the whole story of the piece can be perfectly made out, and nothing has been lost, as far as we can judge, which was important to the explanation of the incidents, or to the delineation of the characters. The latter are drawn with sufficient distinctness; but Munday's wish seems to have been, not so much to write a play in which what were of old called "humours," or individual peculiarities, were portrayed, as a piece with much variety of detail, and with the attractive admixture of natural and preternatural agencies. He has combined with these the "merriments" of grotesque clowns and ignorant rustics, with more skill and effect than, we apprehend, are to be found in any poet of his time—of course, with the exception of Shakespeare. One of these scenes will strongly remind those who happen to be acquainted with it, of "Kemp's applauded merriments" on receiving King Edgar into Gotham, in the comedy of the "Knack to know a Knave," 1594;[1] but Munday has employed his materials with greater judgment, and, above all, he has ingeniously contrived that they shall contribute to the progress and unwinding of the story. In the "Knack to know a Knave," (which was printed only

[1] This "merry Comedy," with four other early dramas, like it of a peculiar and intermediate character, has recently been re-printed by the Roxburghe Club.

the year before "John a Kent and John a Cumber" bears date) the scene between the Miller, the Cobbler, the Smith, &c., is mere blundering buffoonery, intended only to raise a laugh, without aiding at all in the advancement of the plot; but Munday has not only heightened the drollery of the dialogue, but has made it, and the persons engaged in it, subsidiary to the main objects he had in view, and to the circumstances in which his chief characters are placed.

In fact, it is a performance in which the plot has been treated as the matter of highest importance; and while it is not needlessly involved, it is full of unexpected changes, and the reader is often kept in uncertainty as to the way in which the persons will escape from the positions in which they find themselves. It was the ability evinced by Munday in this department of the duty of a dramatist, that obtained for him the character of the "best plotter" our stage possessed in 1598;[1] and

[1] This character was given to him by Francis Meres, in his "*Palladis Tamia.* Wit's Treasury." 12mo. 1598: on fo. 283 we read as follows:—

"The best Poets for Comedy among the Greeks are these: Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis, Alexis Terius, Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxandrides Rhodius, Aristonymus, Archippus Atheniensis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Nævius, Sext. Turpilius, Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus: so the best for Comedy amongst us bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley once a rare Scholler of learned Pembrooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes one of her Majesties Chappell, eloquent and witty John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway, and Henry Chettle."

Ben Jonson is not even mentioned here among "the best for comedy," while Munday is singled out as the "best plotter."

although this praise, by no incompetent judge, is to be taken with grains of allowance, there is no doubt that in this respect Munday had advantages over not a few of his contemporaries. He seems to have been as decidedly superior to Ben Jonson, (of whose hostility to Munday we shall have more to say hereafter, in reference to the very expression we have quoted) in the construction of the story of a play, as he was inferior to him in the delineation of characters, and their idiosyncrasies.

Few of Munday's dramatic productions have come down to us, and we shall hereafter insert a list of such as are extant, in our enumeration of all his known works, dramatic and undramatic; but such of his plays as exist support, though not to its full extent, the applause to which we have just adverted. His earliest dramatic attempt seems to have been a comedy called "The Two Italian Gentlemen," which was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication in November, 1584,[1] and was no doubt printed in that year, although both the extant copies want title-pages.

[1] The memorandum in the Registers is in the following form, showing that the running title of "The two Italian Gentlemen" was preceded, on the title-page, by the names of the heroes, viz., Fidele and Fortun[atus.]

"12 Novembr.

"Tho. Hackett. Rd of him, for printinge a booke, entituled *fidele* and *fortun.* The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italyan gent, translated into Englishe."

Extracts from the Stationers' Registers, ii., 193.

The authorship of Munday, as far as translation is concerned, is ascertained by the circumstance that the dedication of one of the two remaining copies is subscribed with his initials: it may be seen in "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 242.

This was a mere translation, and whatever merit the plot may possess belongs to the original author; but such is not the case with Munday's "Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington," which he probably wrote alone, nor with his "Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," in which he was assisted by Henry Chettle. Both of these were first printed in 1601,[1] but they were written some years earlier, and are indisputably favourable specimens of his talents and ingenuity.

As a dramatic poet, independently of the formation of his fable, (which is so important a portion of the art required in theatrical composition) Munday is seen to greater advantage in the two plays relating to Robert Earl of Huntington, or Robin Hood, than in the drama of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" because, although the versification in the latter in general runs smoothly, like that of a practised writer, it has no claim to be ranked in the higher order of our stage-performances: the lines are usually unambitious of any greater excellence than that of conveying the writer's meaning distinctly, at the same time falling agreeably upon the

[1] They are reprinted in the Supplemental Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays," which was prepared by the Editor of the present publication in 1828. "The Widow's Charm," which some have supposed to be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," 1607, has been imputed to Munday by Malone, on the authority of "Henslowe's Diary;" but in the two entries relating to it he is only called "Anthony the poet." There was another Anthony in Henslowe's employment and pay—Anthony Wadeson—and he may have been the writer of "The Widow's Charm." See "Henslowe's Diary," printed by the Shakespeare Society, pp. 225, 226.

ear of the auditor. Therefore, if any reader shall expect to meet with bold and lofty flights of fancy, with new and poetical images, and with any thing approaching the wealth, force, and variety of expression, as well as the depth and originality of thought, to which he has been accustomed in Shakespeare, he will be disappointed. All that Munday proposed to himself seems to have been to compose a comedy, which for two or three hours should amuse by the novelty and diversity of its incidents, and satisfy by the plain, and appropriate language put into the mouths of the characters interested in the progress and result of the story.

Here we may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that the extravagant, though most just, admiration with which we invariably turn to the dramas of Shakespeare, has led many persons to fix too high a standard for estimating the qualifications and excellences of his contemporaries. We will venture, nevertheless, to assert, after the devotion of a tolerably long life to the study of early dramatic literature, that even if the plays of Shakespeare be entirely left out of consideration, his contemporaries, such as Marlow, Greene, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman, Webster, Marston, Dekker, Munday, and many others, have left behind them productions of the same description, which will not only compete with, but, in most respects, exceed, the efforts of the dramatists of any other country of the world since the revival of letters. The recent and very able volumes of Mr. Ticknor[1] have tended much to place

[1] The History of Spanish Literature. 3 vols. 8vo. 1850.

upon a proper level the elder dramatists of Spain, and thereby (while freely admitting the excellence of others) to establish the superiority of our own. We are prepared to maintain that, in all the great essentials of stage-composition, any comparison between the great literary ornaments of the respective theatres of Spain and England must terminate in favour of the latter. The parallel is the more fair, because the principles upon which the poets of the two countries wrote were extremely similar, and, as far as we know, without the slightest concert or communication.

It will now be necessary to enter with a little more particularity into the fable, conduct, and characters, of "John a Kent and John a Cumber;" but as the play, in such entireness as it possesses in the manuscript, is now before our readers, we may avoid prolixity in noticing the story which Munday either borrowed or invented.

At this time of day, and in the present state of our information, we need hardly advert to the manner in which our early dramatists resorted, in the construction of their plays, to any known history or popular fiction. We more than strongly suspect, for we are thoroughly convinced, that such was the origin of the comedy in our hands. Munday found John a Kent and John a Cumber persons whose existence, as accomplished and powerful magicians, was fixed in popular belief; and he took advantage of that belief very much in the same way his contemporary, Robert Greene, took advantage of it, when he wrote

his play founded upon the preternatural powers attributed to Friars Bacon and Bongay.[1] The novel forming the foundation of Greene's production has been preserved to our day, though in an edition much later than the date of the drama; but, in the case before us, although we have no early printed account of the exploits of John a Kent or of his competitor, we feel satisfied that a work of the kind must formerly have been current, and that the very circumstance of its extreme popularity has led to the destruction of every copy, so as to leave John a Kent and his performances merely a matter of vague tradition. His story, and the remarkable incidents and achievements with which he was connected, must have been narrated in chap-books and ballads, numerously printed and widely circulated, but they have all perished; and we believe that the only record of what he attempted or accomplished is found in the comedy before us. It has happened with these chap-books and ballads, as with many other specimens of our old national literature, that having been printed in the cheapest form, they became such favourites with the lower orders, and were so much read and so carelessly treated, that every edition has disappeared. The very circumstance that they assumed so unpretending a shape, and addressed themselves to the vulgar and the ignorant, kept them out of the libraries and depo-

[1] See vol. viii. of the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," in which "The honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay," 1594, was inserted for the first time.

sitories of the wealthy and the learned; and in comparatively modern times they have only now and then been accidentally detected in obscure corners, or in the collections of individuals of peculiar habits and propensities,[1] who were probably themselves hardly aware of the value of such productions, in connexion with the history of the progress of human intellect.

To establish this fact, we have only to direct attention to the many ancient ballads, broadsides, penny-histories, and other ephemeral productions, recorded in our volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," compared with the few indeed that are now known.

We have stated that the comedy of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" contains proof of the popularity, at least, of the former as a magician or wizard, whose existence and abilities were fixed in belief by the composition of tracts, printed and circulated of old, relating to his achievements. To these we find Sidanen, the heroine of the play, referring very

[1] Such, for instance, as Samuel Pepys, whose curious accumulations of this kind are preserved in Magdalene College, Cambridge, where the kindness of the Hon. the Dean of Windsor renders them as accessible as the terms of the bequest will permit. The prudence of the restrictions imposed by Pepys cannot be doubted, although they may now and then be found inconvenient to such as have occasion to make extensive or lengthened examinations of the mass of popular relics he left behind him, which would assuredly not have been preserved to this day, but for the stringent regulations established by the testator.

The Editor may here, perhaps, be permitted to state that he has long been preparing a history of ballads, chap-books, and early popular literature, especially in relation to the annals of our country.

distinctly, on p. 50, where she tells John a Kent that she

> ———" will entreat all Britain's poets
> To write large volumes of thy learned skill:"

and she said so because, in fact, such narratives were well known at the time Munday wrote. Again, on p. 58, when Lord Powis and Prince Griffin are expressing their gratitude to John a Kent for what he had accomplished in their favour, the former exclaims—

> " Ah, peerless John! with love, with life, and lands,
> Will we requite this kindness at thy hands:"

and Prince Griffin adds—

> " And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endless praise,
> While our fair loves and we enjoy our days:"

clearly showing that such "sweet Sonnets" in praise of John a Kent were then in circulation.[1]

We may also refer to pp. 40, 41, for abundant evidence that the peasantry were well acquainted not only with his being, but with his powers, and held him in sufficient awe and veneration. "A man" (says Hugh, the Sexton) "were better deal with the best man in the country than with master John a Kent: he never goes abroad without a bushel of devils about him, that if one speak but an ill word of

[1] On p. 29, John a Cumber refers to the high reputation his competitor had acquired:

> "Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of thee:
> Auncient thy fame" * * *

but the injury of the MS. at this place renders it impossible to read farther, and we are tantalized by the certainty that what followed must have been important with reference to the exploits of John a Kent, which we now learn only by tradition.

him, he knows it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devils, and where's the man then?" To this the leader of the clowns adds—"Indeed, sir, master John hath dealt but even so so with me, in times past: hark ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellow, as sometimes ye know flesh and blood will be frail, but my wife hath known on it ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devils." It is therefore needless to dwell longer upon this point.

With regard to his character, as we collect it from his words and actions in the drama, it will be seen that, although no higher nature is given to him than that of a human being with magical power and authority, he plays the part, in some respects, of a sort of merry goblin, or Robin Goodfellow, "a magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable," in aiding certain persons, who ingratiate themselves with him, to accomplish their reasonable desires, which without his help they could hardly hope to attain. These parties are Prince Griffin (of South Wales) and the Earl of Powis; one of whom is in love with Sidanen, the daughter of Prince Llwellen, (of North Wales) and the other with Marian, the daughter of the Earl of Chester.

John a Cumber is the competitor of John a Kent in supernatural power and magical delusion, and all we know of him is that he is represented as a native of Scotland,[1] and a wizard, who is called in by

[1] Mr. T. Stephens, of Merthyr Tydfil, in a letter in "Notes and Queries," of August 16, suggests that "John a Cumber is probably John

the Earl of Morton, a peer of that country, and by the Earl of Pembroke, to assist them in their designs upon Sidanen and Marian. These designs are perfectly honourable, and are zealously seconded by the fathers of the ladies; but in the end they and their coadjutor are outwitted and defeated: the weapons employed by John a Cumber are turned against himself, and he becomes, through the instrumentality of John a Kent, an object of contempt and ridicule with the very persons who expected to profit by his success. There is a great deal of genuine comedy both in the situations and dialogue, where insults of the most provoking kind are heaped upon the unfortunate John a Cumber, who at length, at the moment when he is most looking for a favourable issue to his schemes and contrivances, is mortified by being clothed in motley, and compelled to act as the Fool in a rustic morris-dance.

It would be a waste of time, to enter into any detailed account of the plot: neither would it be very easy to make our narrative perfectly intelligible, in consequence of the numerous and amusing changes of situation and circumstances in the progress of the performance, which in all probability rendered it popular. It will be observed that the manuscript is furnished with no list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, and perhaps it may be as well here to supply the deficiency, in order that our readers may become acquainted with the names of

y Kymro, or John the Cambrian;" but this is hardly consistent with the statement in the play that he was from Scotland.

the different characters before they commence the perusal of the drama.

Llwellen, Prince of North Wales.
Ranulph, Earl of Chester.
Sir Griffin Meriddock, Prince of South Wales.
Geoffrey, Earl of Powis.
Sir Gosselen Denville. } their friends.
Sir Evan Griffin. }
Earl of Pembroke.
Earl of Morton, a Scottish Lord.
Abbot of Chester.
John a Kent. } Magicians.
John a Cumber. }
Oswen, son to the Earl of Chester.
Lord Amery, his friend.
Lord Mortaigue.
Shrimp, John a Kent's Boy.
Turnip. }
Hugh Sexton. } Clowns and rustics.
Tom Taberer. }
Spurling and Boy. }
Countess of Chester, Mother of Marian.
Sidanen, Daughter of Llwellen.
Marian, Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Chester.
Servant to the Earl of Chester. Antics, Peasants, &c.

We are not aware that we are called upon to say more than we have already stated regarding these characters, with the exception, perhaps, of Sidanen, who seems to have been a Welsh heroine of considerable beauty and celebrity, in praise of whom, according to this play, poems had been written; for she herself in one place (p. 42) exclaims—

"Ay, poor Sidanen! let no more sweet song
Be made by Poet for Sidanen sake;"

and among the entries in the Stationers' Registers for the year 1579 we read the following, under date of 13th August:

"Rd of him (Richard Jones) for printing a ballad of British Sidanen, applied by a Courtier to the praise of the Queen."

The meaning appears to be, that some courtier had applied to Elizabeth a ballad which had been written in praise of Sidanen, as if she were a known subject of English verse at that period.[1]

The scene is laid throughout in and near the city of Chester, but in what way some of the principal persons engaged in the action of the piece are brought there, we have no distinct information: it is, however, to be borne in mind that Munday was addressing himself to an audience previously well acquainted with the names of most of the characters he introduces, and with the principal incidents he employs. Thus, when we are first brought acquainted with John a Kent (p. 5), he enters with Sir Gosselen Denville, and addresses Prince Griffin and the Earl of Powis (whose interests are similar) rather in the language of a highwayman than of a magician:—

"Be not offended at my salutations,
That bade ye stand before I say God speed;
For, in plain terms, speed what your speed may be,
Such coin you have both must and shall with me."

It deserves remark, also, in connexion with these expressions, that John a Kent calls Sir Gosselen

[1] We again refer our readers with much pleasure to the communication from Mr. T. Stephens, in "Notes and Queries," for some curious and interesting particulars regarding Sidanen, or Senena, whom he states to have been the daughter-in-law, and not the daughter, of Prince Llwellen.

Denville his "master;" and that in Captain C. Johnson's "Lives of the Highwaymen," (copied from Captain A. Smith's previous work of the same kind, published in 1714 and again in 1720) fol. 1734, p. 15, is inserted the Life of a Sir Gosselen Denville, who was accustomed to rob travellers, and who is said to have flourished in the reign of Edward II:[1] Munday may have transferred the scene of this hero's adventures to North Wales, though it does not at all appear in the course of the piece that Sir Gosselen was concerned in predatory transactions: on the contrary, he lives like a nobleman, in a castle, where passes much that is important to the plot.

Our earliest acquaintance with John a Cumber is even more abrupt, and very possibly for the same reason; namely, that the Author relied upon the recollection of his hearers, to whom particulars of the story were known that have not reached our time. On p. 22, (Act II., for the drama is divided into acts, though the scenes are not marked) John a Kent mentions his rival, and expresses a wish for his presence, in order that he (John a Kent) might be compelled to try the utmost of his magical skill, and display "the glory of his art," in defeating him; and on p. 26, John a Cumber introduces himself, and (having previously become acquainted with the relative position of the parties) immediately adopts the cause of

[1] In his "Watchword for England," 1584, Munday introduces the name of Sir Goceline Deynvile (Sign. B iii. *b*.) as one of the rebels under the Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II; and adds that he was drawn and quartered at York.

the Earls of Morton and Pembroke in their suit to Sidanen and Marian. How or why he had come from Scotland, excepting that his aid was required by Morton in his emergency, is not explained. Compared with John a Kent, John a Cumber cuts but a sorry figure as a conjuror, considering the high character he had received.

As to the name of John a Kent, we are not to suppose that it has any connexion with the county of Kent; because it is distinctly stated that he is a Welshman, and various traditions are current in Herefordshire respecting the exercise of his profession, and the display of his abilities. There is a village called Kentchurch, not far from Hereford, and it was in that part of the kingdom that our magician acquired most celebrity: it is possible, therefore, that the name of John a Kent may in some way have relation to Kentchurch,[1] but the editor has no local knowledge upon the point, and he has not succeeded in procuring from others the necessary information. It is certain, however, that the neighbourhood of Kentchurch was the chief scene of his exploits; and

[1] A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," (August 16, 1851) under the signature of Seleucus (Silurius?), has favoured us with information regarding John a Kent, which shows that he was a Welsh Bard in the beginning of the 15th century, and that some of his poems are published in the "Iolo MSS." In a note to those poems it is stated that the author was "a priest of Kentchurch in Herefordshire," and "is said to have lived in the time of Wicliffe, and to have been of his party." What was most needed, for the purpose of illustrating the play in our hands, was tidings (if they could have been procured) of some early published and popular history of John a Kent and his achievements; but these we can hardly hope to obtain.

upon this subject and the current traditions respecting him, an intelligent and learned friend, who resides at no great distance, has obligingly forwarded the subsequent memoranda.

"I have great pleasure in telling you all the little that I know about the mysterious being, John a Kent, who, I am inclined to think, must have been some personage of note in his time. His fame as a wizard, though not so extensive, is somewhat like that of Doctor Faustus. There is hardly any one in this southern part of Herefordshire, particularly among the peasantry, who has not some marvellous traditionary story to relate concerning him. Most of these tales, however, are resolvable into one or two exploits in travelling for or with his master, in something like the railway speed of a single night, from Grosmont or Kentchurch to London, and of his outwitting in some way or other the arch-enemy of mankind. But with regard to time they are so confused—as traditions are apt to be—that there is no arriving at any point from which a conjecture may be formed as to the period of his, or of his prototype's existence.

"A countryman whom I once met with in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, and questioned as to what he had ever heard of the state of the country during the civil war between Charles the First and the Parliament, and the plundering of the county by the Scots, during the siege of Hereford—of which there were formerly many traditions—immediately pounced upon John a Kent as an actor in those affairs. He told me that, when the Scots came to plunder in the neighbourhood of Kentchurch and Grosmont, this magician went into a field of corn, and with one blast of his horn called forth such a host of warriors, as immediately compelled the intruders to retire. But I am sure that the origin of John a Kent ascends much higher. Coxe, in his History (or Account) of Monmouthshire, gives, as far as I can recollect, most of the particulars that I ever heard related of him, and offers an ingenious conjecture as to his reality."

There can be no doubt, as the writer of the preceding note speculates, that John a Kent exercised his vocation at a period much anterior to the Civil Wars; and the play before us furnishes evidence that his reputation was so great at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, that a popular dramatist availed himself

of it for the purpose of stage-representation. For the following particulars we are indebted to a correspondent of "The Athenæum;" (26th July, 1851) and it will be found that they accord very much with the information above quoted.

"There are yet many legends current about John o' Kent in the vicinity of Kentchurch, twelve miles from Hereford, and twelve from Abergavenny. There is a barn, still called John o' Kent's Barn, in which he is said to have confined all the crows which infested a certain field which, when a boy, he was desired to watch—the barn having then no roof. There is an aged oak in Kentchurch Park, belonging to Colonel Scudamore, called John o' Kent's Oak, to which he is said to have fastened his dogs. He is supposed to have sold his soul to the Evil Spirit—the covenant being, that John o' Kent should not be buried inside a church, whence the Enemy could not have taken him. This he eluded by being buried under the church wall, half inside and half outside of the building, at Grosemont, the adjoining parish to Kentchurch, in Monmouthshire. I believe that there is something about him in Coxe's "Monmouthshire," but I have not the book. The old people about Kentchurch have some more tales about the feats of John of Kent. I have heard it conjectured that, under this name, in the character of a wizard, Owen Glendower lurked in this neighbourhood for many years; and that here two of his daughters were married, one to an ancestor of Colonel Scudamore, and another to a Monnington, of the village so called, where a tomb, supposed to be his, is still shown. I know not what authority there is for this conjecture. Kentchurch is a very ancient property of the family of Scudamore, who have been settled there some centuries. The present owner is abroad now, but habitually resides there. He has a portrait said to be of John a Kent."

As both the writers of the preceding communications refer to Coxe's "Historical Tour in Monmouthshire," and as it comprises some particulars and speculations not hitherto noticed, we venture to subjoin, with a little abridgment, what is there said of John a Kent (p 336, &c).

"Grosmont rings with the achievements of John a Kent. Like Dr. Faustus, he is said to have made a compact with the devil, but, more successful than the Doctor, he evaded the conditions of his covenant, and outwitted the prince of darkness, both in his life and at his death. Among the early specimens of his magical skill, while a farmer's boy in the vicinity, he confined a number of crows, which he was ordered to keep from the corn, in an old barn without a roof, that he might visit Grosmont fair. Kentchurch house, the neighbouring seat of the Scudamore family, by whom he was hired as a servant, became afterwards the scene of his marvellous exploits. The feat of all others which most endears his memory to the inhabitants of Grosmont was the construction of the bridge over the Monnow, leading to Kentchurch: it is still called John of Kent's bridge, and is said to have been built in one night by one of his familiar spirits. An old tombstone in the churchyard, close to the east wall of the chancel, is said to cover his body; and the legend reports that he was interred under the wall to evade the condition of his compact, which stipulated, that if buried either within the church, or out of the church, he should become the property of Satan.

"Various opinions have been entertained concerning this mysterious personage. According to some, he was the John of Kent, Gwent, or Went, a Franciscan, thus mentioned by Leland: 'He was bred in Wales, and so ardently followed the most celebrated schools of the Franciscans at Oxford, and made such improvements in profound learning, that he was the wonder of his religious bretheren.' Baker in his chronicle mentions another John of Kent among the men of learning in the reign of Henry III. According to others, he was the bard of Owen Glendower, and became domesticated in the family on the defeat of his chieftain, whose daughter married a Scudamore. A tradition, however, still prevails that an old wizard, disguised in a shepherd's habit, once roamed about in the neighbourhood of Grosmont, frequented Kentchurch house, and was buried privately under a stone in the churchyard below the east window of the chancel, which is called John of Kent's tombstone. It has been conjectured that this wizard was Owen Glendower himself, who, when proscribed, wandered about in a shepherd's habit, and took refuge with one of his daughters."

In the play, now for the first time printed, John a Kent evinces his masterdom over supernatural agents in a way not indicated in the preceding quota-

tions; for he raises no fewer than four different preternatural agents, or Antics, for the purpose of misleading his adversary, John a Cumber, and those who trusted in him. These Antics sing four songs; and John a Kent's boy, Shrimp, who is a very useful coadjutor, possesses the faculty of becoming invisible, and, like Ariel in "The Tempest," by his magical music induces persons to follow him, until they lose their way, and lie down to sleep from weariness. In any other particulars we would not for an instant be supposed to institute a comparison between the most beautiful and delicate creation our poetry can boast, and the coarse and comparatively vulgar invention of a great, but far inferior dramatist.[1]

[1] Since the above was in type, the Editor has to acknowledge the receipt of a very obliging letter from the Rev. R. P. Llewelyn, who resides near Bridgend, Glamorganshire, referring to several works which mention John a Kent and Sidanen. He states, among other points, that the late Taliesin Williams gained a prize offered for a History of the former; and that an air named after the latter is to be found in Parry's "Welsh Harper," i., 94.

MEMOIR OF ANTHONY MUNDAY.

We now proceed to give such an account as we are able to furnish of the life and writings of Anthony Munday. The materials have been collected from all sources, including what he says of himself in his own works, a means of knowledge hitherto almost entirely disregarded.[1]

It has been long known, upon his own authority, that Munday was intended for a stationer, (as booksellers and publishers were then called) and Vol. IV. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers" contains the very entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to his engagement with John Allde, or Aldee, to serve him as an apprentice in that trade. It is among the records belonging to October, 1576, and, as it is very short, we may be excused for quoting it here, for the sake of completeness.

"Anthonie Mondaie, sonne of Christopher mondaye, late of London, draper, deceased, hath put himself apprentice to John Aldee, stationer, for Eighte yeres, begynnynge at Bartholometide laste past."

We have here as many facts as lines, and among other points we learn the Christian name and trade of Anthony Munday's father,[2] and that he was dead

[1] As long ago as 1828 the Editor drew up a sketch of Munday's life from such imperfect materials as he then possessed; but he has since been able to correct various errors and to make many additions. It precedes "The downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," reprinted in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."

[2] It would probably be quite in vain to attempt to trace back his family, especially as we have no hint as to the part of the kingdom from which it originally came to settle in London: we may remark, however,

at the date when his son was bound to John Allde: Allde, as may be seen in our two volumes of "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," was principally engaged in the publication of ballads and small popular works. Some of these he either wrote, compiled, or translated himself, and perhaps he encouraged those under him also to exercise their literary talents; for in November, 1577, (just a year and a month after Munday became bound) was entered "The Defence of Poverty against the Desire of Wordly Riches, dialoguewise, collected by Anthony Mundaye;" and although this non-extant tract, or broadside, was not licensed at Stationers' Hall to Allde, but to John Charlwood, it is most likely that the former had an interest in its publication. It seems to have frequently happened, that two or more stationers having the copyright (such as that right then existed) in a work, it was licensed to only one of them: on the other hand, it is, of course, very possible that Allde had no concern with the earliest known production by his full-grown apprentice; but we shall hear presently what Munday himself says upon the question.

He could not have been much less than twenty-three years old when he bound himself to Allde, an age when, according to the custom of the trade in our day, a young man has usually finished his apprenticeship. He was born in 1553, because we shall show,

that Munday was not an uncommon name in the midland counties, and especially in Warwickshire, from whence unquestionably so many of our old dramatists and actors arrived in the metropolis with the Shakespeares, the Burbadges, &c.

at the close of the present memoir, that he was eighty at the time of his death in 1633. It seems very probable, if it be not quite certain, that he had tried his talents on the stage before he bound himself in 1576; and a considerable impulse had been given to theatrical affairs, about the year preceding, by the construction of three regular playhouses, two in Shoreditch, and a third in the precinct of the Blackfriars.[1] Here it will be necessary for us to anticipate a little by a quotation from a tract published in the very beginning of 1582, written in vindication of the Jesuit Edmond Campion, and of others executed with him on 1st December, 1581, which contains an attack upon Munday, who had been one of the witnesses against them. It is there asserted positively, that he had been a stage-player before he became Allde's apprentice. The work to which we refer is called "A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite and preiste, and M. Sherwin and M. Bryan, preistes, at Tiborne, the first of December, 1581. Observed and written by a Catholike preist which was present therat," &c.

According to this authority, (not very impartial, it must be admitted) Munday "was *first* a stage-player, (no doubt a calling of some creditt) *after* an apprentise, which time he wel served with deceaving of his master; then, wandring towardes Italy, by his own report became a coosener in his journey. Comming

[1] The Theatre and Curtain, in the parish of St. Leonard, and the Blackfriars Theatre, in the parish of St. Anne. An account of these may be found in the "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 263, 268, and 273. Some particulars, since discovered, are contained in Vol. IV. of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers," p. 63.

to Rome, in his short abode there was charitably relieved, but never admitted in the Seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke;[1] and, being wery of well doing, returned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler, new come out of Italy, did play extempore: those gentlemen and others whiche were present can best give witnes of his dexterity, who, being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then, being thereby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes, but yet (O constant youth!) he now beginnes againe to ruffle upon the stage. I omit, among other places, his behavior in Barbican with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent might fetch him to his court, were it not for love (I woulde saye slaunder) to their gospel. Yet I thinke it not amiss to remember thee of this boyes infelicitie."[2]

Making all due allowance for exaggeration on the part of this Roman Catholic priest, who could have no friendly feeling towards Munday, in consequence of his recently avowed hostility and the imputed treachery of which the friends of Campion complained, we need not doubt that there are points

[1] Alluding to "A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates," &c. "Published by A. M., sometime the Popes scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Rome amongst them." This tract must have been published before the execution of Campion, Sherwin, and Bryan; and the "True Reporte," by the Catholic priest, was a reply to it, but, of course, issued after the 1st of December, 1581.

[2] This passage is most incorrectly and incompletely quoted by Chalmers, in his Biogr. Dict., xxii., 513. It is accurately given in the Bridgewater Catalogue, compiled by the Editor, and privately printed for the Earl of Ellesmere in 1837, p. 45.

of truth in the preceding attack. We may take it for granted, because Munday never contradicts it while answering another part of the accusation, that he had been on the stage before the Autumn of 1576, when he became apprentice—that he then repaired to Rome, (for what purpose is not stated, but his enemies asserted that his object was first to spy into the conduct of the English Seminary there, and afterwards to betray it[1]) and that leaving that city, after a short residence, he returned to England and to the stage, where he endeavoured to play extempore. Between his two histrionic attempts he became Allde's apprentice; and, were we to trust what is said by the writer of the tract above quoted, "deceived his master;" but this accusation was not long afterwards distinctly met by Munday, who, in his "Breefe Aunswer made unto two Seditious Pamphlets," 1582, inserted the ensuing certificate from John Allde:—

"This is to let all men understand that Anthony Munday, for the tyme he was my Servaunt, dyd his duetie in all respectes, as much as I could desire, without fraude, covin, or deceyte: if otherwise I should report of him, I should but say untrueth.

"By me, JOHN ALLDE."

[1] Sledd and Munday were two of the witnesses against Campion and others; and among some stanzas at the end of the "True Report" of the death, &c., of Campion, we read the following:—

"The witnesse false, Sledd, Munday, and the rest,
Which had your slanders noted in your booke,
Confesse your fault beforehand, it were best,
Lest God do find it written, when he doth looke
In dreadfull doome upon the soules of men:
It will be late, alas, to mend it then."

This, therefore, must be taken as a satisfactory exculpation of Munday from the charge of having "deceived his master." As we have said, he does not deny that he had been on the stage before his apprenticeship, and that fact may be considered established. It is certain, also, that he was not in Allde's service in 1582, nor even in 1578, as we shall show presently: so that, although he bound himself, in his indentures, for "eight years," he must have served but a short time. As his master and he appear to have continued on good terms, we may, perhaps, conclude that the engagement was ended by mutual consent, and that Allde returned his apprentice the articles he had signed in October, 1576.

We can only speculate what is meant by the last part of the charge against Munday, where his "behaviour in Barbican with his good mistress and mother" is mentioned; but we may add that he dates his "Breefe Aunswer" "from Barbican this 22 of March, 1582;" so that he was not ashamed of his residence there, and he continued in the same neighbourhood afterwards.

In this tract Munday tells us (Sig. D 3) that his master, John Allde, printed his first work; but we have already seen that his "Defence of Poverty" was licensed to Charlwood, though it may have been printed and published by Allde. In September, 1578, Richard Jones entered for publication "a booke intitled the payne of pleasure," which in the Registers of the Stationers' Company is said to have been "compiled by N. Britten," or Nicholas Breton. This

last statement, we apprehend, is a mistake, and that Munday was the real author of the work; for Dr. Farmer was in possession of a tract, dated 1580, and called "The Pain of Pleasure," which had unquestionably Munday's name upon the title-page, if the accurate Herbert may be trusted.[1] When, however, Munday informs us that his master, John Allde, printed his first work, he refers, we believe, to his "Mirror of Mutability," (a production of considerable pretension and labour, and an avowed imitation of "The Mirror for Magistrates") which was entered by Allde on 10th October, 1579,[2] and which was published with that date at the bottom of the title-page: he might not consider the "Defence of Poverty," the "Pain of Pleasure," and a translation from the French, to be noticed presently, of sufficient importance to deserve the name of "works."

[1] Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337.

[2] "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 100. Robert Greene subsequently employed the same alliterative expression in his "History of Arbasto," which must have been written and printed before 1592, although the earliest known copies of it are dated as late as 1617: the passage is curious on another account, since it speaks of "The Cradle of Security," which was the title of an early popular dramatic entertainment: see "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," ii., 272. Greene's words are—"Fickle Fortune having now hoysed us up to the top of her inconstant wheele, seeing how careless I slumbred in *the cradle of securitie*, thought to make me a very *mirrour of her mutabilitie*, for she began afresh to turne my typpet on this wise." As the Rev. Mr. Dyce had not seen the earliest extant impression of the "History of Arbasto," when he published his "Dramatic Works of Robert Greene," in 1831, we subjoin the imprint—"Printed by I. B. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Fleet Conduit. 1617." All the rest of the title-page of the edition of 1617 is the same as that of 1626, with the exception of a single letter.

When speaking, of his early life, in the preliminary matter to his "Mirror of Mutability,"[1] 1579, Munday is silent as to any previous attempt he had made on the stage, whether successful or otherwise; but as he was then one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Oxford, (to whom he dedicates the work) it might be generally known, and certainly within the cognizance of his patron. He speaks of himself in the character of an author, and mentions his translation of "Galien of France" as having been already presented to the Earl, a circumstance altogether new in the biography of Munday. He also there communicates some personal information, which is also quite new, for he tells us that, as his "wild oats required to be furrowed in a foreign ground," he had travelled with a friend to France, and had been robbed and stripped by soldiers between Boulogne and Abbeville. Munday and his companion, however,

[1] Among the various commendatory poems which introduce Munday's early work is one by E. K., as he is called at the commencement, and Ed. Knight, as he subscribes his name at the end. May not this be the E. K. who addresses Gabriel Harvey in an epistle before Spencer's "Shepherd's Calendar?" The date of E. K.'s postscript is 1579, the year of the publication of Munday's "Mirror of Mutability." The Editor may here mention that he is in possession of a copy of "The Faerie Queene," 4to., 1591, and 1596, with the autograph of John Marston on the front of the title-page; and of a copy of the whole of Spencer's Works, fo. 1611, with the autograph of "Mi. Drayton, 1613," at the back of the title-page. The latter he procured at an auction in the country, where it was sold in a lot with from ten to fifteen other books of no value. The former he obtained at a sale in London, where the circumstance escaped observation, perhaps from the faintness of the ink, and slight injury by friction. These, in consequence of the celebrity of the names, are interesting relics.

made their way to Paris, and by the aid of subscriptions from some Englishmen continued their journey to Venice, Padua, Naples, and Rome: at the latter he had been received into the English Seminary as "the Pope's scholar." All this must have occupied a comparatively brief period, for he returned to England in or before 1579, and superintended the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." In the address to the reader of it, he asserts that this was "the third time he had presumed upon his clemency;" but if the Stationers' Registers, and other authorities, are to be relied upon, the "Mirror of Mutability" was Munday's fourth production: 1, his "Defence of Poverty; 2, his "Pain of Pleasure; 3, his translation called "Galien of France;" and 4, his "Mirror of Mutability." It is, therefore, just possible that "The Pain of Pleasure" was by Breton, and not by Munday, in spite of the assertion on the title-page.

Munday was unquestionably in Rome in or before 1578, because he informs us, in his "Breefe Aunswer," that he had seen Captain Stukeley there; and that adventurer perished in the battle of Alcazar, which was fought on 4th August in that year.[1] This brings the period of Munday's servitude with John Allde to a

[1] In Hakluyt's Voyages, 1589, are "Verses written by A. M. to the courteous readers, who was present at Rome when John Fox received his letters of the Pope." Ritson also says ("Bibl. Poet.," 282) that lines by A. M. are prefixed to "News from the North," 1579, and conjectures that they were the initials of Anthony Munday: the question is set at rest by the edition of that work in 1585, which of course Ritson had not seen, for there the verses are subscribed at length. See the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 217, where reasons are given for thinking that

narrow compass, for he must have "wandered towards Italy" soon after he entered into his articles, and came back before the printing of his "Mirror of Mutability." On his return, if we are to believe his enemies, (and there is, probably, no reason to discredit them on any other account than that they were his enemies) he again resorted to the quality of a stage-player, and made some attempts at extemporaneous performance, similar to those he must, in all probability, have witnessed south of the Alps.[1] The author of the "True Report" asserts that Munday was not successful, and was finally "hissed from his stage."

Three productions, either still extant, or which were so within the last century, bearing Munday's name or initials, appeared in 1580, besides the "Pain of Pleasure," already mentioned. As we have inserted the full titles, where it was possible to procure them, in due series at the end of the present memoir, it is not necessary here to go into any such details: we shall only quote so much of each as will enable our readers to identify them. A fourth was licensed at Stationers' Hall, and that merely a ballad, and for the same publisher who had entered the earliest production by our author of which we have

this very amusing work, "News from the North," was written by Francis Thynne. We may take this opportunity of stating that A. M. has a sonnet "to his loving and approoved good Friend, M. John Bodenham," before "Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses," 1600.

[1] In what were called in Italy *Commedie al improviso;* respecting which, and certain early English imitations of them, see "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 398.

any record: it is entitled in the Register (for the piece itself has not come down to us) "a ballad made by Anthony Monday of the encouragement of an English Soldier to his fellow mates;" and it was licensed on 8th March, 1580.[1] The object of it (independently of pecuniary advantage) was most likely to rouse the spirits of the troops about that time despatched, under Sir Walter Raleigh and others, into Ireland, to serve with Lord Grey.

Two other publications by Munday belonging to the year 1580 were "Zelauto: the Fountaine of Fame," (which Ritson strangely inserts twice over on the same page; once as "The fountayne of Fame, erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures," and secondly, as "Zelauto, the fountaine of Fame"[2]) and a tract, which we believe to be unique, and which we have reprinted near the end of our volume, entitled "A View of sundry Examples." As we have never had an opportunity of seeing "Zelauto," as there is no entry of it in the Stationers' Registers, and as the authorities in favour of its existence do not give the imprint, we know not by what Stationer it was published; but the "View of sundry Examples" was not put forth by Allde, nor by Charlwood, but by William Wright, who was also the publisher of another tract by Munday, relating to Campion and his unfortunate associates.

With the accusation and trial of these persons in 1581 Munday became intimately, and not very

[1] "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 109.

[2] "Bibliographia Poetica," p. 282.

enviably, connected, and we have already seen that he was an important witness against them: he was afterwards brought forward by the Sheriffs in a remarkable manner, to confront and contradict some other Roman Catholics (the accomplices of Campion) at the foot of the gallows; and of this circumstance curious and authentic evidence is contained in the second tract which we have re-printed, relating to executions of seven other adherents to Popery, on 28th and 30th March, 1582.[1]

Munday's "View of Sundry Examples" is not mentioned by any of his biographers. We never met with, nor heard of, more than one exemplar of it; yet, from its very nature, it must have been highly popular, and no doubt the copies originally issued were numerous. It relates to the murders, strange incidents, and prodigies, that had occurred between about 1570 and 1580, when the pamphlet came out, including a

[1] In order to render the series of publications on this event more complete, we have subjoined to the above a tract, of only a few leaves, which exists in the library at Lambeth, and possibly was never published. It should seem, that pamphlets of a questionable character were sometimes forwarded to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and if his Grace did not approve of their publication, they were, as a matter of course, suppressed, the original copy, however, being retained in the archeopiscopal library. Such was possibly the fact with the "Advertisement and Defence for Truth against her Backbiters," in connexion with the case of Campion, which we have placed at the end of our volume. It a singular specimen of authorship, consisting of only two long, rambling, incoherent, and, in some places, almost unintelligible sentences. The object of the writer was to vindicate the execution of justice upon Campion and his associates, and it is very possible that Archbishop Grindal thought the case stronger without, than with, this uncouth species of advocacy, and therefore directed that the tract should not be published.

brief notice of the great earthquake on 6th April, 1580, which produced such terror and dismay in London. The inquiry before the Coroner into one of the cases of murder included by Munday, that of Abel Bourne, was actually not finished at the time of publication: there also we find, in considerable detail, the circumstances attending the murder of George Sanders, a merchant of London, (which soon afterwards formed the subject of one of our best early dramas,[1]) and for committing which no fewer than six persons lost

[1] We cannot refrain from quoting, in a note, a small part of an admirable scene in this tragedy, (not printed till 1599) in which Munday may have had a hand, (as the earliest narrator of the story) although what follows seems to be in some respects above the reach of his muse. The dialogue is between Browne, the murderer, Anne Sanders, the repentant wife of the murdered man, and Mrs. Drewry, an accomplice.

"*Mrs. Drewry.* See where Master Browne is: in him take comfort,
And learn to temper your excessive grief.

"*Anne.* Ah! bid me feed on poison and be fat,
Or look upon the basilisk and live,
Or surfeit daily and be still in health,
Or leap into the sea and not be drowned.
All those are even as possible as this,
That I should be re-comforted by him
That is the author of my whole lament.

"*Browne.* Why, mistress Anne, I love you [very] dearly,
And but for your incomparable beauty,
My soul had never dream'd of Sanders' death.
Then, give me that which now I do deserve,
Yourself, your love; and I will be to you
A husband so devote, as none more just,
Or more affectionate, shall tread the earth.

"*Anne.* If you can crave it of me with a tongue
That hath not been profan'd with wicked vows;
Or think it in a heart did never harbour
Pretence of murder; or put forth a hand

their lives, including the wife and her paramour. As we have adverted more particularly to these matters in the notes appended to the tract, it is not necessary now to dwell upon them.

A fact connected with Munday's personal history is established by the preliminary portion of the "View of Sundry Examples," namely, that at the time it was written the author was still one of the players of the Earl of Oxford, for he subscribes an address to his readers—"servant to the right honourable the Earl of Oxenford."[1] Such was what we may call the technical designation constantly given to actors who performed under the sanction and protection of noblemen; and there is no doubt, therefore, that in 1580 Munday had reverted to the profession to which he had belonged before he became apprentice to John Allde, in 1576.

However, not long after 1580, by the favour of

As not contaminate with shedding blood,
Then will I willingly grant your request.
But oh! your hand, your heart, your tongue and eye,
Are all presenters of my misery."

We do not pretend that the whole is as good as this specimen, and several inferior dramatists may have had a share in preparing a play on a temporary subject, and clearly composed in haste. See also "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52 and 53, for passages which will, at least, remind the reader of Shakespeare.

[1] His Lordship's company of players, we learn from the Registers of the Privy Council, was acting publicly in 1575. The Earl himself was a dramatic poet, and Puttenham, in 1589, ("Art of English Poesie," p. 51) and Meres, in 1598, (*Palladis Tamia*, fo. 283 b) speak of him as meriting high commendation for "comedy and interlude." As a general poet he also obtained considerable praise from Webbe, in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586.

the Court, and perhaps in consequence of his instrumentality in exposing the Seminary at Rome, and in arresting and convicting Campion and his associates, Munday was enabled to add to his name, on his title-pages, the words, "one of the Messengers of her Majesty's Chamber;" and we may infer that he quitted the stage in consequence.[1] We certainly find no trace of him after 1582 in connexion with theatres, excepting as an author; and he appears, subsequently to that date, to have applied his ready and various pen to the increase of such means of subsistence as he derived from his not very lucrative or important office about the Queen.

We have necessarily adverted to several, but the present may not be an unfit opportunity for briefly noticing, in succession, all the tracts by Munday which relate to the capture, trial, and hanging of Campion, and of those who suffered with him. The earliest is his "Brief Discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Berkshire," 1581: in this Munday seems to have claimed the credit of more instrumentality than really belonged to him; for immediately after its appearance, a person of the name of George Elliot published what he called "A very true Report" of the capture, adding, that it contained "a controlment of a most untrue former book set out by one A. M.,

[1] He called himself, in 1588, "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," but in the same year he reverted to his more particular designation as "one of the messengers of her Majesty's chamber." See the list of his works at the close of the present memoir.

alias Anthony Munday, concerning the same." Munday made no direct answer to this imputation, but early in 1582[1] he printed his "Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates," on the title-page of which, as we have seen, he styled himself "some time the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminary at Rome:" it was followed by his "Brief answer to two seditious Pamphlets, &c., containing a Defence of Edmund Campion;"[2] and that by his "Brief and true Report of the Execution" of Ford, Shert, Johnson, Filbie, Kirbie, Richardson, and Cottom, which comes third in our present volume, and which we have placed there, both on account of its rarity and the singularity of its contents. It was entered to William Wright on 31st May, 1582, the very day after the four last of the parties suffered.[3]

This tract was evidently written at speed, not merely to gratify public curiosity, but to induce a popular belief that the unhappy criminals were guilty of treason, and had, besides, died obstinate Roman Catholics. Munday's "English Roman Life, discovering the Lives of Englishmen at Rome, the orders of the English Seminary," &c., was a work of greater bulk and of more pretension, but it was entered as early as 19th June, 1582, by Nicholas

[1] It was entered on 12th March, 1582. See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 162.

[2] It was licensed on the same day and to the same stationer, Edward White: see "Extracts from Stationers' Registers," ii., 161. Some copies have Charlwood's imprint: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 202.

[3] "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers," ii., 164.

Lyng, no doubt for himself and John Charlwood, who printed it. This seems to have been the last of Munday's pieces which had special reference to such designs as were entertained by Campion and his friends; for the "Watchword to England," which appeared in 1584, was of a more general character, and offered a wider warning against the designs of the religious enemies of the public peace.

After the subsidence of the excitement occasioned by the prosecution and punishment of the Jesuits and priests, our author appears to have turned the current of his thoughts into an entirely different direction; and on 19th August, 1584, we meet in the Registers of the Stationers' Company with an entry by Charlwood of a work by Munday, the title of which we are compelled to take from those very valuable records, because no copy of it exists. It is there called "The sweet Sobs and amorous Complaints of Shepherds and Nymphs, in a Fancy."[1] It was evidently of a pastoral and lyrical character; and, as it obtained for the author a considerable reputation for poetry of that description, the entire loss of it is much to be lamented. That it was published, as well as entered, there is no doubt, for Webbe introduces its author's name, in consequence of it, with great applause in his "Discourse of English Poetrie," 1586: his words are—"With him I will joyne Anthony Munday, an earnest traveller in this arte, and in whose name I have seene very excellent workes, among which,

[1] "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 182. After the title of the work comes the statement that it was "composed by An. Munday."

surely, the most exquisite vaine of a witty, poeticall head, is shewed in *the sweete sobs of Sheepheardes and Nymphes*, a worke well worthy to be viewed, and to be esteemed as very rare poetrie."

Munday's next production was of a dramatic kind—"Fidele and Fortunio." We have before spoken of it briefly, (p. x.) and it does not possess sufficient merit to entitle it to any lengthened notice, although it would be easy to enlarge upon its plot, characters, and poetry, because two copies have of late years been recovered. Both of these are without title-page, and one of them also wants the dedication, from which the authorship is ascertained, the letters A. M. being at the end of it: the Registers of the Stationers' Company do not state, in this instance, by whom the translation (for it has no higher pretensions) was made; but there is no doubt that the initials are those of our author.

We have said perhaps as much as is necessary respecting his "Watchword to England," 1584; and two years having elapsed before Munday next appeared in print, he seems then to have made another new experiment. The writer of "The True Report" of the death of Campion asserts that Munday, at one time repenting his theatrical propensities, wrote "a ballad against plays:" this has not survived, but of course it must have been anterior to 1582; and in 1586 (according to Maunsell's Catalogue, which was published in 1595) came out a very devout work, called "Anthony Munday's Godly Exercise for Christian families," containing

morning, evening, and occasional prayers, &c.[1] His "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" followed, after another interval of two years: it consists of songs and ditties to tunes then well known; and when we meet, among the latter, with "Munday's Toy" and "Munday's galliard," we are not to understand that they were composed by Anthony Munday, but probably by a person of the name of John Munday, who some years afterwards was a Bachelor of Music and one of the organists of the Queen's Chapel at Windsor, probably related to our author.[2] Anthony Munday avows that he was not acquainted with a note of music, although he was the writer of words to airs then popular. On the title-page of his "Banquet of Dainty Conceits" he calls himself "Servant to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," instead of "one of the Messengers of her Chamber;" and we might suppose that he had changed and improved his situation, if we did not perceive that in another of his works,

[1] We find no entry of any such work in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, and we have never heard of its existence. Andrew Maunsell was a bookseller who printed a list, in folio, of works for sale in the trade: it consists of two parts, the first part, printed by John Windet, relating to works of divinity, original or translated; and the second part, printed by James Roberts, consisting of the titles of works of science. The third part, which would have included general literature, poetry, plays, &c., it seems, never appeared.

[2] Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1019, contains a notice of John Munday's works in this form:

"Contratenor. Songs and Psalmes composed into 3, 4, and 5 parts, for the use and delight of all such as either love or learne Musicke: By John Mundy, Gent., bachiler of Musicke, and one of the Organest of hir Majesties free Chappell of Windsor. Dedicated 'To — Robert Devorax—Earle of Essex,' &c. W. H.

"Also several books of musick by him, Bird, Morley, and Watson."

of the same date, he was still designated by his old addition.

We allude to his translation, from the French of Claude Colet, of the "History of Paladine of England," which was printed in 1588 by Edward Allde, the son of his old master, John Allde, who about this time, or soon afterwards, retired from business.[1] It seems that, before Munday translated "Paladine of England," he had rendered into English two parts of "Palmerin d'Oliva," also printed in 1588. His "History of Palmendos," son to Palmerin d'Oliva, was published in the next year, having been promised in a postscript to his "Paladine of England."

A political production called "The Masque of the League," a translation from the French, dated 1592, has been imputed to Anthony Munday.[2] We have

[1] Herbert ("Ames," ii., 892) mentions three books, with dates, printed after 1588, by or for John Allde; but we may doubt whether they were not in fact issued by his son. There is an interval between 1580 and 1591, during which John Allde's name is not found appended to any book. Edward Allde had a license from Stationers' Hall, in 1587, to print "Histoire Palladine, &c., per Claude Collet," translated into English, but it is not stated by whom the translation was made.

[2] See Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual, ii., 1309, where the work is entered as follows:

"The Masqve of the League and the Spanyard discouered. Faythfully translated out of the French Copie: Printed at Toures by Iamet Mettayer. London for Richard Smyth, 1592." 4to., twenty-two leaves. At the end I. M. It was published with a new title in 1605.

It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 5th June, 1591, in this form:

"Quinto Junij.

"John Wolf. Entred for his copie The Masque of the league and of the Spanyarde discovered, &c., to be printed in English."

Here we find no translator's initials, but those above given by Lowndes are clearly erroneous, and ought to be A. M.

never seen it; but we have little doubt that it was his, because one of his mottoes, *Patere aut abstine*, is on the title-page, and his initials at the end.[1] Herbert assigns to Munday another work, which he probably possessed, but which has never fallen in our way, (although we have sought for it in many public and private libraries) under the title of "The Defence of Contraries," in the form of "declamations."[2] The date given to it is 1593, and we strongly suspect that it is an earlier impression of a work called, when it was re-issued and perhaps enlarged, in 1596, "The Orator:" it was written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and purports to have been translated into English by Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Munday, probably because his own had been so often before the public, especially in connexion with "The Defence of Contraries." It is in "The Orator" that we find the two "Declamations" of "a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian," and of "the Christian's Answer."

Munday put the same *nom de plume* to his version of "Amadis de Gaule," the first and second books of which came out in 1595:[3] both are stated to have been translated by Lazarus Piot; but that Lazarus

[1] See Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1102, where the full title is given, from a copy belonging to the compiler of that work.

[2] Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. It professes to be "translated out of French by A. M.;" and it was printed by J. Windet for S. Waterson.

[3] "The first 4 books of Amadis de Gaule, to be translated," were entered at Stationers' Hall to Edward Allde as early as 1588, and it is very likely that they were then published, although no edition of that date seems now to be known. See also "Notes and Queries," vol. iv., p. 85.

Piot was Anthony Munday we have this proof, among others, that when he republished "Amadis de Gaule," in 1619, he inserted his name at length upon the title-page. Malone printed Piot *Pilot*,[1] and was corrected by Ritson, who added, that it meant Anthony Munday, a fact of which Malone does not seem to have been aware.

"Fidele and Fortunio," 1584, if it were ever acted, was ill adapted to representation. Whether Munday attempted anything dramatic in the long interval between that year and 1595, when he wrote "John a Kent and John a Cumber," we have no means of knowing; but in 1597, and afterwards, we meet with his name in Henslowe's "Diary" not unfrequently. He was commonly associated with other dramatists, and between 22nd December, 1597, and the 2nd December, 1602, he appears to have been concerned, more or less, in at least thirteen plays. We have enumerated them all hereafter, and out of the list there are only two or three which he wrote alone, and it is doubtful if he had not coadjutors even in those, although the old Manager does not state who they were. The drama in which Munday had a hand which has attracted most attention of late years, is "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600: it was long imputed to Shakespeare, but we now know that it was the joint work of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway.[2] The two parts of

[1] Shakespeare by Boswell, v., 163.

[2] Some of the old printed copies have the name of our great dramatist on the title-page, while others are anonymous. It was only "the first part" that was printed; but from Henslowe's "Diary" we learn that a

"Robin Hood," (otherwise called the "Downfal" and "Death" of Robert Earl of Huntington) the first by Munday, and the last by him and Chettle, were printed in 1601.

It was in 1598, as already shown, that Munday obtained from Meres the character of the "best plotter" of all those (including our great dramatist) who were at that time writers for the different theatres of London. This preference seems to have excited the ire, if not the envy, of Ben Jonson, supposing "The Case is altered" to be, as we believe it is, mainly his composition.[1] Our Author is introduced into it as Antonio Balladino, a name given to him in derision, from the number of ballads and slight temporary productions that had come from his pen in the course of the twenty years preceding.

In the first scene of the first act is a dialogue between Peter Onion and Antonio Balladino, in which the latter censures those that introduce "nothing but humours" into their plays:—"True, sir," (adds Antonio) "they would have me make such plays; but, as I tell them, an they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein."—"No;" (observes Onion) "it were a vain thing if you should, sir;"

second part was written by the same authors, which has never come to light. See pp. 158, 162, 166, 236, 237, 239. Thomas Dekker made "additions" to the second part.

[1] The chief reason for doubting it is the fact, that Ben Jonson's name is not upon the title-page of a copy of the edition of 1609, in which year it first came from the press. It was written, perhaps, eight or ten years earlier. The Duke of Devonshire has the copy, the title-page of which does not assign it to any author. It is most probable that Ben Jonson had coadjutors in the undertaking.

to which Antonio replies, "Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny: I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it."—"Indeed, that's right;" (says Onion) "you are in print already for *the best plotter*;"[1] which are precisely the words Meres had employed in his *Palladis Tamia*. There is no room for doubt, therefore, that by Antonio Balladino Anthony Munday was intended.

Whether this ridicule had any effect upon our author is uncertain, but his next printed work was a mere prose performance, upon the fate, and supposed re-appearance, of Don Sebastian after the battle of Alcazar in 1578, under the title of "The strangest Adventure that ever happened:" it came out in 1601.

A version of "Palmerin of England" was registered at Stationers' Hall as early as 1581, but we have no evidence there that it was by Munday, beyond the fact that it was entered by John Charlwood.[2] An edition (possibly only a reprint) under Munday's name was issued in 1602.

In 1605 we arrive at his Pageant on the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of that year: it is the earliest known production of the kind from his pen; but, as Ben Jonson had some years before termed him "Antonio Balladino, *pageant poet*," and had laughed at him, on account of his employment in that capacity by

[1] Gifford's "Ben Jonson's Works," vi., 327. He was most decisively of opinion that "The Case is altered" was the production of Ben Jonson; and, indeed, the internal evidence alone is sufficient proof that he wrote the greater, and the better, part of it.

[2] See "Extracts from Stat. Registers," ii., 138.

the corporation of London, we may, perhaps, conclude that Munday had previously written some descriptive ceremonials of the same sort, which (like many others) have not been recovered.[1] That of 1605 was called "The Triumphs of re-united Britania," on the election of Sir Leonard Holiday; and upon the title-page the author is described as "A. Munday, Citizen and *Draper*." The fact is that, as he did not nearly serve out his time with John Allde, he was not entitled to be free of the Stationers' Company; and his father, Christopher Munday, having belonged to the Drapers' Company, the son must have obtained his privileges as a member of it by patrimony. This circumstance will account for what we find stated near the close of Thomas Middleton's "Triumphs of Truth," which was a Pageant written to celebrate the Mayoralty of

[1] The Rev. Alexander Dyce supposes that Munday was struck at by Kemp, in his "Nine-days' Wonder," 1600, in the following words: "I was let to wit that another Lord of litle wit, one whose imployment for the Pageant was utterly spent, he being knowne to be Elderton's immediate heyre, was vehemently suspected; but after due inquisition was made, he was at that time knowne to live like a man in a mist, having quite given over the mistery." (Repr. by the Camden Society, p. 21.) This description, however, is general, and might be applied to other writers of the time with equal appropriateness. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vi., 328) was of opinion that Munday wrote all the Lord Mayors' Pageants from 1591 to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; but of course it was only a conjecture. As to Munday being "Elderton's immediate heir," as a *ballad* writer, none of his productions of this kind, as far as we know, have come down to our day; and the only one distinctly imputed to him (excepting by some entries in the Stationers' Registers) is the "ballad of Untruss" mentioned by Thomas Nash in his letter to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1597, and printed in "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," i., 305.

1613.[1] We are there told that "Anthony Munday, gentleman," furnished "the apparel and porters" for it; and we take it, that his being free of the Drapers' Company gave him advantages or facilities for the purpose: the "apparel" speaks for itself, and the "porters" were, no doubt, men who carried some of the cumbrous ornaments of the procession.

It has been supposed that Middleton, in the introduction to his "Triumphs of Truth," intended our author by the words, "looking like the picture of Black Monday;" but we apprehend that this was a mere phrase, and that neither it, nor other terms, such as "impudent common writer," can allude to an individual who was associated with Middleton in the production. It is true, that Munday penned the Pageants of 1605 and 1611, (those of the intervening years are missing) but Thomas Dekker was the writer of that of 1612,[2] immediately preceding the "Triumphs of Truth;" and it is certain that Middleton did not drive Munday out of the field, for he was employed

[1] Middleton's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, v., 215.

[2] As the title of this rare Pageant is not given at length by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," 8vo., 1831, nor in the "Biographia Dramatica," nor in any other authority, it may be added here, from a copy in the library of the Duke of Devonshire:—

"Troja-Nova Triumphans. London Triumphing, or the Solemne, Magnificent, and memorable Receiving of that worthy gentleman, Sir John Swinerton, Knight, into the Citty of London after his Returne from taking the Oath of Maioralty at Westminster on the morrow next after Simon and Judes day, being the 29 of October, 1612. All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots of Triumph, with other Devices, (both on the Water and Land) here fully expressed. By Thomas Dekker.—London, Printed by Nicholas Okes, &c. 1612." 4to.

by the corporation in the very next year, (1614) as well as in the years 1615 and 1616. It seems, therefore, more likely that Middleton's allusion, if any were intended, should have been to Dekker than to Munday. Munday's Pageants for 1611, 1614, 1615, and 1616, were "Chryso-thriambos, the Triumphs of Gold"—"The Triumphs of Old Drapery"—"Metropolis Coronata"—and "Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing." The full titles of these pieces are appended to the present memoir.

Munday's "Brief Chronicle of the Success of Times," the name of which sufficiently explains the nature of the production, came out in 1611. It possesses no original feature.

He must have been acquainted with Stow, who several times in his *Annales* refers to him as his authority for particular facts; and who, before his death, in 1605, seems to have put some of his papers and collections into Munday's hands, especially such as related to the city and liberties of London. To what extent Stow entrusted them to him, and for what precise purpose, we have no means of deciding, but the latter appears to have made considerable use of them in an edition of Stow's "Survey" which he published in 1618. The original compiler had then been dead about thirteen years, and during twelve of them Munday professes to have employed himself in accumulating materials, and making additions and corrections. The result is not remarkable for industry or accuracy, points which Stow always justly considered of paramount importance in a work of the

kind; and as the two earlier impressions of 1598[1] and 1603 were out of print in 1618, the undertaking of that year may have been somewhat of a bookseller's speculation. Munday continued the list of the Mayors and Sheriffs, and inserted various additional epitaphs and inscriptions, so as to add much to the bulk of the volume.

His initials (in conjunction with those of another unnamed individual) were continued upon the title-page, when the "Survey" was again printed in 1633; but this was the year of Munday's death; and it is remarkable that he had reached the same age as Stow. He was buried on the 10th August, in the Church of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, and the following inscription was placed upon his monument, which, together with that edifice, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666:—

"To the memory
Of that ancient Servant to the City,
with his Pen, in divers imployments,
especially the *Survay of London*,
Master *Anthony Munday*,
Citizen and Draper
of *London*.

He that hath many an ancient Tombstone read,
(Ith labour seeming, more among the *dead*
To live, than with the *living*) that survaid
Obstruse Antiquities, and ore them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his Pen,
(That spite of time) those old are new agen,
Vnder this Marble lies inter'd: His Tombe,
Clayming (as worthily it may) this roome,

[1] This seems to be the year of its earliest publication, but some copies of the first edition have 1599 on the title-page.

Among those many Monuments his Quill
Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his *Survay:* in which
He has a Monument, more faire, more rich,
Than polisht Stones could make him, where he lies
Though dead, still living, and in That, nere dyes.
Obiit Anno Ætatis suæ 80. *Domini* 1633.
Augusti 10."

We derive the preceding from "The Survey of London, by Stow, A. M., H. D., &c." 1633, folio, p. 869;[1] so that not only was the subject of it dead, but his monument had probably been put up, and inscribed, before that edition of the work was published.

Of Munday's private life, when he married, (if, indeed, he married at all) or how many children he left behind him, we know nothing; and it is remarkable, considering his celebrity, and the number of works he published, how rarely he is mentioned by his contemporaries.

[1] The Editor is indebted for it to his accurate and learned friend, Mr. Bolton Corney, who has also enabled him to append to the present Introduction some important and well-digested information respecting the impressions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.

LIST OF ANTHONY MUNDAY'S WORKS.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO DATES.

I. The Defence of Povertie against the Desire of worldly Riches, dialogue-wise: collected by Anthonie Mundaye.

[Only known from the Registers of the Company of Stationers, where it was licensed, precisely in this form, to John Charlwood on 18th November, 1577. See "Extracts," ii., 49.]

II. Galien of France.

[Mentioned in the preliminary matter to the "Mirror of Mutability," 1579, as having been already printed, and dedicated by Munday to the Earl of Oxford. Not entered at Stationers' Hall, but probably printed by John Allde, or John Charlwood.]

III. The Mirrour of Mutabilitie, or principall part of the Mirrour for Magistrates. Describing the fall of divers famous Princes, and other memorable Personages. Selected out of the Sacred Scriptures by Antony Munday, and dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford. Imprinted at London by J. Allde, and are to be solde by Richard Ballard, at Saint Magnus Corner. 1579. 4to.

[Licensed 10th October, 1579: see "Extracts Stat. Reg.," ii., 100. Only two copies seem to have been preserved.]

IV. The pain of Pleasure. In Verse. By Ant. Munday. The Rev. Dr. Farmer, Master of Emanuel Coll., Camb. 1580. 4to.

[This title is from Herbert's "Ames," iii., 1337, as the first work printed by Henry Car, or Carre. Entered in the Stationers' Registers

on 9th September, 1578, as "compiled by N. Britten:" see "Extracts," ii., 67. Herbert must have seen Dr. Farmer's copy.]

V. Zelauto. The Fountaine of Fame erected in an orcharde of amorous adventures, by Ant. Munday. 1580. 4to.

[From Ritson, ("Bibl. Poet.," p. 282) where it is again inserted, under the title of "Zelauto. The fountaine of Fame. 1580." It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but no doubt Ritson had good authority for his statement.]

VI. A ballat made by Anthony Munday, of thencouragement of an English soldior to his fellowe mates. 1580.

[Thus licensed in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 8th March, 1579-80: "Extracts," ii., 109. No copy, in print or in MS., is known, but it was doubtless a broadside.]

VII. A view of sundry Examples. Reporting many straunge murthers, sundry persons perjured, Signes and tokens of Gods anger towards us. What straunge and monstrous Children have of late beene borne:—And all memorable murthers since the murther of maister Saunders by George Browne, to this present and bloody murther of Abell Bourne, Hosyer, who dwelled in Newgate Market. 1580. Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake, the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.—Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be sold at the long shop, adjoyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie. 4to.

[Not hitherto known, nor inserted in any list of Anthony Munday's productions. It was not entered in the Stationers' Registers. The murder of Abel Bourne occurred in 1580.]

VIII. A breefe discourse of the taking of Edm. Campion and divers other Papists in Barkeshire. Gathered by A. M. Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be solde at his shoppe in the Poultrie: the middle shoppe in the rowe, adjoyning to Saint Mildreds Church. 1581. 8vo.

[Not entered in the Stationers' Registers; but several copies of it are extant. Its statements were disputed by George Elliot.]

IX. A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates, their most horrible and traiterous practises, against her Majesties most royall person, and the Realme. Wherein may be seene, how thorowe the whole course of their Araignement: they were notably convicted in every cause. Whereto is added, the Execution of Edmund Campion, Raphe Sherwin, and Alexander Brian, executed at Tiborne the 1 of December. Published by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler, allowed in the Seminarie at Roome amongst them, &c. Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London for Edwarde White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne, the 29 of Janua., 1582. 8vo.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Edward White, on 12th March, 1582, although dated on the title-page six weeks earlier. "Extracts," ii., 162.]

X. A breefe and true reporte of the Execution of certaine Traytours at Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes of Maye. 1582. Gathered by A. M., who was there present. *Honos alit Artes*, &c. Imprinted at London, for William Wright, and are to be solde at

his shop, adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie, the middle shop in the rowe. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers on 31st May, 1582, where Anthony Munday's name is inserted at length, as the author of it. "Extracts," ii., 164.]

XI. The English Romayne Lyfe: Discovering the Lives of the Englishmen at Roome, the orders of the English Seminarie, the dissention betweene the Englishmen and the Welshmen, the banishing of the Englishmen out of Roome, the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Roome, their Vautes under the grounde, their holy Pilgrimages, &c. Written by A. M., sometime the Popes Scholler in the Seminarie among them. *Honos alit Artes.*—Seene and allowed. Imprinted at London by John Charlwood for Nicholas Ling, &c. 1582. 4to.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to J. Charlewoode and N. Lynge, on 19th June, 1582: "Extracts," ii., 168. One of the least rare of Munday's productions.]

XII. A breefe Aunswer made unto two seditious Pamphlets, the one printed in French, and the other in English. Contayning a defence of Edmund Campion and his complices, their most horrible and unnaturall Treasons against her Majestie and the Realme. By A. M. *Honos alit artes.* Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gunne. 1582. 8vo.

[Some copies purport to have been "Imprinted at London by John Charlwood:" see Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 202. Entered in

the Stationers' Registers to Edward White on 12th March, 1582; but Charlwood no doubt had an interest in it. "Extracts," ii., 161.]

XIII. The sweete Sobbes and amorous Complaints of Sheppardes and Nymphes, in a fancye composed by An. Munday. 1583.

[Entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Charlwood, on 19th August, 1583, but not known to exist. "Extracts," ii., 182.]

XIV. Fidele and Fortun[io]. The deceipts in love discoursed in a Comedie of two Italyan gent[lemen], translated into English. 4to.

[Two copies only known, one with a dedication subscribed A. M., but the title-pages wanting in both. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hackett, on 12th November, 1584: "Extracts," ii., 193. The heroes of this drama have sometimes, by mistake, been called Fidele and Fortun*atus*.]

XV. A Watch-woord to Englande to beware of traytors and tretcherous practises, which have beene the overthrowe of many famous kingdomes and common weales. Written by a faithfull affected freend to his country, who desireth God to blesse it from Traytours and their secret conspiracyes. Seene and allowed, &c.—London, Printed for Tho. Hacket, and are to be solde at his shop in Lumbard streete, under the signe of the Popes head. 1584. 4to.

[Dedicated by A. M. to Queen Elizabeth; but not entered at Stationers' Hall. This work is well known.]

XVI. Ant. Monday, his godly Exercise for Christian Families, containing an order of Praiers for Morning and Evening, with a little Catechism betweene the Man and his Wife. London. 1586. 8vo.

[This title is derived from Andrew Maunsell's Catalogue, 1595: the

work is not now extant, nor does it appear to have been entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.]

XVII. A Banquet of Daintie Conceits. Furnished with verie delicate and choyse inventions, to delight their mindes who take pleasure in Musique, and therewithall to sing sweete Ditties, either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other instrument, &c. Written by A. M., Servaunt to the Queenes most excellent Majestie. *Honos alit artes.* At London. Printed by I. C. for Edwarde White, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little North doore of Paules. Anno 1588. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Anthony Monday. Entered in the Stationers' Registers to Thomas Hacket, on 6th July, 1584, and perhaps there was an earlier edition than any now known. See "Extracts," ii., 187; and "British Bibliographer," ii., 137.]

XVIII. Palmerin d'Oliva. Translated by A. M. John Charlwood. 1588. 4to.

[Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. On the 10th March, 1595, William Leake entered "The third book of Palmerin of England, to be printed in English:" see the Stationers' Registers. Two parts of "Palmerin of England" were entered by Tho. Creede, assigned to him by W. Wright, on 9th August, 1597.]

XIX. The famous, pleasant, and variable Historie of Palladine of England. Discoursing of honorable Adventures of Knightly deedes of Armes and Chivalrie: enterlaced likewise with the love of sundrie noble personages, &c. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties Chamber. *Patere aut abstine.* At London, Printed by Edward Allde for John Perin, &c. 1588. 4to.

[See the Bridgewater Catalogue, 4to., 1837, p. 203, for a notice of a

copy of this edition. An intended reprint was entered at Stationers' Hall on 12th November, 1596, by Valentine Syms, as "The history of Palladine of England," provided that no other Stationer had a right to it "by former entrance."]

XX. The famous History of Palmendos, son to the most Renowned Palmerin d'Oliva, Emperour of Constantinople, and the Heroick Queen of Tharsus, &c. John Charlwood. 1589. 4to.

[This work is promised in a postscript to Munday's "Palladine of England," 1588: see Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 204. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on 9th January, 1588-9, in the following manner:—

"John Charlwood. Entred for his copie The honorable histories of Palmendos and primaleon of Grece, sonnes to the famous emperor Palmerin d'Olive of Constantinople, devided into vij several bookes or partes."]

XXI. The defence of Contraries. Paradoxes against common opinion, debated in forme of declamations, in place of public censure: only to exercise yong wittes in difficult matters. Wherein is no offence to Gods honour, the estate of Princes, or private mens honest actions: but pleasant recreation to beguile the iniquity of time. Translated out of French by A. M., one of the messengers of her Majesties chamber. *Patere aut abstine.* Imprinted —by John Windet for him. 1593. 4to.

[From Herbert's "Ames," ii., 1222. See No. xxv. in this list.]

XXII. Amadis de Gaule, the first booke translated by Anthony Munday. 1595. 4to.

[The late Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this impression. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as follows, under date of 15th January, 1588-9, and probably then printed, though no edition so early seems to be known:—

"Edw. Aldee. Entred unto him, the first foure bookes of Amadis de Gaule. To be translated into English."

The second, third, fourth, and fifth books, were entered by John Wolf, on 10th April, 1592; but nothing is said of the first book. The twelve books were entered by Adam Islip and William Morynge, on the 26th October, 1594.]

XXIII. The Second Booke of Amadis de Gaule, containing the description, wonders, and conquest of the Firme-Island. The triumphs and troubles of Amadis, his manifold victories obtained, and sundry services done for King Lisuart: the Kinges ingratitude, and first occasion of those broiles and mortall wars that no small time continued between him and Amadis. Englished by L. P. London, Printed for C. Burbie, and are to be sold at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1595. 4to.

[L. P. is Lazarus Piot, a name assumed by Anthony Munday, who in 1619 reprinted the translation in his own name. Mr. Rodd had an imperfect copy of this book: see also "Notes and Queries," iv., p. 85, where the preceding title is given, though not with literal accuracy, and a question put, which we have endeavoured to answer.]

XXIV. The Book of John a Kent and John a Cumber. A Comedy.

[Now first printed from the original MS., dated December, 1595.]

XXV. The Orator: Handling a hundred severall Discourses, in forme of Declamations: Some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Authors owne invention: Part of which are of matters happened in our Age. Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. London Printed by Adam Islip. 1596. 4to.

[The dedication is signed, Lazarus Piot. Possibly this is only a reprint, or, more probably, an enlargement of a former work by Anthony

Munday: see No. XXI. The following is an entry in the Stationers' Registers of what appears to be another, and an earlier, translation of the same work, by E. A., (*i.e.*, Edward Aggas) one of the booksellers who sent it for license: the date is 25th August, 1590:—

"Edward Aggas.

"John Wolf. Allowed for their copie, &c., certen Tragicall cases, conteyninge LV histories, with their severall declamations, both accusative and defensive, written by Alexander Vandenbush, alias Sylven, translated into Englishe by E. A."

Edward Aggas translated other books from the French. The preceding may possibly be the entry of No. XXI.; and Munday's version, in 1596, consists of a hundred Declamations and Answers.]

XXVI. Mother Redcap, a play, by Anthony Munday and Michael Drayton.

[Philip Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 106, mentions this drama under the dates of 22nd December, 1597, and 3rd January, 1598. On 10th March, 1595, Tho. Creede entered at Stationers' Hall "a book intitled Mother Redd Capp, her last will and Testament." Perhaps the play was founded upon this "book," or it might be the play itself.]

XXVII. The first part of Robin Hood, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[So called by Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 118, under date 15th February, 1598. It was printed in 1601, under the title of "The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington," &c.: see the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays." "A pastorall plesant Comedie of Robin Hood and Little John" was licensed at Stationers' Hall to Edward White, on 14th May, 1594; but it may have been merely a re-publication of "The playe of Robyn Hode," printed by Copland.]

XXVIII. The second part of Robin Hood, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 119, where it is inserted under date 28th February, 1598, and imputed to Chettle as well as Munday. It is reprinted from the edition of 1601, in the Supplementary Volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays."]

XXIX. The Funeral of Richard Cordelion, a play

by Anthony Munday, Henry Chettle, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[In Henslowe's "Diary," p. 124, this play is mentioned under date of 13th June, 1598.]

XXX. Valentine and Orson, a play, by Anthony Munday and Richard Hathway.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 128, where this drama is introduced under date of 19th July, 1598. A play (called in the entry "an enterlude") with this title was licensed at Stationers' Hall on 23rd May, 1596, as having been performed "by her Majesty's players." It may have been produced on the stage while the company under Henslowe was acting in conjunction with the Queen's actors.]

XXXI. Chance Medley, a play, by Anthony Munday, Robert Wilson, and Thomas Dekker.

[Mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," p. 132, under date of 19th August, 1598.]

XXXII. The first part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson, and Richard Hathway.

[Printed in 1600, some copies being with, and some without, the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, without the mention of any other authors. It is assigned to the true writers in Henslowe's "Diary," pp. 158 and 235, under date of 16th October, 1599.]

XXXIII. Owen Tudor, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Richard Hathway, and Robert Wilson.

[Henslowe, in his "Diary," p. 163, attributes it to the above authors, under date of 10th January, 1599.]

XXXIV. Fair Constance of Rome, a play, by Anthony Munday, Richard Hathway, Robert Wilson, and Michael Drayton.

[Assigned to them by Henslowe's "Diary," p. 171, under date of 14th June, 1600.]

XXXV. The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey, a play, by Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Henry Chettle, and Wentworth Smith.

[See Henslowe's "Diary," p. 202, under date of 10th October, 1601.]

XXXVI. The strangest Adventure that ever happened: either in the ages passed or present. Containing a discourse concerning the successe of the King of Portugall, Dom Sebastian, from the time of his voyage into Affricke, when he was lost in the battell against the infidels in the yeare 1578, unto the sixt of January this present 1601. All first done in Spanish, then in French, and now lastly translated into English, &c.—London, Printed for Frances Henson, dwelling in the Black-Friers. 1601.

[Anthony Munday puts his initials at the end of the dedication to the Lord Mayor, (Rider) &c., of London. On 3rd February, 1598, John Wolf had a license at Stationers' Hall for "a booke called Straunge Newes of the Retourne of Don Sebastian, Kinge of Portugall, &c., together with a terrible deluge in Rome at their Christmas last." It was doubtless a different work on the same supposed event.]

XXXVII. Palmerin of England. Translated by Anthony Munday. 1602.

[This translation was entered as early as 13th February, 1581, (see "Extr. from Stat. Registers," ii., 138) and perhaps then printed, but no edition earlier than 1602 appears to be now known. The history was in three parts, and the full title of "the third and last part" may be seen in the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 205.]

XXXVIII. The two Harpes, [Harpies?] a play, by Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Midleton, John Webster, and Michael Drayton.

[Henslowe's "Diary," p. 222, assigns this play to the above authors, under date of 29th May, 1602.]

XXXIX. The Widow's Charm, a play, by "Anthony the poet."

[Henslowe gives no surname to the author; and another Anthony, viz., Anthony Wadeson, was a dramatist in his employment: see "Diary," p. 224. Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 327) supposed that "The Widow's Charm" might be the same play as "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," which was printed in 1607, with the initials W. S. (Wentworth Smith) on the title-page.]

XL. The Set at Tennis, a play, by Anthony Munday.

[Mentioned by Henslowe as Munday's work, under date of 2nd December, 1602. See "Diary," p. 228.]

XLI. The Triumphs of reunited Britania. Performed at the Cost and Charges of the Rt. Worshipfull Company of the Merchant Taylors, in Honour of Sir Leonard Holiday, Knt, to solemnise his Entrance as Lorde Mayor of the Citty of London, on Tuesday the 29th of October, 1605. Devised and written by A. Mundy, Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by W. Jaggard.

[The title-page of this Pageant, the first extant composed by Anthony Munday, is no where given with accuracy. We transcribe it from a copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. In the prefatory matter to his edition of Stow's "Survey," printed in 1618, Munday states that he had been "six and twenty years in sundry employements for the City's service".]

XLII. A briefe Chronicle of the successe of Times, from the Creation of the World to this instant. London, W. Jaggard, 1611.

[A mere compilation, of sufficiently common occurrence. Munday alludes to it in his edition of Stow's "Survey," 1618.]

XLIII. Chryso-thriambos: the Triumphes of Golde. At the inauguration of Sir James Pemberton, Knight, in the dignity of Lord Maior of London, on Tuesday the 29 of October, 1611. Performed in the harty Love, and at the Charges of the Right Worshipfull, worthy, and ancient Company of Goldesmithes. Devised and written by A. M., Cittizen and Draper of London. Printed by William Jaggard, Printer to the City.

[The note that William Jaggard was "printer to the City," seems new. A copy of the above Pageant is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.]

XLIV. The Triumphs of Old Drapery, or the Rich Cloathing of England. At the charge of the Right Worshipfull Company of Drapers, at the Installation of Thomas Hayes. By A. Munday. 1614. 4to.

[We have not been able to meet with a copy of this Pageant, and the title, as given by Mr. J. G. Nichols, in his "London Pageants," p. 102, and in other authorities, reads as if it might possibly be the same piece as that next mentioned.]

XLV. Metropolis Coronata, the Triumphes of Ancient Drapery; or Rich Cloathing in England: in a Second Yeeres Performance. In honour of the advancement of Sir John Jolles, Knight, to the high office of Lord Maior of London, and taking his Oath for the same Authoritie on Monday, being the 30 day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull Charges of his worthie Brethren, the truely honourable Society of Drapers; the first that received such dignitie in this Cittie. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of

London. — Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1615.

[This title is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy: it is one of the least common of Munday's Pageants. The words, "in a second years performance," may have reference to No. XLIV., which we have never had an opportunity of inspecting.]

XLVI. Chrysanaleia, the Golden Fishing; or the Honour of Fishmongers: applauding the Advancement of Mr. John Leman, Alderman, to the dignity of Lord Maior of London; taking his Oath in the same authority at Westminster on Tuesday, being the 29 day of October, 1616. Performed in hearty love to him, and at the charges of his worthy Brethren, the ancient and right worshippfull Company of Fishmongers. Devised and written by A. M., Citizen and Draper of London. Printed at London by George Pursloe. 1616.

[Four copies of this Pageant are known, and it is the last that came from the pen of Munday, as far as we are at present informed, although he was living seventeen years afterwards.]

[Mr. Bolton Corney has kindly furnished the following particulars respecting the editions of Stow's "Survey" in 1618 and 1633.]

XLVII. "The svrvay of London.... Written in the yeere 1598 by Iohn Stow, Citizen of London. Since then, continued, corrected and much enlarged, with many rare and worthy Notes, both of Venerable Antiquity, and later memorie; such as were neuer published before this present yeere 1618. London, printed by George Purslowe, 1618." 4to. pp. 12 + 980 + 4 = 996.

This volume was edited by Anthony Munday, under his initials only. It is inscribed as follows: "To the right honorable, George Bolles, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, Sir Anthony Benn, Knight, Recorder of London: and to all the Knights and Aldermen, Brethren-Senatours in the State of so Famous a Citie: all of them being my honorable and worthy Masters: A. M. wisheth the fruition of all temporall felicities in this life; and the neuer-failing fulnesse of blessednesse in the life to come."—The editor received the command of the corporation of London to proceed with this work as early as 1606. In the dedication, he calls Stow "the first painefull searcher into the reuerend antiquities concerning this famous citie," and gives various particulars of his own career, which his biographers have omitted to notice. He was assisted by Mr. Humphrey Dyson, a notary public, and by others. As to the additions made to "The Survey" at this time, it may be sufficient to state that the volume exceeds that of 1603 to the extent of four hundred pages.

"The survey of London .... Begunne first by the paines and industry of Iohn Stow, in the yeere 1598. Afterwards inlarged by the care and diligence of A. M. in the yeere 1618. And now completely finished by the study and labour of A. M. H. D. and others, this present yeere 1633. London, printed by Elizabeth Pvrslow—sold by Nicholas Bovrne, 1633." Folio. pp. 16 + 944 + 28=988.

A. M. denotes Anthony Munday, as before; H. D. denotes Humphrey Dyson, whose name appears in

the catalogue of authors consulted. The *Epistle dedicatorie*, which is in substance the same as that of the former edition, is addressed to the Right Honourable Ralph Freeman, Lord Mayor, and the other members of the corporation. Munday died abour four months before the volume was published, and the advertisement *To the Reader* is signed C. I.

This volume, independently of the labours of Stow, contains the only history of London for the thirty years preceding its publication. It was not reprinted till 1720. The additions made by Munday and his coadjutors to the edition of 1603, consist of two chapters on the Thames and its conservancy; accounts of the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the riots of the apprentices, and the fatal vesper; of the observances of the lord mayor and aldermen, and of the laws and customs of the city; of the charitable bequests of citizens; of the twelve livery companies; of the companies of merchants, and of the minor trade-companies; of the boundaries of parishes; of the repair of churches, with a *vast number of important monumental inscriptions;* of the Charter-House, Chelsea College, and Dulwich College; of the manors of Finsbury, Stepney, and Hackney; with a perambulation, or circuit-walk, four miles round London, and *rich in epitaphs.* The volume is embellished with more than three hundred and sixty woodcuts of the armorial bearings of the mayors, and of the livery and mercantile companies. It was almost three years in the press.

An epitaph on Sir James Pemberton, in the church

of St. John Zachary, Aldersgate, is signed A. M. We may safely consider it as the composition of Munday. It describes the various charitable deeds of the worthy knight, and concludes with fifty-six lines of encomiastic verse. Ob. 1613.

Of the identity of A. M., the dramatist, and A. M., the topographer, there can be no doubt. It is a remarkable circumstance, therefore, that our author should give no information on theatrical affairs, even when describing the *sports and pastimes* of the citizens—*the Bankside*—and *the Blackfriars!* Had he been more communicative on those subjects, he might have received the honours of quotation as often as Philip Henslowe.

THE BOOK

OF

JOHN A KENT

AND

JOHN A CUMBER.

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Sir GRIFFIN MERIDDOCK, *of South Wales, and* JEFFREY POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Powesse, in vayne perswadste thou patience;
In vayne thou dreamste of lykely remedies;
In vayne thou telst of this or that conceit;
Winde breathed woordes are vayner than the winde:
Only our weapons must effect our weale.
Powesse. As hitherto, my lord, I have entreated,
So for a whyle, I pray ye, be advisde.
S. Griffin. Advisde? Why, what advise can Powesse yeeld?
Is not Sidanen, with the Earle's consent
And Prince Llwellen's graunt, affyed to Moorton?
Powesse. Yea; so Pembrooke hathe their graunt for Marian. But——
S. Griffin. But what? Even while we thus stand wasting idle woordes,
Pembrook and Moorton shall possesse our looves.
Our looves exclaime against our cowardise;
Our cowardise, to our eternall shame,

In England, Wales, and Scotland, shall be sung
By every jygging mate our foes among.
Powesse. Nor English, Welshe, nor Scottish, shall reproove
Lord Jeffrey Powesse with base cowardise.
As much, Prince Griffin, as the proudest dare,
Dares Powesse for his Marian's libertie;
Yet not with rashnes, or unbrideled heat.
Discretion must be usde; the cause is great.
S. Griffin. Great cause, indeed, when fayre Sidanen's eyes
Dimde with the sourse of her continuall teares,
Mixing those teares amongst the mournefull ynck
That writ the cause of her lament and mine,
Seemes in this paper weeping to intreat;
And then no mervayle, though the cause be great.
[*He shewes a letter.*
Powesse. But greater cause, our countreyes cause I meane,
If we should manage armes, as you still urge,
And so by force from noble Chester's Courte,
Agaynst his will, fetche our well-willing looves,
We may be held as traytours to the King,
That durst invade his townes in time of peace.
S. Griffin. To see how Powesse casts beyond the moone!
As if the King would deale in these affayres;
Or if he did, is 't like his majestie
Would suffer fathers by compelling awe
To force their children from their soules affect!
Powesse. But if his highnesse subjects should be slayne,
As in rough rescue it must needes fall out,
He will not have the meanest guiltlesse dye,
But blood for blood shall duely be repayde.

S. Griffin. Then, Powesse, least such daunger should betyde,
You are content the Ladyes shall be lost?

Powesse. Not so, Prince Griffin: then, I would haue stayd,
And not have come so neere to Chester's Courte.

S. Griffin. Bir lady, sir, and we are much the neere.
We two, belyke, by your complotting wit
Shall front the Earle of Chester in his Court,
And, spight of Chester's strong inhabitants,
Thorow West Chester mekely in our handes
Lead my Sidanen and your Marian,
While bothe our rivalles, and their following traynes,
Sheeplyke stand shivering at our wrathfull lookes.
Beshrewe me, but you have a passing head!
All natrall are your reasons, full of sence.

Powesse. If we obtayne them, youle leave jesting then.

S. Griffin. Yea, that I will; but can ye tell me when?

Enter S^r^ GOSSELEN DENVYLE, S^r^ EVAN GRIFFIN, *and* JOHN.

Gosselen. What! * * * * *
* * * * * * * shall have company
* * * * trust will purge your melancholly.

John. Welcome, gentlemen; you seeme no lesse:
Be not offended at my salutations,
That bid ye stand before I say God speed;
For in playne tearmes, speed what your speed may be,
Such coyne you have bothe must and shall with me.

S. Griffin. How now, Lord Jeffrey! what companion have we heere?
He seemes some theefe.

John. No theefe, sir, but an honest bon companion.
Nere drawe your weapons; rather trust your feete.

And yet ye cannot hence, but at my pleasure.
What needes all this? Yeeld, if I bid ye yeeld.
Powesse. Thou shouldst be John a Kent, thou art so peremptorie;
For John a Kent is a bolde, merry knave.
John. 'Tis happie, then, he is no very knave.
I am the man: what say ye to John a Kent?
Powesse. I am Jeffrey Lord Powesse, thy maister's freend,
And this Sr Griffin Merriddock, Prince of South Wales.
John. Why, then, I knowe ye bothe and welcome bothe.
Mr., these are the guests you looke for, whom, had I not well gest,
They had for welcome got a cudgelling.
Gosselen. Welcome, my Lord; and welcome, noble Prince.
Powesse. Thankes, good Sr Gosselen Denvyle, and Sr Evan Griffin.
I trust the men you promisde me are readie.
Gosselen. For my parte, seven score bowemen, wight and tall,
Have I lodgde in the wood nere to the river Dee.
Evan. And I three score as strong, with hookes and billes,
That to three hundred will not turn their backs.
Powesse. But can ye tell us any newes from Chester?
John. Colde newes for you, my Lordes. There is at Chester
The Earle of Pembrooke and the Scottish Moorton:
The one shall have Llwellen's fayre Sidanen,
The other Marian, good olde Chester's daughter,
And bothe these weddinges finished to morrowe.
S. Griffin. No more of that, my freend; thou sleyst me with these newes.—

Hear'st thou this, Powesse? This did I foredoome:
Now all your wise devises come too late.
Gosselen. Content ye, good my Lord; no whit too late.
Heere is a lad on whom we doo relye
For slye conveyaunce of the Ladyes hither.
Full of conceit he is, and deepely seene
In secret artes to woorke for your avayle.
S. Griffin. Canst thou, my freend, from foorth the vaultes beneathe
Call up the ghostes of those long since deceast,
Or from the upper region of the ayre
Fetche swift wingde spirits to effect thy will?
John. Can you, my Lord, and you, and you, and you,
Goe to the venson for your suppers drest,
And afterward goe lay ye downe to rest?
Powesse. How then, sweet John? All this thou knowest we can,
And what thou canst we haue no doubt at all;
But what thou wilt, that gladly would we learne.
John. I will to morrow bring you Marian;
And you, Prince Griffin, your beloovde Sidanen.
Will this content ye?
S. Griffin. As all the world cannot content me more.
John. Why then, I pray ye, be content to goe
And frollick cheerely, for it shall be so.
Gosselen. I warrant ye, my Lords. Come, let us in.
[*Exeunt.*
John. So, they must banquet; I unto my busines.
But let me muse a little on this loove,
Full of [so] many feares, so sundry joyes;
Now peace, now plagued, diversly distract.
* * * * * *
But John a Kent won't leese them: * *
Rather minde thou the pleasing joyes of loove,

And since so good a subject they present,
Uppon these loovers practise thou thy wit.
Help, hinder, give, take back, turne, overturne,
Deceive, bestowe, breed pleasure, discontent,
Yet comickly conclude, like John a Kent. [*Exit.*

Enter at one doore RANULPHE, *Earle of* CHESTER, OSWEN, *his sonne, young* AMERY, *Lord* MORTAIGUE; *with them the Countesse, her daughter* MARIAN, *and fayre* SIDANEN. *At another doore enter the Earles of* PEMBROOKE, MOORTON, *and their trayne.*

Moorton. All health be to the noble Earle of Chester,
His Countesse, and these honorable Ladyes,
Whom one by one I humbly gratulate,
Wishing to them their happy hartes content.

Pemb. The lyke dooth Pembrook to this goodly trayne.

Chester. Earle Moorton, and my noble Lord of Pembrooke,
Whose presence brings contentment to my soule,
And adds true honor to your noble names,
For having kept your vowes inviolate,
How you are welcome, woordes shall not explaine,
But such as best beseemes your entertaine.—
Your father, madame, will be heere this night,
Or early in the morning, well I woot,
For such provision hath he sent before,
As shewes him selfe will not be farre behind.[1]—
And sith it is our auncient Englishe guyse,
The bridegroomes should uppon the wedding day
Come from some distant place to fetche their brydes,
My house at Plessye is for you preparde.

[1] This and the three preceding lines, addressed to Sidanen, are inserted in the margin, with an asterisk.

Thence to the Castell shall you walke along,
And at S^{t}. John's shall be sollemnized
The nuptialles of your honors and these virgens;
For to that Churche Edgar, once England's king,
Was by eight kinges, conquerd by him in warres,
Rowed roylly on S^{t}. John Baptist day.
In memory of which pompe, the earles our auncestours
Have to that Churche beene noble benefactours.

Moorton. Eight kings rowe one? That was great pompe, indeed!

Pemb. One of them was of Scotland, as I read;
The Irishe and the Dane two more besyde,
And five of Brittayne, all subdued by him.
To see that Church will greatly joy my minde,
Because I there a greater joy shall fynde.

Moorton. Why lookes Sidanen sad? Why sighes she so?

Sidanen. Pardon, my lord; such thinges you may not knowe.

Moorton. She not mislykes her choyse, I hope, of me?

Sidanen. No, God forbid. Although you are not he.
[*Asyde.*

Moorton. Why, then, looke cheerly, as Sidanen should.

Sidanen. I doo, my Lord. And better if I could.
[*Asyde.*

Pemb. Madame, the Scottish Lord hath got a gracious looke;
But Pembrooke is not halfe so happy yet.

Oswen. Sister, you wrong the noble Earle with frownes.

Amery. My Lord, content ye: women fayne dislyke,
Where their affections beare the highest regard.

Marian. You are too young, my Lord, to judge so soundly.

Amery. I finde it writ by them that judgde profoundly.

Marian. Bookes may beguyle ye.
Oswen. My Lord, that cut came roundly.
Pemb. Your sadnes tell, if I may knowe the cause.
Marian. Me thinkes, my Lord, the custom is too hard,
When loovers meet so suddenly to parte.
Pemb. To morrowes joy will end that bitter smart.
Marian. To see ye no more, how would it ease my hart! [*Asyde.*
Chester. Well, noble Lordes, for this time break we off.
Sonne, and Lord Amery, you will be their guyde.
Oswen. Yea, my good Lord. Then, goe we, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt. Manent* SIDANEN, *&c.*
Countesse. [My gentle] Cossen, now we are alone,
Let me entreat to know the secret cause
That mooves these passions more then over pensive,
Which were not wont in you to woorke such chaunge?
If in my power to councell or prevent
There rest a meane, let me but knowe your mindes,
And what I may shall surely be effected,
To either of your longing harts content.
Sydanen. Madame, your tender care and kinde affect
Assures Sidanen of your honor's faith.
In breefe, my noble Aunte, this is the cause
Why poore Sydanen is disconsolate;
That she must leave her countrey and her kinne,
And passe to Scotland with the Earle of Moorton.
Countesse. Cossen, his kindnesse soone will calme this greefe,
And, therefore, cast these cares behinde thy back.
But what olde man is this comes toward us?

Enter JOHN A KENT, *like an aged Hermit.*

John. Ladyes, if crooked age and homely weedes
Breed not contempte, vouchsafe, I humbly pray,

Your charitable comfort, to sustayne
A little longer these spent, withred limbes,
That, numbde through chilnesse of my frost-bit blood,
Which six score winters hath resisted stormes,
And just so many times the summer's heate,
Now quaking lyke the winde-blowen bough for strength,
Witnesse that all thinges yeeld to time at length.

Countesse. How much I greeve, that these thy silver hayres
Should in extreamest age feele taste of want,
And this thy furrowed face with tears distaynd,
Shall well appeare, for thou shalt in with us.
These feeble limbes, with age so overworne,
Shall fynde repose, and not be left forlorne.

Marian. Father, receive this little gyft of me.

Sydanen. And heere, olde man, take this to comfort thee. [*Give him some mony.*

John. As many blessings light uppon you three,
As cares and crosses have befalne to me.
But much I feare, if arte may judge aright,
Some ill is toward these twayne this present night.

Sydanen. What sayst thou, father? art thou a man of skill?

John. Lady, in youth I studyed hidden artes,
And proffited in Chiromancie much.
If sight be not obscurde, through nature's weaknesse,
I can, for once I could discourse, by favour
And rules of palmestrie, ensuing chaunces.

Marian. Good father, tell my fortune, if thou canst.

Sydanen. Nay, mine, I pray thee, first: I askte thee first.

John. Strive not, fayre ladyes; shewe me bothe your handes,
For your complexions seeme to be alyke.
[*He sees their handes.*

Nay, let me see: bothe your affections are alyke.
Blush not, but tell me, are ye not bothe betrothde
To two great Lordes, without your parents knowledge?
Countesse. They are betrothde, indeed; but with their parents knowledge,
And bothe to morrow must be maryed.
John. Now, God forbid! Woes me to thinke theron.
Countesse. Why, father? I pray thee, speake.
John. Good madame, pardon me: let me be gon,
And leave the God of heaven to woorke his will.
[*He offers to depart.*
Sydanen. Nay, stay, good father. I pray thee, tell the wourst.
Marian. My hart dooth throb.—Sweet father, then resolve us.
John. Sith you compell me, Ladyes, I will speak;
And what I say, beleeve it on your lives.
If ere thou * * sorrowe cheere the harts
* * * * *
You washe not at Saint Winifredes fayre spring
Your lilly handes, and list the holy voyce,
Which will resolve ye of your loove's sweet choyse,
I may not say what shall ye bothe betyde;
But harder fortune nere befell fayre Bryde.
Countesse. Alas! the spring is three myles hence, at least,
And now thou seest the night approcheth on.
John. Let not the distaunce hinder them to goe,
Least they and you wishe that ye had doone so.
Countesse. Father, I have some reason to beleeve thee,
By what I must keep secret to my selfe;
And but my Lord condemnes these auncient rules,
Religiously observed in these partes,
I would crave leave for them to travell thither;
For many have misdoone that did it not.

Sydanen. Rather then hard mishap should us befall,
Twere good we were acquainted therewithall.
Marian. Good mother, this fayre evening let us goe:
Weele come agayne before my father knowe.
Countesse. Well, goe ye shall, and I along with ye,
Had we some trusty freend to be our guyde.
John. Ladyes, although my limbes be not so strong,
My bones neere marrowlesse, bloodlesse my veynes,
Yet use hath made me perfect in the way,
And if your honors deigne so olde a guyde,
So speed my soule as shall to you betyde.
Countesse. None better. But what houre of night is best?
John. When twise two houres the daughters of the night
Have driven their ebon chariot thorow the ayre,
And with their duskie winges breathde calmie rest
Uppon the eye liddes of eche living thing,
The silver shyning horned lamp dooth rise,
By whose cleere light we may discerne the pathe,
Wherin, though lamely now I seeme to plod,
Yet will I guyde ye safely to the spring,
And for your comming at the back gate wayte.
Till when God's benison protect ye all.
Countesse. Well, father, we will come, uppon mine honor.
Sydanen. The houre is one, at midnight. Fayle us not. [*Exeunt.*
John. Fayle ye? In faith, that were a sillie jest:
Our sporte would fayle, if I should fayle mine houre.
[*He pulles* [*off*] *his beard.*
But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord Powesse.

Enter S^r GRIFFIN *and Lord* POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Lord Powesse, heer's John a Kent, dect in a Pilgrimes weede.

Powesse. Why, how now, John! Turnd greene to Fryer's gray?

John. What madnes makes ye come so farre this way?

The town's beset, our purpose is descride,
And now I see your comming made all spyde.

S. Griffin. Help us to scape unto thy maister's cave.
Yet, ere we goe, tell me, sawest thou Sydanen?

John. I sawe her; but you shall never see her more.

S. Griffin. Why so, sweet John? What! is Sydanen dead?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is she fled?

John. No.

S. Griffin. Is Moorton and Sydanen maryed?

John. Neither.

S. Griffin. Wherefore, then, shall not I agayne beholde her?

John. Because your honor is too full of heate,
And by your rashnes will discover all.
Wherefore, shift as ye can, for I will leave ye.

Powesse. Nay, I pray thee, John, tell us the trueth of all.

John. The troth is, if ye meane to have the ladyes,
Be bolde, and goe along where I shall leade ye;
And as I shall appoynt, so followe my directions.

S. Griffin. But will they come?

John. They will, if you will goe.

S. Griffin. But how?

John. Why, on their feet: I know no other way.

S. Griffin. But when?

John. Nay, then, we shall be troubled. When, how, where?

Powesse. I pray thee tell us, John, without delay.

John. Content ye, Lordes; Ile tell ye on the way. Come, let us goe.

S. Griffin. John, Ile renowne thee, if it fall out so.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TURNOP, *with his crewe of Clownes, and a Minstrell.*

Turnop. Nay, never talke of it. Hugh the Sexten stutters: let him read the first lyne, or see if he can say the speeche that Dawes, our Churchwarden, made in prayse of his mill horsse.

Hugh. It makes no matter. I think my selfe the wisest because I am Sexten, and being Sexten, I will say the speeche I made my selfe.

Tom Tabrer. Heare ye, Hugh. Be not so forward: take a little vise of your minstrell.

Omnes. And well sayd, Thomas Tabrer: you haue scression; speak on.

Tom. One of the wisest of us must speak, and either he must be Hugh, or Turnop. Now, Hugh is Sexten, an office of retoritie, I tell ye.

Turnop. Yea; that's when he is in the belfrie, not else.

Omnes. Hugh! Hugh! Hugh shall speak the speache to the Lordes.

Tom. But Turnop being my Lordes man, his hog-heard, his familiaritie servaunt, he in my minde is not only fit, but also accessary for the ration making. Then, Turnop say I.

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Wele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Well, for your wisedomes in chusing me, I rest quoniam dygnitatis vestrum primarion, as the Poet

Pediculus sayth; and the next vestrie bound to deferre ye to severall locall places.

Spurling. How now, Hugh? are ye put downe, in faith?

Hugh. That's because he has a little more learning, and has borrowed the ushers olde coat to grace him selfe withall.

Tom. O! take heed of learning while ye live: it is a goodly matter.

Turnop. Frater meum amantissime, Hugo the Belringer; the hebrew epitheton Barra cans, as much as to say, no man can barre him. Chaunce perswadeth you to remit, or submit, or admit your selfe to the crye of your bretheren. How say ye, then, fellow men in armes, in this our showe who shalbe the speaker?

Omnes. Turnop! Turnop! Weele have none but Turnop!

Turnop. Then, let us set forward, for now it is uppon the Lordes comming. Thomas, firk it with your fiddle. Spurling, you play the Moore, vaunce up your Tun; and Robert, holde your porrenger right, least you spill the conceit, for heere they come.

Enter PEMBROOK, MOORTON, OSWEN, AMERY: *to them this crewe marching; one drest like a Moore, with a Tun painted with yellow oker; another with a porrenger full of water, and a pen in it.* TURNOP *speaketh the oration.*

Lyke to the Cedar in the loftie sea,
Or milke white mast uppon the humble mount,
So, hearing that your honors came this way,
Of our rare wittes we came to give account.
For when as princes passe through pettie townes,
They must be welcomd, least they tearme us clownes.
Our presentes precious; first the golden Tunne,

Borne by that monstrous murrian black-a-moore,
Mortonus Earlus, in thy prayse is doone.
This flowing brook, hemd in with this tierce shoare,
That hath * * * * * * * * * *
Is peerelesse Pembrook, that I have not * *
As for the two last rymes, right woorshipfull and not other-wise, by the error of the Authour ouerslipped, is thus by Timothie Turnop, the oratour, newly corrected, to wit,
This princely pen up prauncing by the sydes,
And so we wishe ye bothe two blessed brydes.

Oswen. My Lordes, my father's tennants, after their homely guyse,
Welcome ye with their countrey merriment:
How bad so ere, yet must ye needes accept it.

Pemb. Else, Oswen, were we very much to blame.—
Thankes, gentle freendes: here, drinke this for my sake.

Moorton. And this for me; commending your great paynes,
Which in more liberall sorte we will requite.

Amery. May it please ye, Lordes, to walk into the Castell,
And there at full weele see their other sportes.

Pemb. With all my hart. Goe; we will followe ye.
[*Exeunt Lordes.*

Turnop. Before you goe, in name of all this trayne,
Turnop accepts your golde, and thankes you for your payne.—
Thomas, lead the vawward with your easement: you, with our hiperbolicall devises, marche in the middest.
And if the Lordes will see us make them merry,
Ere we will want devise, weele make them weary.
Marche on! [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore JOHN A KENT, *hermit-lyke, as before: at another, enter the Countesse,* SYDANEN, *and* MARIAN.

John. Promise is kept: the ladyes are come foorth;
The ambush readie that shall soone surprise them.—
See, madame, I am readie to attend ye.
Countesse. Gramercyes, father. Lead thou on the way,
And give good councell to my sweet young Cossen.
John. Madame, I warrant ye, sheele take none bad.
[SYDANEN *and he conferre.*
Marian. Or good or bad, she taketh all from me.
Madame, would you vouchsafe me so much favour
As she, so I would gladly talke with him.
Countesse. Let them alone: ye shall have time enough.
Sydanen. Nay, forward, father; let me heare the rest.
John. Then, Madame, to omit all ambages,
I knowe it, for mine Arte assureth me,
You are contracted to the Southwales Prince,
And wronging him, you wrong your selfe much more.
Sydanen. For God's sake, softly, least the Countesse heare.
True hast thou sayd; but by my father's graunt
The Earle of Moorton must Sydanen wed.
John. That's as Sydanen will, as I suppose.
Sydanen. Will I, or nill I, all is one to him:
He is a Prince, and he hath promisde it.
John. You are a Princesse, and have promisde no.
Sydanen. Earle Moorton with my father is in favour,
And hath his woord that I shalbe his wife.
John. But hath he yours?
Sydanen. Never, in all my life.
John. I knowe not, lady, how the world is chaungde:

When I was young, they wooed the daughter first,
And then the father, when they had her graunt;
Which could they get, why so; if not, why, then
Her woord was woorth the meeting, where and when.

Countesse. Why, how now, daughter! why drawe you so neere?

Marian. She talkes too long, and somewhat would I heare.

Countesse. Byde you with me, till she have made an end.

Marian. Pray God, this talke to our desyre may tend.

John. But would you goe with him, if he were heere?

Sydanen. Would I desyre to be accompted chaste?
Reverenst for vertue, as for naturall giftes?
Would I aske strength for these my feeble limbes,
If some fierce tiger had me in pursuite?
Would I shun feare? would I require content,
Or wishe the endlesse happines of heaven?
If these I would, then, that as much I would.
For what is fame, health, joy, or ought to me,
Except with him that gives them all to me.

John. Madame, enough. Is Marian of your minde?

Sydanen. Yea, father. She to Powesse, I to Prince Griffin writ;
But when no answere either could receive,
Resolvedly thus we set downe our rest.
To morrow, when the nuptiall feast is past,
And that the Bridegroomes doo expect their Brydes,
A strong confection bothe we have preparde,
Of deadly Aconite with them to drinke;
Besydes a letter drawen, to shewe the cause
Why so revendgefully we sought their deathes,
And so despairingly lost our owne lives.
This made us both holde thee in such regarde,
When thou foretoldste of daungers to ensue.

John. This resolution dooth renowne ye bothe;
But your fayre starres affoordes ye better fortune.
And for my woordes may yield but dallying hope,
See what is doone in twinckling of an eye.
[*Windeth horn.*

Enter DENVYLE, GRIFF., POWESSE, EVAN *and trayne.*

Those Lordes, for whom you twayne would loose your lives,
Come boldly heere to challendge their faire wives.—
Madame, dismay not; heere no harme is meant:
Bothe they and you welcome to John a Kent.
[*He puts of his disguyse.*

Countesse. Vilde sorcerer! hast thou betrayde us thus,
Hyding thy treason with so good pretence?—
Prince Griffin and Lord Powesse, be assurde
If otherwise then nobly you intreate
My princely cossen and my noble childe,
It will be wreakte on your presuming heades.

John. You wrong them, madame, if you misconceite
That you or they shall be unnobly usde.
You are brought hither to no other end
But that their haviour you might all commend.
Aske but the ladyes if they will departe,
Ile bring ye where I had ye; yea, with all my hart.

Countesse. Then goe, sweete cossen: daughter, let us hence,
For feare wursse happen on this foule offence.

S. Griffin. The wurst is past: let happen now what shall,
Ile keep Sidanen, or loose life and all.

Sydanen. And if Sydanen willingly departe
From her Prince Griffin, joy nere have her hart.

Powesse. I hope my Marian is of selfe-same minde.

Marian. Else were thy loove requited too unkinde.—
Now, mother, would you were at home agayne!
We both are where we wisht our selves full fayne.
Countesse. Then, questionlesse, this hapt by your consent;
And well I wot these noble gentlemen
Are honor'd in your hartes before the other.
Sith your endeavours, then, so happy proove,
Never let me be hinderer of true loove.
John. Madame, now speake ye lyke a looving mother,
And lyke Sydanen's honorable Aunte.
Oppose this question, and be judge your selfe:
Say you were troth plight where you lyke best,
Could you, infaith, so great a wrong digest,
As, but for me, had happened to these ladyes?
In to the Castell, then, and frollique there;
And what should have beene doone to these sweetes sorrowe
Shall to their joy be finishte heere to morrowe.
Gosselen. Come, madame, favour me to be your guyde:
You shall finde all thinges heere to your content;
And though my Lord, the Earle, holde off aloofe,
And may dislyke what we doo for his honor,
Be you but pleasde, weele never seek no other.
For though we want [the sire,] we have the mother.
Sydanen. Let it be so, good aunte, and I shall praye
For this good walke you may live many a day.
John. These speeches are in vayne: I pray ye be gon,
And entertaine them as their kindnes merits.
Leave me awhyle, to gratulate your feast
With some rare merriment or pleasing jest.
Will you be gon? Ye doo the ladyes wrong,
Heere in the ayre to chat with them so long.

S. Griffin. Come, sweet Sydanen, I will be thy guyde.
Moorton shall looke him now an other bryde.

Powesse. And so shall Pembrooke, now I am possest
Of Marian, whom I ever looved best.

[*Exeunt. Manet* JOHN.

John. Heers loove and loove: Good Lord! was nere the lyke!
But must these joyes so quickly be concluded?
Must the first Scene make absolute a Play?
No crosse, no chaunge? What! no varietie?
One brunt is past. Alas! what's that, in loove?
Where firme affection is most truely knit,
The loove is sweetest that moste tryes the wit.
And, by my troth, to sport my selfe awhyle,
The disappoynted brydegroomes, these possest,
The fathers, freendes, and other more besyde,
That may be usde to furnishe up conceite,
Ile set on woorke in such an amorous warre,
As they shall wunder whence ensues this jarre.
O! that I had some other lyke my selfe,
To drive me to sound pollicyes indeed.
There's one in Scotland, tearmed John a Cumber,
That overwatchte the Devill by his skill,
And Moorton brought him to haue sped his loove:
I would have tryde which should the maister proove.
But since my selfe must pastime with my selfe,
Ile anger them, bee't but to please my selfe.—
Sirra! Shrimpe!

Enter SHRIMP, *a boy.*

Shrimp. Anon, sir. What is your will with me?

John. Thus, sirra. To Chester get you gon.

[*Round in his eare.*

They are yet asleep that shall be wakte anon.

Shrimp. I goe, sir. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter TURNOP, HUGH, TOM TABRER, WILL *the boy, and* SPURLING, *with their consort.*

Tom. Nay, either let it be as Mr. Turnop will have, or, by my troth, faire and softly, I will goe no further. Either let us haue credit, or no credit.

Hugh. You haue sayd as much as [can] be sayd, neighbour Thomas, and that not learnedly, but loovingly, withall. Maister Turnop, the Lordes were so pontiffically pleased with your roration, that the ladyes p[ersons] to morrow remayneth altogether at your dispositation.

Turnop. Why, then, thus my muse hath magestically, or minstricallically, written in prayse of fayre Sydanen; and shee beeing appointed to be maryed this [day], she ought to have the maydenhead of my muse before she loose the benefit abselutidico; as much [as] to say, in Welsh or English, as her rosemary braunche.

Spurling. But has Will learned it perfectly? I tell you, she is a lady of some scression, and lookes that the song of Sydanen should be well performed.

Turnop. Goodman Spurling, though you be purblinde, and thereby are favoured for the grosse errours committed in your vocation, yet, I pray ye, commit your selfe to your musique: as for the song, let it passe uppon my prerogastride, with this addition, He mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Tom. When then, tune all; for it drawes toward day, and if we wake not the bryde, why, then it is woorth nothing. [*They play: the boy sings the Welsh song.*

Turnop. To add one good morrowe to your bed sydes,
Timothie Turnop bids good morrow [to] bothe the brydes.
Now to the brydegroomes, and then, my harts, looke for a largesse.

Enter SHRIMPE, *the Boy.*

Shrimpe. Why, now is Shrimpe in the height of his bravery,
That he may execute some parte of his maister's knavery.
Sound foorth your musique to the brydegroomes sorrowe,
For I will sing them but a sower good morrowe.
[*Song of the Brydes loss.*

[*They play, and the boy singes, whearat the Bridegroomes come foorth in their night-gownes, and breeches on their heades. To them* OSWEN [*and*] AMERY, *making them selves ready.*

Moorton. What song is this, to flout me to my face?
Is fayre Sydanen gon, and left me in disgrace?

Pemb. Peasants, what mean ye, to delude us so?
Is Marian and Sydanen gon? Say yea, or no.

Shrimpe. Are ye so hot? chafe ye so suddenly?
Nay, pause awhyle; Ile fetche ye company. [*Exit.*

Turnop. Why, my Lordes, do ye aske if the Ladyes be gon or no?
If they be not in their beddes, it is more then we knowe.

* * * theyr rest, thou sungst a song of sorrowe.

Turnop. My Lord, you lye: we playd ye but a good morrowe;
And seeing for our good willes ye do us this wrong,
Let's to the Brydes, to have mony for our song.

Heere enter AMERY *and* OSWEN *rubing.*

Oswen. How now, my Lords! what sudden noyse is this?
Is fayre Sydanen and my sister fled?

Pemb. These wretches, that so sung, doo now deny it.

Turnop. Let's talke a woord or two: awhyle I pray ye be quiet.

Did ye not yesternight disturb your head
With winum vinum, ere ye went to bed?
That makes ye in your sleep to rise and walke,
Or at the least thus idiot-lyke to talke.

Enter the Earle of CHESTER, *in his night-gowne, and* SHRIMPE *following aloofe of: some servaunts with him.*

Chester. Can their departure be to all unknowne?
Villaines, why speake ye not? Did no one see them?

1 *Servaunt.* Not any one, my Lord, that we can heere of.

Belyke they went foorth at the garden gate:
We found it open; therefore, we suspect it.

Oswen. My Lord and father, are you up so soone?
Where is my sister? where is fayre Sydanen?

Chester. Nay, where's thy mother, boy? aske that withall,
For she, thy sister, and my loovely niece,
This night are gon, and no one can tell whether.
As I lay slumbring, well neere halfe awake,
Under my window did I heare a voyce,
Saying, rise, Chester, for this wedding day
Is disappointed now another way.

Moorton. And in a song the lyke was tolde to us
By these base slaves, that now deny the same.
But yet, my Lord, I hope it is not so.

Chester. That they are gone, my Lordes, tis true, I knowe.—
But came these newes from you? Why speake ye not?

Hugh. Thomas, you are the auncient'st man: I pray ye, make answer for us.

Thomas. My Lord, I hope it is not unknowen to your woorshipps, that I have liv'd a poore professer of musique

in this parish this forty year, and no man could ever burden me with the valewe of two pence: that ye should now lay three wenches at once to my charge, I will not say howe much it greeves me, but betweene God and your conscience be it.

Turnop. Nay, but heare ye, my Lord. Doo ye, as it were, seeme, in good sober sadnesse, to tell us for a certaintie that the brydes are gon, and that we, as it were, should have some occasion to knowe thereof?

Chester. So say these Lordes: they lay it to your charge.

Turnop. Why, then, my Lordes, both great and small,
Knowe that ye wrong, not one, but all.
Which way so ere they haue betooke them,
If they be gon, you may goe looke them;
And if they be not to be found,
You have lost your wives, Ile holde ye a pound.

Chester. Away, then, villaynes! rayse up all my men;
Bid them take horsse and post foorth every way.
By some foule treason are they led from hence;
My wife else would not with this faulte dispence.
Away, I say, and trouble me no longer.

[*Exeunt clownes and servaunts.*

Shrimp. Why, now this geere doth cotton in righte kinde.
These newes, I wot, will please my maister's mynde.

[*Exit boy.*

Enter LLWELLEN, *his trayne, and* JOHN A CUMBER *a loofe of.*

Moorton. But heere comes one whom this concernes so neere,
That he will searche the depth of this bolde wrong.
Princely Llwellen and my noble freend,
Hither thou commest, by loyall promise bound

To sollemnize thy daughter's nuptiall rightes;
But fayre Sydanen and Earle Chester's daughter
Are, with the aged Countesse, parted hence,
Whether or how as yet we cannot learne.
Llwellen. Why, then, my freend, thy tydings are too true.— [*To* JOHN A CUMBER.
Unhappy man! is this thy welcome hither?
Pemb. My Lord, can he say any thinge of their departure?
Speak, gentle freend, and ease our doubtfull mindes.
Cumber. Ease them I cannot, but disease them more:
They are where you shall never see them more.
Moorton. How meanste thou, freend? Dally not, I beseeche thee.
Cumber. Prince Griffin of Southewales hath got Sydanen;
Lord Powesse hath your daughter Marian;
And at S^r^. Gosselen Denvyle's Castell, not farre hence,
Before your Countesse, who went with them thither,
This day their mariage must be consumate.
Chester. What say'st thou? Hath my Countesse wrong'd me so?
And is this trecherie by her consent?
Cumber. No, my good Lord. Knowe ye one John a Kent,
A man whom all this Brittishe Isle admires
For his rare knowledge in the deepest artes?
By pollicye he traynd them from this place,
They simply thinking no such hidden guyle:
But at Saint Winifrides fayre hallowed spring,
To pay last tribute of their mayden vowes,
Went with the Countesse and that subtill guyde.
So eache of you may now goe looke his bryde.
Llwellen. Let us to horsse, and gather able troopes,

That may engirt the Castell round about.
Proud Griffin, Powesse, and the rest, shall knowe
I will not pocket this injurious wrong,
Which I will rate at price of their best blood,
And his that hath so overreachte us all.

Cumber. Fye, my good Lord! nay, now ye growe too hot.
Talke ye of horsse, of men, and multitudes,
When rayse the very powerfulst strength ye can,
Yet all's too weak to deale with that one man.
Had ye a freend could equall him in Arte,
Controll his cunning, which he boasts so on,
Then were there hope of their recoverie:
What else ye doo will help but slenderly.

Moorton. Ile poste to Scotland for brave John a Cumber,
The only man renownde for magick skill.
Oft have I heard he once beguylde the Devill,
And in his Arte could never finde his matche.
Come he with me, I dare say John a Kent,
And all the rest shall this foule fact repent.

Cumber. Were he heere now, my Lord, it would doo well;
But if he come when every thing is doone,
No credit by the matter can be wun.

Chester. My Lord, goe you and fetch that famous man.
The Prince and I will foorthwith to the Castell,
Where, calling them to parle on the walles,
Wee'le promise that they shall enjoy the Ladyes,
With our consent, if but a sennight space
They will adjorne the day of mariage.
Sound reasons wee'le alleadge, to urge them to it;
Then, you returnd with him that never faylde,
You have your wishe, and John in cunning graylde.

Pemb. Be it so, my Lord. Ilè beare ye company,
Not doubting but to speed successefully.
Cumber. Ile save my Lord that labour. Heer's John a Cumber,
Entiste to England by the wundrous fame
That every where is spread of John a Kent.
And seeing occasion falleth out so well,
I may doo service to my Lord heerby,
I make him my protectour in this case.
What he hath doone for many dayes together
By Arte I knowe, as you have seene some proofe.
Ile make no bragges, but we two Johns together
Will tug for maistrie: therfore came I hither.
Moorton. The welcomste man that ever came to me;
[*All embrace him.*
And this kinde loove will Moorton well requite.
For God's sake, let us loose no time in vayne:
Tis broad day light. Sweet John, bestirre thee now,
For nere thy help could come in greater need.
Cumber. All you to horsse: Ile meet ye on the way.
My Lord, some of those merry lads gave you good morrowe
Comaund to followe ye: I must imploy them.
So, get ye gon, and leave me to my selfe.
Chester. We goe, John.—Come, gentlemen, away!
[*Exeunt: manet* CUMBER.
Cumber. Now, John a Kent, much have I heard of thee:
Auncient thy fame * * * *
What art thou doinge? Very seriously
[*Look in his glasse.*
Plotting downe pastimes to delight the Ladyes.
Then, have amongst ye: you, sir, have begun,
My turne is next before your spoortes be doone.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter S^r GRIFFIN, POWESSE, GOSSELEN, *and* EVAN.

Gosselen. I cannot blame ye, Lordes, to stirre so early,
Considering what occasions are in hand:
Love's long pursuit at length to be requited
With the due guerdon to continued hope.
And such, by meanes of freendly John a Kent,
Shall yeeld you bothe your severall harts content.
Evan. Yea, but the Countesse and the other Ladyes,
I doubt, were wearied with so late a walke,
For, as it seemes, they are not stirring yet,
And little kindnesse were it to disease them
Before them selves think best to leave their chamber.
But say, Prince Griffin, wheron doo ye muse?
You not mislyke Sydanen is so neere;
Nor you that Marian beares her company?
S. Griffin. Sir Evan, Ile be playne, and tell ye what I thought.
I deeply did conceit within my selfe
Lord Moorton's passions he will act this morning,
When newes is brought him that his bryde is gon.
Think ye he will not cursse the fatall houre
Began so sweete, and now falles out so sower?
Powesse. Nay, let my rivall beare him company,
And good olde Chester, for his forwardnes
In seeking to deceive me of my wife.
But what will he imagine of his Countesse?
Shee's gon from Courte, and no man can tell whether,
And colde their sute, should they pursue them hether.
Powesse. Therof you may be bolde. But much I muse
Where John a Kent bestowes him, all this whyle.
He is so carefull of his coy conceites,

To sute this sollemne day, as it should be,
That for your sakes I knowe it shall excell.
At least, he labours all thinges may be well.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *lyke* JOHN A KENT.

S. Griffin. See where he comes, deep pondering with him selfe
Important matters. We must not disturb him,
But give him leave till his owne leysure [serve] him.
[*Musique.*
Silence! me thinkes I heare sweet melodie;
And see, he sets the Castell gate wide ope.
[*Musique whyle he opens the door.*
Stand we aloofe, and note what followeth.

From one end of the Stage enter an antique, queintly disguysed, and coming dauncing before them, singes.

1 *Antique.* When wanton loove had walkte astray,
Then good regard began to chide,
And meeting her uppon the way,
Says, wanton lasse, thou must abide.
For I have seene in many yeares
That sudden loove breedes sullen feares.

Shall I never, while I live, keep my girle at schoole.
She hath wandred to and fro,
Furder then a mayde should goe.
Shall she never, while she lives, make me more a foole.
[*Into the Castell: a ducking curtesy. Exit.*

Cumber. You little thinke who it is that sung this song.
S. Griffin. No, John. I pray thee, tell us who it is.

Cumber. Why, Prince Llwellen, come to his daughter's wedding.
Is he her father, and not woorth the bidding?

S. Griffin. Thou doost but jest, John. I hope it is not so.

Cumber. I say it is. Heere comes another: let's see if him I knowe.

From the other end of the Stage enter another antique as the first.

2 *Antique.* In a silent shade, as I sate a sunning,
There I heard a mayd greevously complayne.
May mones she sayde, amongst her sithes still comming,
All was * * * * * *

Then her aged father counceld her the rather
To consent where he had plaste his mynde;
But her peevish mother brought her to another,
Though it was agaynste bothe course and kynde.

Then like a father will I come to check my filly,
For her gadding foorth without my leave;
And if she repent it, I am well contented
Home agayne my darling to receive.

[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. Lord Powesse, you may guesse by the song who this is.

Powesse. If thother was Llwellen, as thou saydst,
I doubt, then, this [was] Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Or some devise figurd by thee for them,
To fright us when we are in surest safetie.

Cumber. Content ye, Lordes, the fathers beeing by,
You may be sure nothing shall goe awry.
Heere comes another: listen what he is.

From under the Stage, the third antique.

3 *Antique.* You that seek to sunder loove,
Learne a lesson ere you goe;
And as others paynes doo proove,
So abyde your selves lyke woe.
For I fynde, and you shall feele
Selfe same turne of Fortunes wheele:
Then if wrong be repayde,
Say deserved mends it made.
[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. What say ye to Earle Moorton, Prince Griffin? lyke ye his company or no?

S. Griffin. Come, John, thou loov'st to jest. I perswade me it is not so.

Gosselen. Tush! no such matter: this antique disguise
Is but to give the Brydes a good morrow so soone as they rise.

Evan. And to make you despaire in the course of his arte,
He gives these names to every severall parte.

Cumber. What! another yet? Who should this be?

The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.

4 *Antique.* You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
You stole my love, fye, fye a.
Guest you but what a paine it is to proove,
You for your loove would dye a;
And hencefoorth never longer
Be such a craftie wronger:
But when deceit takes such a fall,
Then farewell sly devise and all.
You stole my loove; fye uppon ye, fye.
You stole my loove, fye, fye a.
[*Exit into the Castell.*

Cumber. My Lord of Pembrooke! may it be possible?
By my faith, we lookte for no such guests. Nay,
then, Ile in to make up the messe.

[*Exit into the Castell, and makes fast the dore.*

Evan. What meaneth John by this mad merrie
humour?
He namde the Prince Llwellen and the Earle of
Chester,
The Earles of Moorton and of Pembrook, bothe your
rivalles.
It seemes he would entise us to beleeve
That in these antique shewes of quaint devise
They severally are entred in the Castell.
Tis hard for us to judge of his intent.

Enter JOHN A KENT, *talking with his boy.*

S. Griffin. Heere now he comes agayne; but not from
foorth the Castell!
Ile be so bolde as break his serious talke,
For these devises make me much misdoubt
Further then I as yet will seeme to speak on.—
Now, gentle John, shall we intreat to knowe
The meaning of your merrie antique showe?

John. What showe, my Lord? what meaning should
I tell?

Powesse. Why, John, those antiques went into the
Castell.
Foure was there of them, and eche severally
Bothe dauncste and sung heere very pleasantly.
The first thou toldst us was the Prince Llwellen;
The second, noble Ranulphe Earle of Chester,
Whom thou hadst brought to grace this day withall.
Moorton and Pembrook were the other twayne;
In all which, John, I knowe thou didst but fayne.
Then now at large * * * *

* * * * * * my Lordes, I pray ye say,
[Un]till this instant sawe ye me to day?
Gosselen. Sawe thee, sweet John! I pray thee leave this jesting.
Thy feyned straungenes makes these Lordes amazde.
Didst thou not first set ope the Castell gate,
And then from sundry places issued foorth
The skipping antiques, singing severall songs,
As loovers use that have endurde some wrongs?
And when they all were entred at the gate,
Thou followedst, seeming then to barre it fast.
Whence now thou comste, to make us more admyre,
I cannot guesse: tell us, I thee desyre.
John. Maister, Ile credit ye, because you speak it;
But, on my faith, all this is straunge to me.
My boy and I have for these two houres space
Beene greatly busyed in another place,
To tell you trueth, against the Brydes should rise,
To sporte them with some pleasing vanities.
S. Griffin. Then, John, let's in, for feare of tretcherie.
My hart misgives there is some villainie.
John. The gate is fast, my Lordes, bound with such charmes, [*He tryes the dore.*
As very easily will not be undoone.
I hope the learned Owen Glenderwellin
Is not come hither, as in the Lordes behalfe
That are your rivalles, and at this advauntage
Hath overreachte me when I least misdoubted.
Is it not he, I cannot guesse the man.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER *on the walles, lyke* JOHN A KENT.

Powesse. My Lordes, see one appeareth on the walles.
Tis John a Kent! How? John a Kent is heere.

Some sly magitian hath usurpte thy shape,
And this day made us all unfortunate.
John. What ere thou be, I charge thee tell thy name.
Cumber. My name is John: what sayst thou to the same?
John. I would thou wert the John that I could wishe!
Cumber. If John a Cumber, then, the same it is.
In thy proud thoughtes, John, did I heare thee say
Thou wantedst one to thwart thy deep desseignes,
Layd cunningly to countercheck this loove,
Because it should not take successe so soone;
And me thou namdste, freendly or how, I care not:
Heere am I now; and what those Lordes have tolde thee
Is very true: thine eyes shall witness it.—
Sound musique, while I shewe to John a Kent
[*Musique.*
Those hither come, for whom he never sent.

Whyle the musique playes, enters on the walles LLWELLEN, CHESTER *with his Countesse*, MOORTON *with* SYDANEN, PEMB. *with* MARIAN; OSWEN, AMERYE.

S. Griffin. Ah, John! if these be not illusions,
But the same partyes, all our hope is dashte.
Llwellen, Ranulphe, and our hatefull foes!
Help, John, or now afreshe beginnes our woes.
Llwellen. And are ye taken tardy in your shames,
Proude Southwales Prince and overdaring Powesse?
See, now, the issue of your enterprise
Requites ye with your well deserving merits;
And my Sydanen, thus restord agayne,
Shall with Earle Moorton safely now remayne.
Chester. Madame, I judgde you guiltie in this wrong,
Till John a Cumber heere resolvde the doubt.
Now, Powesse, brag of thy late gotten conquest:

Let John a Kent, with all the witte he hath,
Restore thee Marian, if he can, from me.—
Heere, Earle of Pembrook; take her, she is thine,
And thank kinde John, whose cunning is divine.
Pemb. Thankes unto him, and you, most noble Lord,
And shame to them such as their deedes deserve,
That would have severd me from my sweet choyse.
I hope heeres one hath met with John a Kent,
To teache him how true love he dooth prevent.
Moorton. Was there no way to yeeld your love succesee,
But by that fellowes sillie practises?
Let him heerafter meddle with his mates:
Heeres one hath given me Marian back agayne;
Let him attempt to fetche her, if he dare.
Sydanen. Was never lady wronged thus before!
Marian, thou knowest my minde; I say no more.
Marian. Sweet Cossen, what we may not now impart,
Heere let us bury it, closely in our hart.
Countesse. This sudden chaunge hath altred quite your hope.
What was at first concluded now must be:
Cossen and daughter, help none else ye see.
Cumber. Now, John without, listen to John within.
The mariage thou appoynted for those Lordes
Shall be effected now with these two Lordes;
And for they would not let us be their guests,
They nor thy selfe gets any of our feastes.[1]
In mockerie wishe for me another day.
So, fare ye well: we have no more to say.
John. Good John within, heare John without a little.
Winners may bragge, loosers have leave to speak.
Under my shaddowe have you doone all this:
Much greater cunning had it beene thine owne.

[1] This and the preceding line are struck out in the MS.

As yet thou doost but rob me of my selfe.
Good, honest Jhon, let me beholde thy selfe:
Perhaps my shape makes thee thus boldly vaunte,
And armes thee with this ablenes of skill,
Wheras thine owne, beeing insufficient,
May make thee feare to deale with John a Kent.
Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, goe, disporte your selves
About the walkes and gardens of this Castell.
And for thou ween'st so gayly of thy selfe,
Within this hower, John, Ile meete with thee,
In mine owne shape, uppon this Castell greene,
Where I will dare thee, and out dare thee too,
In what soever John a Kent can doo.
John. I take thy woord.—Ladyes, to you alone
Wish I all good, but to the others none. [*They discend.*
S. Griffin. Why, say, sweet John, what shall betyde us now?
Now are we wursse than ere we were before.
John. Sirra, get ye to the back gate of the Castell,
And through the key hole nimbly wring thee in.
Marke well, and bring me woord what stratageme
This cumbring John meanes next to enterprise,
For I am sure he will not leave me so,
At least, I meane not him. Away then! goe.
Shrimp. I fly, sir; and am there alreadie. [*Exit boy.*
Powesse. No comfort, John? What! standst thou all amort?
Tis only we that have the greatest cause.
Thou canst, I knowe, cope with this John a Cumber,
And maister him, maugre his utmoste skill,
If thou wilt searche into thy deepe conceites.
Gosselen. John, I myselfe have oft times heard thee wishe
That thou mightst buckle with this John a Cumber.

Come is he now, to all our deep disgrace,
Except thou help it ere he scape this place.
John. Maister, what! he that went beyond the Devill,
And made him serve him seaven yeares prentiship?
Ist possible for me to conquer him?
Tis better take this foyle, and so to end.
S. Griffin. Why, then, our Ladyes this day shall be wed,
If or thou canst, or wilt not, stand us now in sted.
John. Nay, there's no wedding toward, that I can see,
And when tis doone, yet heere it must not be.
Content your selves, and walke the woodes about:
Heere is no getting in, we are fayre lockt out.
I cannot tell, but if I hit aright,
For walking heere all day, I make some walke all night.
Be gon, I pray ye; youre but * *

[*Exeunt, præter* JOHN.]

Enter SHRIMPE, *skipping.*

Come on, sirra; tell me, now, what newes?
Shrimpe. Sir, yonders great preparation for a play,
Which by the shaddowes of the Lordes and Ladyes
Heere, on the greene, shall foorthwith be enacted;
And John a Cumbers whole intent heerein
Is that your selfe shall see before your face
His arte made currant, to your deep disgrace.
John. But where's the Countesse, Marian, and Sydanen?
They are not in the Castell; that I knowe.
Shrimpe. Earle Chesters sonne and young Lord Amerye
Are merily conducting them to Chester;
And thither will the Lordes them selves this night,
When they have seene this play in your dispight.
John. Be gon, and bring the Ladyes back agayne,
With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.

Stay with them at the Chesenut tree hard by,
Till I come for them.—Now bestirre thee, John,
[*Exit boy.*
For in thy play I purpose to make one. [*Exit.*

Enter JOHN A CUMBER *in his owne habit; with him* TURNOP, HUGH, *and* THOMAS *the Tabrer.*

Turnop. Doo ye heare, sir? We can be content, as it were, to furnish ye with our facilitie in your play or enterlude. Marie, where ye would us to flout, scoff, and scorne at John a Kent, for my part, let Hugh Sexten and Thomas Tabrer doo as they see occasion, I am not to mock him, that is able to make a man a munkey in lesse then halfe a minute of an houre.

Hugh. Ile tell ye what, sir. If it be true that is spoken, marie, I will not stand to it: a man were better deale with the best man in the countrey then with maister John a Kent. He never goes abroad without a bushell of devilles about him, that if one speak but an ill woord of him, he knowes it by and by, and it is no more but send out one of these devilles, and wheres the man then? Nay, God blesse me from him.

Thomas. Harkeye, sir: you are a gentleman, and weele doo as much for my Lord the Earle, as poore men may doo, if it be to doo or say any thing agaynst him selfe or any other, weele doo it. Marie, Thomas Tabrer will never meddle with M^{r}. John; no, not I.

Cumber. Why, sillie soules, Ile be your warrantise:
John shall not touch ye, doo the best he can.
Ile make ye scorne him to his very face,
And let him venge it how he will or dare.

Turnop. By my troth, sir, ye seeme an honest man, and so, faith, could ye be as good as your woord, there be that, perhaps, would come somewhat roundly to ye. Indeed, sir, maister John hath dealt but even so with

me in times past. Harke ye, sir, I never besorted or played the good fellowe, as sometimes ye knowe fleshe and blood will be frayle, but my wife hath knowen on it, ere I came home, and it could not be but by some of his flying devilles.

Cumber. Nay, I could tell ye other thinges besyde,
What dayly wronges he dooth unto ye all;
Which, for they aske some leysure to reporte,
Ile urge no more but that ye joyne with me
In such an action as I have in hand,
When you shall see him so disabled,
Not daring to offend the wurst of you,
As hencefoorth will he hyde his head for shame,
Weele make him such a scoffing, jesting game.[1]

Hugh. But shall he neither send his devilles to pinche us, nor doo any more harme, if wee doo as you bid us?

Cumber. Harke me. Ile make him fret him selfe to death
With very anger that he cannot touche ye.
Bob, buffet him, doo him what wrong ye will,
And feare not, Ile defend ye by my skill.

Thomas. Well, sir, Ile stand by and give aime; and if I see them speed well, Ile bring ye such a crewe of wenches, on whom his devilles have told lyes and tales, that your hart would burst to heare how they will use him.

Cumber. Why, this is excellent! you fit me now.
Come in with me, Ile give you apt instructions,
According to the purpose I entend,
That John a Kent was nere so courst before.
Our time is short; come, lette us in about it.
* * * * * * [*Exeunt.*

John. Poore John a Kent! Heeres making roddes [for] you:

[1] This speech is struck out with a pen, in the MS.

Many have doone the lyke to whip them selves.
But John a Cumber is more wise then so;
He will doo nothing but shall take successe.
This walke I made to see this wundrous man:
Now, having seene him, I am satisfyed.
I know not what this play of his will proove,
But his intent, to deale with shaddowes only,
I meane to alter; weele have the substaunce:
And least he should want Actors in his play,
Prince Griffin, Lord Powesse, and my merrie maister,
Ile introduce as I shall finde due cause.
And if it chaunce as some of us doo looke,
One of us Johns must play besyde the booke. [*Exit.*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter SHRIMPE, *playing on some instrument, a prettie way before the Countesse,* SYDANEN, MARIAN, OSWEN, *and* AMERYE.

Oswen. Madame, this sound is of some instrument:
For two houres space it still hath haunted us;
[*The boy playes round about them.*
Now heere, now there, on eche syde, round about us;
And, questionlesse, either we followe it,
Or it guydes us, least we mistake our way.
Amerye. It may be that this famous man of Arte,
Doubting least John a Kent should crosse our journey,
And seeke revendge for his receivde disgrace,
He by this musique dooth direct our course,
More redyly to hit the way to Chester.
Countesse. What ere it be, I would we were at Chester.
My loovely niece, I see, is malcontent,
So is my Marian; but what remedye,
When thinges, you see, fall out so contrary?
Sydanen. Ay, poore Sydanen! let no more sweet song

Be made by Poet for Sydanen sake.
Her fine trim day is turn[d] to black cole night,
And she hath lost her sweetest loove[s] delight.
Shrimp. But let Sydanen cast away this care;
Comfort is neerer her then shee's aware.
[*To her, asyde.*
Sydanen. What say you, Cossen? did you speak to me?
Marian. Not I, Sydanen: I with you complayne
On fortunes spight and over deep disdayne.
Shrimp. But Marian with Sydanen may rejoyse,
For time will let them have their owne harts choyse.
[*They look about.*
Sydanen. Pray God, amen. O, cossen! did you heare?
A voyce still buzzeth comfort in mine eare.
Marian. And so in mine; but I no shape can see.
Tis John a Cumber mocks bothe you and me.
Sydanen. Cursse on his heart, for cumber[ing] true loove so,
Which else had made full end of all our woe.

Enter Sr GOSSELEN, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *and* EVAN.

Gosselen. How say ye, Lordes? now credit John a Kent.
See where they are, and at the selfe same tree
Where he assurde us all of them would be.
S. Griffin. Sweetest Sydanen, how thy happie syght
Makes me forget all former sorrowe quyte!
Powesse. The lyke dooth Marians presence yeeld to me:
For all greefes past assurde felicitie! [*Musique chimes.*
Evan. Listen, my Lordes! me thinkes I heare the chyme, [*A dayn*[*ty fit*] *of musique.*
Which John did promise ere you should presume
To venture for recoverie of the Ladyes.

Gosselen. The very same. Stay till the power therof
Have layd the sleepie charge on bothe their eyes,
That should have guyded them from hence to Chester.

[*The boy trips round about* OSWEN *and* AMERY, *sing*[*ing in*] *chyme, and they, the one after the other, lay them* [*down*] *using very sluggish gestures: the Ladyes amazedly* [*looke*] *about them.*

[*Sing to the musique within.*

Sleep, sweetly, sleep sweetly, sweetly take rest,
Till eche goe with her choyse, where she likes best.
Ladyes, cheere up your despayring mindes,
For your freendes are neere,
That will answer true loove in due kinde,
Then never more feare.

Shrimp. Lordes, take advauntage, for they bothe are fast.
Bid John a Cumber mend this cunning cast.

Gosselen. Feare not, good madame, for you must with me,
To one that joyes these loovers love to see.

[*The chyme playes, and* GOSSELEN *with the Countesse goes turning out.*

S. Griffin. And fayre Sydanen, I dare boldly say,
Rather with me will goe, then heere to stay.

[*The chyme agayne, and they turne out in lyke manner.*

Powesse. I not misdoubt but Marian beares lyke mynde.
This is the way our sweet content to fynde.

[*The chyme agayne, and so they.*

[*Exeunt.*

Shrimp. Sir Evan, follow you the way they take,
For now I must these sleepie Lordes awake.

[*Exit* EVAN.

Fye, gentlemen! what means this slothfulnes?

You sleep securely, while the subtill foe
[*They start up.*
Hath got your charge, and bred a greater woe.
Oswen. Lord Amerye, how fell we thus asleep?
My mother, sister, and Sydanen's gon!
Amery. Canst thou, my boy, tell which way they have tane,
Or by what meanes they are thus gon from hence?
Shrimp. When as my maister, John a Cumber, sawe
How carelessly you did respect your charge,
And lay asleep, while as Sr Gosselen Denvyle,
Prince Griffin, Powesse, and another Knight,
Bare hence the Ladyes toward proud John a Kent,
He sent me posting thorow the duskye ayre,
To wake ye, and to cause ye followe me,
To fetche them back ere they have got too farre.
If then, youle speed, follow me presently.
Oswen. Thankes to thy maister: we will followe thee,
To make amends for our fond negligence.
Shrimp. And I will lead ye such a merrie walke,
As you therof shall at more leysure talke.
Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOHN A KENT, *lyke* JOHN A CUMBER: *with him* LLWELLEN, CHESTER, MOORTON, *and* PEMBROOK, *foorth of the Castell.*

John. Lordes, take your places as you are appoynted.
Though once I minded but to use your shaddowes,
Pardon me, now I may imploy your persons,
Because that your delight shall be the greater,
And his disgrace the more to you apparant,
That durst attempt so bolde an enterprise.
Now shall ye see, if famous John a Kent
Be able to avoyde disparagement.

Llwellen. But shall Sydanen and Earle Chester's
daughter
Be here in person lykewise, as we are?
John. No, my good Lord; their figures shall suffise,
Because you see they are disconsolate,
And, to speak trueth, beare more affection
To Griffin of Southwales and the Lord Powesse,
Then to Earle Moorton and the Earle of Pembrooke;
Whose shaddowes when those other Lordes shall see
So farre estraunged from their former course,
How it will quayle their hope your selves shall judge,
And make poor John a Kent mad to beholde it.
Chester. But long ere this I hope they are at Chester,
And bothe their guydes in safetie at my house.
John. I warrant ye, my Lord, they'r safe enough
From John, and all the utmoste he can doo.—
See, my good Lord, what I doo for your sake,
[*To* MOORETON.
Who only may dispose of me and mine.
Moorton. I knowe it, John; and should I not confesse
Thy kyndnes to exceed in my behalfe,
And guerdon it, I greatly were to blame.
Pemb. The lyke say I, wherof * * care * *
My thankfulnes shall more at large assure thee.
John. Needlesse, my Lordes, are all these ceremonyes;
For as I furder you in looves affayres,
So I expect some credit by mine Arte.
Now, silence, Lordes, for all the sportes begin:
And see where John a Kent is first come in.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *lyke* JOHN A KENT.

Cumber. As he that with unsatiate thirst of fame
Pursues an action of some high applause,
To conquer his usurping enemye,
And add renowne for ever to his deedes,

So John a Cumber followes his intent
To conquer. Sit, and laugh at John a Kent.
Llwellen. What sayes he? Will he laugh him selfe to scorne?
John. My Lord, you little thinke the scope of his intent.
He dooth imagine he hath tane my shape,
And you shall heare him speak as he were John a Cumber.
Note all his actions, and let it suffise,
Heele proove him selfe a foole before your eyes.
Chester. And yet imagine that he scorneth thee?
John. Why, that is all. For God's sake, sit and see.
Cumber. Alreadie are my shaddowes set in order,
For Prince Llwellen, Chester, Pembrooke, Moorton.
[*He poyntes to them.*
And see, poore John a Kent is walking by
As one, that cannot yeeld a reason why.
Moorton. He poyntes to thee, and tearmes thee John a Kent.
Let him heerafter brag with John a Cumber.
Pemb. When men of Arte thus strive in merriment,
It needes must rayse in meaner wittes some wunder.
John. Begin your scene; and if he be not vext,
I doubt not but he shalbe with the next.
Llwellen. Fye, John a Kent! what injurie is this
[*He riseth and goeth to* JOHN A CUMBER.
That thou hast offered to this noble man?
Sydanen, my fayre daughter, whom I loove,
Wouldst thou have wedded to the Southwales Prince,
And broughtst her hither to thy maisters Castell,
From whence she was recovered, to thy shame.
Fye, John a Kent! for this most sillie parte,
Heerafter tearme thy selfe no man of Arte.

Chester. Thy subtill wandring in an Hermit's weede,
[*Suddenly starting to him, after the other hath done.*
Wherby thou didst seduce my aged wife
To let her daughter, and my loovely niece,
Walke with her to Saint Winifrydes fayre spring,
To offer up theyr latest mayden vowes,
And thou, like to an hippocrite, their guyde,
Say, foollish man, what hast thou wun heerby,
But such dishonor as will never dye?

Moorton. John, John, call thou to minde the antiques
That in thy absence got into the Castell, [*He suddenly.*
And ore the walles returnd unto thy face,
The only argument of thy disgrace.
Alas! good John, account it then no wunder,
Such is thy luck to deale with John a Cumber.

Pemb. Well, John a Kent, wilt thou be rulde by me?
[*He suddenly.*
Leave Wales, leave England, and be seene no more.
This monstrous blemish, graven uppon thy browe,
Will be but greefe to us, thy countrey men.
Then, seeing that so tardy thou art catcht,
Yeeld him the bucklers that thee overmatcht.

Cumber. How now! What's this? My shaddowes taught to speak
That to my face they should unto my foe?

Llwellen. Shaddowes proove substaunce. John, thou art too weak;
Then, like a sillie fellowe, pack and goe.

Cumber. Speak heere to John a Kent. Speak ye to me?

Chester. We speak to John the foole, and thou art he.

Cumber. Spirits, Ile to [punish] ye for this abuse.

Moorton. Fret not thy selfe * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * appoynted ye?

Pemb. Alas! poore sillie soule, thou mayst appoynt,
And all thy poynting is not woorth a poynt.

Cumber. Whence am I crost? may it be John a Kent
Hath overwatchte me in myne owne devise?
The more I strive to knowe, the further off
I am from compassing what fayne I would.
Ile sit awhyle and meditate heeron. [*He sits downe.*

John. What! in a study? Nay, I must awake him;
With other thinges more angry yet must make him.

Enter S^r^ GOSSELEN DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *the Countesse,* SYDANEN, *and* MARIAN.

Gosselen. Alas, alas! why droupeth John a Kent?
[*To* CUMBER.
Looke cheerely, man; for see, Earle Chester's wife,
Through power of thine incomparable skill,
Is back returnd from devillish John a Cumber,
And no man hath the shame but he alone.
[JOHN A CUMBER *stamps about.*

S. Griffin. I knowe this sadnes is but thy conceite,
Because he crost thee ere thou wast aware;
But may not this cheere up thy minde agayne,
That thou hast brought me sweet Sydanen backe?

Powesse. And heere is Marian, too, my soules delight,
Who, but for thee, had beene Earle Pembrookes bryde.
Let John a Cumber's foyle, then, be of force,
Sithe we enjoy what we can moste desyre,
To make thee leave this discontented humour.

Cumber. Sleep I, or wake I? dreame I, or doo I dote?
Looke, what I poynted all these shapes to doo
Agaynst the man that I doo envye moste,
They doo it to me; and he sits laughing by,
As if there were no John a Kent but I.

Countesse. Why, frollique, John: thy arte prooves excellent.

Let not one simple foyle make thee dismay;
Thou art revendge unto thine none content:
Let John a Cumber doo the wurst he may.
Sydanen. And will sweet John a Kent not look so sad,
Sydanen will intreat all Brittain's Poets
To write large volume of thy learned skill
For bringing her where she desyre[s] to be,
And from that John a Cumber set her free.
Marian. Look, what my cossen sayth, the lyke doo I,
And will extoll thy fame continually.
Evan. Into the Castell, then, and frollique there.
I knowe that John will not stay long behinde,
Since your successe dooth answere thus his mynde.
[*Exeunt into the Castell.*
John. How say ye now, my Lord? Did not these shaddowes
Make him halfe thinke they were the same indeed?
Llwellen. What ere they did in him, beleeve me, freend,
But that I more relye uppon thine arte
Then the opinion this hath raysde in me,
I should have sworne that that was my Sydanen.
Moorton. In sooth, my Lord, I jump with your conceite.
And trust me, I was not a little moovde,
Prince Griffin's shape so led her by the hand,
But that I credit arte more then mine eye.
Powesse. Will ye beleeve me, but that John is by,
And dooth all this to plague yon John a Kent,
These semblaunces would make me much misdeeme.—
Pardon me, John, for loove is full of feare,
And such illusions neither please eye nor eare.[1]
Chester. Then well fare me, that differ from you all.
Should I have tooke that shaddowe for my Countesse,

[1] This speech is struck out in the MS.

Or else the other for my daughter Marian?
Nay, what he did already so resolves me,
That I am dreadlesse now of John a Kent.

John. I thanke ye, good my Lord: so holde ye still,
For John's no John, I see, without good skill.
There's one fit more of merriment behinde,
That if't hit right will serve him in his kinde.

Enter TURNOP *and his trayne.*

Turnop. A pause, maisters, a pause. We are not come only * * * * to doo somewhat else besyde, for we are of the Qu * * * * nick nock John a Kent, if the honest gentleman [be as good as his] woord.

Thomas. As good as his woord? Why, looke ye yonder, where he standes * * * honors woorship, even as he sayd he would, he noddes his head * * * as one would say, maisters, fall to your busines, or doo that ye come for.

Hugh. Good Lord! looke you how John a Kent sits in a browne study, as it were. Who shall begin now? Come, lets knowe that.

Turnop. Who shall begin? what a question is that! Let mayde Marian have the first flurt at him, to set an edge on our stomacks, and let me alone, in faith, to jerke it after her.

Spurling. Now, by my troth, well advisde, good neighbour Turnop. Ile turne her to him, if he were a farre better man then is.—Too him, too him, touch him roundly.

Boy. What! think ye I am afrayde of him? In faith, sir, no.—Precise, John, or rather peevish, peeld, paltrie John; doost thou remember how many injuries from time to time thou hast doone me? First in sending thy devilles to tell lyes and tales of me; then, making my dame to cudgell me; and after to pinche me

black and blewe, when I never offended thee: for which I defye thee to thy face, and dare thee to meete me in any place.

Turnop. Heare, ye sir. You, sir, as one would say, good man; you sir, because brevitie is best in such a queazie action, it is concluded or conditioned among us that have some authoritie in this case, that because our Morris lackes a foole, and we knowe none fitter for it then you, Mr. John, heeres a coat, spick and span new: it never came on any man's back since it was made. Therfore, for your further credit, we will give you haunsell of it; and where we took you for a wise man before, we are contented to account of ye as our foole for ever heerafter.

Hugh. In witnesse wherof, we, the youthes of the parishe, put it on ye with our owne handes.

[*Put it on him.*

Nay, never strive or wunder, for thus we are appoynted by great John a Cumber.

Turnop. At it now, Thomas, lustily; and let us jerk it over the greene, seeing we have got such a goodly foole as Mr. John a Kent.

Chester. Why, this will make poore John a Kent
stark mad;
And, questionlesse, heele nere more shewe his face
To be reprooved with this deep disgrace.

John. Lordes, sit ye still: Ile come agayne anon.—
I am prettely revengde on Cumbring John. [*Exit.*

Enter SHRIMPE, *leading* OSWEN *and* AMERY *about the tree.*

Oswen. Were never men thus led about a tree;
Still circling it, and never getting thence!
My braynes doo ake, and I am growen so faynt,
That I must needes lye downe, on meere constraynt.

[*He lyes downe.*

Amery. This villayne boy is, out of doubt, some spirit.
Still he cryes follow, but we get no further
Then in a ring to daunce about this tree.
In all my life I never was so wearie:
Follow that list, for I can goe no longer.
[*He lyes downe.*
Shrimp. There lye and rest ye, for I think your walke
Hath not beene altogether to your ease.—
Now I must hence: I heare my maister's call.
It standes uppon the push of opening all. [*Exit boy.*
Oswen. Lord Amery, is not yon my father,
The Prince Llwellen, Moorton, and Earle Pembrook?
Amery. 'Tis they, indeed. O! let us call to them,
To trye if they can get us from this tree.—
Help, Prince of Wales! ah! help us, Earle of Chester,
Or else thy sonne and I are lyke to perishe!
Chester. Oswen, my sonne? and young Lord Amery?—
Shaddowes they be not, for tis they, indeed.
[*They* [*go to*] *them.*
Tell me, ah! tell me, wherfore lye ye heere?
Where are the Ladyes that you had in charge?
Llwellen. Ah, speak, young Lordes! my hart dooth
dread some ill,
Ye looke so gastly, and so full of feare.
Oswen. Lend us your ayde, to rayse us on our feete,
That we may get from this accursed tree.
[*They help them.*
* * * * * * * * the unhappy newes.
No ill to my Sydanen, then I can not.
[*Powesse.*] Be Marian well, be what it may besyde.
Oswen. Where is the villayne boy that thus misled us?
Boy was he not, but questionlesse some fiend,
That hath tormented us as nere was lyke.
Llwellen. Aske for no boyes, aske for no fiends or
furyes,

But tell me quickly where is my Sydanen?
Living or dead, or how is she bereft ye?
Oswen. Breefely to answere all of ye together,
Nor of my mother, Marian, or Sydanen,
Lyes it in us to tell ye what's become;
Other than this, as it was tolde to us,
That Griffin, Powesse, and S^r^ Gosselen Denvyle
Reskewed them from us: how or when we knowe not.
So sayd a devill, or boy, sent to us from John a Cumber.

Enter JOHN A CUMBER, *pulling of his foole*[*s*] *coat, lyke* KENT *still.*

Cumber. From me, young Lordes? alas! you were deceiv'd,
As you, likewise, and all have beene together.—
Looke not so straunge, Lordes; deeme not me John a Kent,
That in his sted have beene so much misusde:
Scorned by you, then flouted by the Ladyes;
Last made a foole heere in a morris daunce,
And all, preparde gaynst him, turnd on my selfe.
In breefe, then, to abridge all further wunder,
Yonder is John a Kent, heere John a Cumber.

[*Enter*] JOHN A KENT *in his owne habit,* DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, POWESSE, *Countesse,* SYDANEN, MARIAN, *and* SHRIMP, *on the walles.*

John. Now John within may speak to John without,
And, Lordes, to you that frumped him so finely.
Once you were heere, and shut us out of doore;
You had these Ladyes, but ye could not keep them.
Where are those twayne that daunc'st about the tree?
Look on your minstrell heere, sirs: this was he.—
[*To* SHRIMP.
But as for you, John, that usurpte my shape,

And promisde you would meet me on the greene,
O! you were busyed too much with your play;
But you knowe best who went the foole away.
That I am quit with thee thou wilt confesse.
Cumber. I doo, John, for twere shame to yeeld thee lesse;
But I may live to meet with thee heerafter.
I pray thee, John, shall we have one cast more?
John. So thoult deale wyser then thou didst before.
Promise me one thing, Lordes, and you shall see
Ile offer him more oddes then he dare me.
Llwellen. Lets heare it, John; and as we like weele answere.
John. It is so reasonable, you cannot deny me.
Fayne would ye that your daughters were combinde
In sacred wedlock with those noble Lordes:
Promise me that it shall be doone this day,
Without more dallying, Ile deliver them [*The Ladyes.*
To John a Cumber, so he will bestowe
His very deepest skill to make it sure.
But if he fayle, and be my luck to speed,
To ceasse contention, and confesse him foyld,
As I will doo the lyke if he prevayle.
Llwellen. I am agreed: what sayes my Lord of Chester?
Chester. The motion is so good that I consent.
Cumber. Lordes and fayre Ladyes, you likewise agree
To take your fortune, how so ere it be?
Omnes. We doo.
John. Then, not so churle-like as when you were Lordes
Of this our Castell, to allow no favour,
But even to hunger starve us at the doore,
Enter all freely, and take parte with us
[In our] good cheere, for some of you have need.

The * * * * * * * * * * *
And afterward are right welcome to try
Who shall have conquest, either he or I.
Cumber. Bravely resolvde, John; I must needes
commend thee.
Thoult have the wurst, if fortune but befriend me.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter the Abbot of Chester, reading a letter, and one of [*the Earl of Chester's Servants.*]

Abbot. My honest freend, this letter from thy Lord
Shewes that the mariages, so long deferd,
Betweene the Ladyes and their severall suters,
Must now at length be finished this day;
And at this Abbey is the place appoynted.
Further he sayth, that all the Abbey gates
Not only must be fast, but strongly mand
With his owne guard, appoynted for the purpose,
That none may issue foorth, or enter in,
But such as first must by him selfe be seene.
What! is there daunger of prevention,
Or that resistaunce will be offered?
Servaunt. Daunger there is, but what, in sooth, I
knowe not.
Lord Abbot, I have performde my charge to you;
I must goe warne his guarde in readines,
And then returne to certefye my Lord.
Abbot. Assure his honor what he hath referd
Unto my trustie care and secrecie
In every poynt shall answere his content.
Our Lord forbid, but he should heere commaund,
That is our patrone, and so good an Earle.
Servaunt. His honor will be thankfull for this kindnes,
Which Ile not fayle at full to let him knowe.
[*Exit Servaunt.*

Abbot. Farewell, my freend.—Ile bout my busines strayte,
And gaynst his comming give my due attendaunce.
[*Exit Abbot.*

Enter JOHN A KENT, DENVYLE, GRIFFIN, *and* POWESSE.

S. Griffin. Would any man but you have beene so fond,
To yeeld the Ladyes, when we might have kept them?
Poore soules, with what unwillingnes they went!
Pray God this rashnes all we not repent.

Powesse. What though that once you proovde too harde for him,
Still are ye certaine of the like successe?
Remember how he crost us at [the] first;
Once warnde dooth make a man to dread the wurst.

Denvyle. I will suspend my judgement in this case,
And rather hope then feare what may befall.
Once this I knowe, it will goe wundrous hard
Ere John a Kent be in his purpose bard.

John. Feare you; hope you: for my parte, Ile doo neither,
But track his steppes that treades the way before,
To doo the thing he can undoo no more.
These weddings, then, must be at Chester Abbey,
The gates wherof moste strongly will be mand:
Entraunce there is allowed at none but one,
And John a Cumber there must be the porter.
Tis very lyke, then, none of you get in;
And yet, in faith, it would be very prettie
To proove his eye sight, whether he doo knowe
The men that should be let in, yea or no.
Would not you laugh to see him let you in,
And keep them out that should his wager winne?

S. Griffin. Oh! that were excellent, might it be so;
And if thou list, doubtlesse it shall be so.
John. Lord Powesse, what think you?
Powesse. Even as Prince Griffin, so, sweet John, say I.
Thou art the man mayst make us live or dye.
Denvyle. If it should fall out so successfully,
Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wynne,
Proud John a Cumbers foyle will be therin.
* * * * * * * * it shall be so,
Though John a Cumber, even him selfe, say no.
[*Griffin.*] But how can we disguyse our selves so soone,
In every poynt lyke Moorton and Earl Pembrook?
For otherwise we must, of force, be knowen.
[*John.*] Tush! wele no shapes, nor none of these disguysings:
They heertofore servde bothe his turne and myne.
As now ye are so shall ye passe the gate;
And for the blame shall not relye alone
On poore John Cumber, when the faulte is spyed,
Albeit his skill will be the lesse therby,
The Prince Llwellen and the Earle of Chester
Shall bothe be by, and graunt as much he:
Nay, more, them selves shall bring ye to the Chappell,
And at their handes shall you receive your Brydes.
If this I doo not, ere two houres be spent,
Never let me be called more John a Kent.
Powesse. Ah, peerelesse John! with loove, with life, and landes,
Will we requyte this kindnes at thy handes.
S. Griffin. And sing sweet Sonnets in thy endlesse prayse,
While our fayre looves and we enjoy our dayes.
John. Let us away: it is uppon their comming,

For they think long untill the deed be doone,
Wherby John hopes his credit will be wun.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

Enter LLWELLEN, CHESTER, *Countesse*, SYDANEN, MARIAN, OSWEN, AMERY, JOHN A CUMBER, *and Abbot.*

Chester. Feare not, my Lordes: my selfe have beene about,
And seene the gates mand as they ought to be,
With spyes besyde that shall regard the walles;
And with the Abbot have I tane this order,
Only this gate shall serve for enteraunce.

Llwellen. But, by your leave, my Lord, we will entreat
That John a Cumber, till it be dispatchte,
Will sit as porter: then we may be sure,
That practise John a Kent what ere he dare,
While he is there the lesse need be our care.

Cumber. Alas! my Lordes, I see what he intends:
To come in person like this reverend Abbot,
Therby to get in Griffin and Lord Powesse;
But therin Ile prevent him, feare ye not.—
Father, take you the Ladyes to your charge,
And with the Countesse lead them to the Chappell.—
You twayne will stay untill the Brydegroomes come,
Then, afterward, let all the charge be mine.

Countesse. Come, loovely niece, and Marian, wend with me.
This day will end the greefes wherin you be.

Sydanen. But may it proove as poore Sidanen wish,
Else her hart cares will farre surmount her blisse.

[1] The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

Marian. Now, John a Kent, if ever thou shewedst skill,
Doo it this instant, and our joyes fulfill.[1]

[*Exeunt Count.*, SYDANEN, *&c.*

Llwellen. I wunder that these Lordes doo stay so long.
So soone as we they sayd they would be heere.

Enter JOHN A KENT *a loof off;* GRIFFIN *and Lord* POWESSE.

John. Goe on, and feare not. Now, John, we shall see
If ye can help your eyes infirmitie.

Chester. O! heere they be.—Fye, Lordes! why stay ye so?
The others would have made more haste, I knowe.

Cumber. Be you their guyde.—Goe, quickly make an end,
And then let John a Kent my skill commend.

[*Exeunt.*

[*John.*] O, rare magitian! that hast not the power
To beat asyde a sillie dazeling mist,
Which a meere abce scholler in the arte
Can doo it with the least facilitie.
But I will ease them when the other come,
To see how then he will bestirre him selfe!

Enter MOORTON *and* PEMBROOKE.

* * * doe my Lord that there * * *
* * * me * * they * be * * *
I had not parted with them but * * *
By thy leave, John, say are the * * *

Cumber. Alas, alas! hath cunning John * *

[1] The three last speeches are struck out in the MS.

No wiser way than this to find * * *
Goe aske of him whether the * * *
And he will say they are wed. * * *
Moorton. Wedded? to whom? I hope * * *
Cumber. To them whose counterfeite * * *
To noble Earle of Pembrook * * *
Pemb. Are not we they? what! a * * *
Cumber. How ere I am, no passage w * * *
For you or him, although he d * * *
John. Why, gentlemen, can ye thus * * *
Is this the man whose know * * *
To face ye downe ye be not * * *

Enter CHESTER, LLW. * * *

Cumber. Why, how now, Lordes! joy * * *
Llwellen. At that which now is to * * *
Prince Griffin and * * *
Unto our daughter * * *
We tooke them * * *
Chester. Heere you my Lord * * *
While you ha * * *
You come to * * *
Moorton. Oswen sp * * *
Oswen. Jest th * * *
Earle * * *
You w * * *
for * * *

E.

Amery. * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

* * * * me or you * * *
* * * had beene to haue wrongde them.
* * * doo the lyke confesse,

* * * nd Sydanen nere the lesse.
* * * ld as toward me you mean.
* * * thanke thee, John a Kent
* * * must yeelde her towards the
* * * you had so much to doo.
* * * make ye waste the time in vayne,
* * * as this day requires
* * * ter be not thou displeasde,
* * * feast these amourous cares hath easde.
* * * so disgraste by thee,
* * * bothe of mine and me.
* * * des and ever more heerafter
* * * vow continuall loove.
* * * fortune was not evill
* * * overmatchde the Devill.

[*Exeunt.*

[FIN]IS

ANTHONY MUNDY.

* * Decembris, 1595.

NOTES

TO

JOHN A KENT AND JOHN A CUMBER.

Page 5, line 11, Thorow *West* Chester.] Chester was formerly commonly called West Chester. See various instances in a note to Dyce's *Webster's Works*, iii., 140.

Page 6, line 21, *Wight* and *tall.*] *Active* (sometimes *strong*) and *able*, words of frequent occurrence in these senses. "Hooks and bills," in the next line but one, are the weapons with which Sir Evan Griffin has armed his three hundred men.

Page 7, line 34, But John a Kent won't *leese* them.] Will not *lose* them. In many parts of England, gleaning is called *leesing*; perhaps collecting what the men employed in cutting the corn *lose*.

Page 9, line 21, No, God forbid; although you are not he.] This is marked in the MS. as spoken by Sydanen "asyde," a direction seldom found in other manuscript, or printed, copies of old plays.

Page 10, line 13, *Exeunt. Manent Sidanen, &c.*] The Lords go out, and leave Sydanen, Marian, and the Countess, on the stage. The names of the two last may have been originally inserted, but have been obliterated in the MS.

Page 10, line 31, But what olde man is this comes toward us?] The MS. shows by a line with the pen and the word "Enter," in the margin, that John a Kent was, in fact, to make his appearance to the ladies just as the Countess had said, "And, therefore, cast these cares behind thy back." The regular direction, "Enter John a Kent, like an aged Hermit," is inserted exactly where we have placed it.

Page 13, line 33, But husht! Heere comes my hotspurre, and Lord Powesse.] Meaning Sir Griffin, who had counselled such precipitate measures of open hostility to the Earl of Chester.

Page 14, line 5, Turnd greene to Fryers gray.] Showing that John

a Kent had worn a green dress before he assumed the disguise of a grey Hermit, or, as he is here called, in the text, a Pilgrim.

Page 17, line 1, Borne by that monstrous *murrian* black-a-moore.] *i.e.*, monstrous *morian*, or *moorish* black-a-moor.] The Moors are often called Morians by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso.

Page 21, line 12, *Oppose* this question.] So the MS., for *Appose*, or put this question.

Page 22, line 32, *Round* in his eare.] *Whisper* in his ear.

Page 23, line 17, As her rosemary braunche.] It is not easy, nor perhaps was it intended, to make much sense out of this nonsense. Rosemary was used at weddings.

Page 23, line 27, *When* then, tune all.] So the MS.; but perhaps "when" was miswritten for *Well*.

Page 24, line 8, Song of the Brydes loss.] This and "the Welsh song" are both wanting in the MS. Perhaps they had been written and composed separately for the singers, and it was considered not necessary to insert them here.

Page 24, line 12, Making them selves ready.] *i e.*, *dressing* themselves. Oswen and Amery, though here mentioned, do not, in fact, come in until afterwards.

Page 24, line 29, Heere enter Amery and Oswen rubing.] *Rubbing* their eyes, we may suppose, as just awake; but the MS. leaves the stage-direction imperfect.

Page 25, line 11, 1 Servaunt.] This speech is struck through with a pen in the MS., perhaps as unnecessary.

Page 26, line 24, Why, now *this geere doth cotton* in righte kinde.] A very common proverbial expression, indicating agreement and success.

Page 28, line 35, And John in cunning *graylde*.] *Gravelled*, from *graile*, which is used by old writers for gravel.

Page 29, line 31, *Look in his glasse*.] His perspective glass, common to magicians, by which they saw whatever was passing, at any distance.

Page 30, line 1, Actus Tertius.] This division (without any note of the Scene) is only marked in the margin of the MS.

Page 33, line 22, The fourth out of a tree, if possible it may be.] *i.e.*, if the properties belonging to the theatre would allow the use of such a contrivance. We are not told what was to be done, if it were not possible for the fourth Antique to come out of a tree.

Page 38, line 27, What! standst thou *all amort*.] An expression—meaning dispirited, or dead and heavy—found in Shakespeare, and in nearly all our old dramatists.

Page 39, line 15, *Exeunt.*] A stage-direction, wanting, and probably once existing, in the MS., but worn away at the bottom of the page. "Enter Shrimpe" is in the margin, three lines anterior to where his formal entrance is noted: he, no doubt, was intended to be seen "skipping" about, before John a Kent had finished his speech.

Page 39, line 33, With them, likewise, are sent to be their guydes.] *i.e.*, with them, likewise, *who* are sent to be their guides; viz., Oswen and Amery.

Page 41, line 22, Ile stand by and *give aime.*] To *give aim* generally means to direct, and to *cry aim* to encourage: both phrases occur in Shakespeare: see vol. i., 167, 224; iv., 24; and vi., 361, Edit. Collier. The expression was very frequently employed by writers of that period.

Page 41, line 33, *John.* Poore John a Kent.] Perhaps John a Kent here re-entered, but the MS. is so worn away, that no such stage-direction can be read. When he made his *exit*, on the preceding page, possibly he only withdrew to listen.

Page 42, line 13, One of us Johns must play besyde the booke.] "The book" refers to the prompter's book;" and to "play beside the book" must mean to play some part, or passage not found in the prompter's book.

Page 43, line 18, For *cumber* true loove so.] Sic in MS.; but, probably, we ought to read *cumbering*, or *cumb'ring*.

Page 43, line 32, A dayn[ty fit] of musique.] We presume that what we have placed between brackets is what has been here worn away from the margin of the MS. The same circumstance has rendered the next stage-direction and part of the text imperfect, though it is still intelligible.

Page 44, line 20, To one *that* joyes.] "To one *the* joyes," in the MS.; a mere clerical error.

Page 44, line 22, goes turning out.] *i.e.*, turning or dancing to the music, as Sir Gosselen and the Countess leave the stage.

Page 48, line 22, *Yeeld him the bucklers* that thee overmatcht.] An expression signifying the abandonment of a contest, in consequence of defeat. So Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," act v., sc. 2, says to Margaret—"I give thee the bucklers."

Page 51, line 8, Enter Turnop and his trayne.] Perhaps in the MS., as it originally stood, the names of Hugh, Thomas Tabrer, &c., were given; but, owing partly to the corner of the leaf having rotted away, they are not now legible: what they say is also imperfect, as our asterisks denote. It is very clear that they are dressed like morris-dancers, and that a boy played Maid Marian in the performance.

Page 53, line 19, They [go to] them.] "They * * them" is all that can be read in the MS.

Page 53, line 28, * * * the unhappy newes.] This imperfect speech evidently belongs to Prince Griffin, but his name has disappeared from the MS. The next speech has been assigned to Powesse, and the sense informs us that it can only be his.

Page 56, line 10, [the Earl of Chester's servants.] These are clearly the words wanting, and we have ventured to supply them between brackets.

Page 58, line 8, Besyde the endless [fame] that thou shalt wynne.] In the MS., by a clerical error, *fame*, or some equivalent word of one syllable, is omitted.

Page 58, line 15, We must, *of force*, be knowen.] "Of force" was often used by our old writers for *of necessity*, or *of course*. Instances are needless.

Page 60, line 19, [*John*.] O, rare magitian, &c.] The margin of the MS. having been torn away, the name of "John" has been supplied conjecturally. There can be no doubt that the speech belongs to him.

Page 60, line 21, Which a meere *abce* scholler in the arte.] *i.e.*, a mere A B C scholar, or beginner, in the art.

Page 61, line 28, *Amery*.] What he says, and all that follows, down to the bottom of the page in the MS., is unfortunately wanting, the paper having been torn away. The letter E is visible just above Amery, and, no doubt, was part of the stage-direction for his entrance. It will be observed that the ends of many preceding lines are deficient, and hereafter, on turning over the leaf of the MS., we are without the commencements of any of the speeches.

A VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

BY

ANTONY MUNDAY.

A VIEVV

of sundry Examples.

Reporting many straunge *murthers, sundry persons periured*, Signes and tokens of Gods anger towards vs. What straunge and monstrous Children haue of late beene borne.

And all memorable murthers since the murther of Maister *Saunders* by *George Browne*, to this present and bloody murther of *Abell Bourne*, Hosyer, who dwelled in Newgate Market. 1580.

Also a short discourse of the late Earthquake, the sixt of Aprill. Gathered by A. M.

Honos alit Artes.

Imprinted at London for William Wright, and are to be sold at the long shop, adioyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie.



To the worshipfull Maister William Waters, and Maister George Baker, Gentlemen, attendaunt on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford, A.M., wisheth what happines in this life is to be gained, and in the life to come, an immortall Crowne of glorie.

The Souldier having once ventured and tryed the favour of Fortune in bloody fight among his enemies, (speeding well) hazardeth his hap the bolder the second time. The Merchaunt making one lucky voyage, presumeth on the next with greater affection. So I (worshipfull and my approved freendes) having once found freendly entertainement to my booke received, am the more encouraged to present this also, referring the good meaning and freendly affection of the Author to your discretions, construed at leysure. I know that in gathering these reports I shall offend the curious eares of some daintie devisers; and I consider againe that the wise will allowe my labours to good end; so that, pleasing your Woorships and the mindes of well disposed persons, I shall thinke my labours well bestowed, and my time not ill spent. Cicero, I remember, reporteth how there appeared unto Hercules two Maidens, the one attired base and simple, the other decked in sundry sutes of very gorgious and gallant apparell, promising, eche of them, such rewards as their habilitie might suffer them to bestowe, if according to their mindes he made his choyse. Fyrst quoth she so simply attired:—

Cicero, l. i., Officio.

A proper discourse of the choyse of Hercules.

The simple maiden, named Vertue.

If thou choose me, consider what may fall:
thou in this life shalt be of wretched state,
And of account thou shalt be very small,
But last of all thou shalt proove fortunate.
Eternall ioy so much shall vauntage thee,
That thy good fame then honoured shalbe.

The other gallant Girle, shining like the Sunne, glistering in her golde, sweating in her silkes, brave in her beautye, comely in complexion, finely featured according to fancy, every lim gallantly joynted, and pounsed up in her perfuming and odiferous smels, sayde—

The brave Maiden named, Vayne Pleasure.

Loe here the golden promises that Vaine Pleasure maketh to such as are easy to be intised.

If thou like me, and wilt make me thy wife,
So long as life within me dooth remaine
All wordly pompe with thee shalbe so rife,
That none but thou the golden daies shall gaine.
Thy riches shall aboundantlie exceede;
All thy desires shall graunted be with speede.

Thou in this world shalt be of rare renowne,
And Glorie shall attendaunt on thee stand:
No labour shal once seeme to pul thee downe,
But thou shalt live at ease upon the Land.
How saist thou now? consider what these be;
Then goe to her, or els come unto me.

Hercules hearing the fine forged eloquence of this delicate Dame, and how her offers were so good that he cared not for them, ran and embrased the simplest, which he found most to his contentation. Heereby (woorshipfull) what is meant? I knowe you are not ignorant: the simplenesse

Hercules reposed greater creadit in the simpler then in the braver, and therefore

he chose her; and therefore we may heereby see that all is not golde that glistereth, nor all are not freends that avouche freendship.

of my capacitie, the meanesse of my learning, with the lack of eloquence, causeth my booke to sound nothing pleasaunt to the daintie eare. But as the newest Vessels holde not the sweetest wine, the tallest tree not the pleasantest fruite, nor the biggest Vine the best grapes, so perhaps the largest labour containes not so much methode of matter, as a small volume may sufficiently unfolde, nor the most learned Preacher edifie not so much as one that professeth lesse learning.

Even so, some tymes may bee couched more promptnesse of wit, and more cunning conveyaunces under a plaine countrey cap, then perhaps under a hat of velvet. I speake not this that your affection should bee ever the more mooved to this simple gift, or that you should refuse larger proffers to prefer so meane a trifle; but this I may (under correction) boldely say, and also sufficiently discharge, that the quantitie and quallitie of good wyll may aswell be manifested in a sheete of paper, as in a booke of greater estimation. For surely, if his affection be not to that man, or on whom so ever he bestoweth so small a present, hee will not (you may be sure) commend to him the greater.

Munera sunt estimanda non pretio suo, sed animo donantis.

So that by this you will judge that I make as much account of my sheete of paper, as other do of a larger volume: I aunswer, that if I loove my freend a little, and loove him long, it is better then loove him a great deale at the first, and never a whit after.

Love me little, and love me long.

Thinke not hereby (woorshipfull) that I envye any way gainst writers of large and auncient volumes, for thereby I should condemne my selfe of meere folly, and displease a number that have delight therin. Only this is my meaning, that this small pamphlet I offer with as free good will, as if I could present you with a bigger booke, and that in this little

labour is contained as much affection, and as liberally bestowed, as any hee whatsoever that offreth a greater gift. The poore Widdowes mite pleased Christe better then the riches that the other offred; and the cup of water presented to Zerxes was as princely received as a greater present. Then am not I in doubt but that I shall like you with this little, and please you with this poore pamphlet: if so it may chaunce, I have my choise; and if it like you wel, I have my will. Thus hazarding on your courtesyes, and trusting to your clemencies, with the *Baso les manos*, I bid you farewell hartely.

Luke, 2, 1.

Yours to commaund, in greater affaires then he mindes to make his boast,

ANTONY MUNDAY.

To the courteous company of Gentlemen,
whose good will and freendly affection
is my wished desire to
obteyne, Greeting.

But that my want of learning and eloquence, to beautifye my stile withall, is so great a blemish to my bolde attempt, I should (courteous Gentlemen) thinke that this my booke would be gratefully accepted. But finding my self nothing acquainted with the one, and farre unlike to gaine the other, I perswade my self that I were better to shrowde in silence my simplicitie, then to let it passe, beeing nothing woorthy. Yet finding my selfe so greatly bound in duty to your courtesyes so liberally bestowed, I thought (though I were unhable to requite with the very uttermoste of my power) yet your courtesyes would accept of my good wil, sygnifyed any way; and that though I am the simplest (yet since mightie and puissant Emperours haue vouchsaved to heare the meane stile of unlearned Oratours) Gentillitie adorned with clemencye, (though they are usually frequented with the woorks of famous and worthy writers) they would (if it were but for pleasures sake) attend the homely note of a countrey Coridon, and among the rest be content to heare so rude a Chaos as I. Thus leaving at large your courtesyes to conster my good intent, and to rewarde as shall like you best, praying for your continuall prosperitie, to God

I commend ye.

Your affectioned freend,

A. Munday, servaunt to the right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.

¶ *To the Reader.*

Good Reader, suffise thee
with this my good will,
Till I may devise thee
things woorthy of skill.

If thou doo content thee
with this my poore wish,
Ere long shalbe sent thee
a delicate dish:

Where thou shalt have plentye
fine toyes for thy pleasure:
Then, seeme not too daintie,
but judge this with measure.

A view of Examples, meete to be perused of all faythfull Christians.

Iob 14.

Man that is borne of a Woman hath but a short tyme to lyve, and is full of miserie: he commeth up, and is cut downe like a flower; he flyeth as it were a shadowe.

Whereas we see (by perfect experience) that man is subjecte to many misfortunes, multitudes of myseries, yea, many and sundrie mischaunces; so that in this terrestriall vale of myserie, he beeing so fiercely assaulted by the mischevous motions and sharpe assaultes of his olde and auncient enimie, no succour is lefte him, nor no comfort to cure him, but onely in hart and minde to flye to his sweete Saviour and redeemer, Jesus Christe, to annimate him with continuall constancie, to uphold him by his grace and mercie, and to arme him bodily with pure and sincere fayth, which is able to confound al his usurping enimies. For fayth is the victorie of this world, as witnesseth John, saying, *And this is the victorie that overcommeth the world, even our fayth: who is it that overcommeth the world, but he which beleeveth that Jesus Christe is the sonne of God.* Then, since our fayth is the onelie weapon wherewith we may wholy vanquish and subdue all the enormities of this lyfe, all the troubles, vexations, temptations,

Man subject to many and sundry miseries.

His only hope in Christ Jesus, which confoundeth all his foes.

I. John. 5, 4, 5.

Faith the onely weapon

to vanquishe al the cares and troubles of this world.

illusions, and all enemies whatsoever, let us imbolden our selves uppon our Captaine Christe; let us cast all our care on him, and hee wyll goe to feelde with us; he wyll sheelde us from our enimies; his mightie arme shall so dyrect us, that all our fooes shall runne on theyr owne confusion. *It is God that gyrdeth us with strength of warre, and maketh our wayes perfect.*

Psa., 18, 32.

Then, mortall man, never boast so much of thy terrestriall strength, which is but a shadowe, *But cast up thine eyes to heaven, from whence commeth thy helpe:* the helpe that is alway forceable, and wyll strike all thy enimies downe to the ground.

Psa., 131, 1.

Beholde how the world is given to wickednesse; for one disdayneth that his neyghbour should thrive by him; another coveteth his neyghbours goodes unjustly; some one is bent to this vice, some to that. Some care not so they lyve in their jollitie and pleasure, who goeth to wracke, whome they murder, whome they spoyle; the proofe whereof is evident.

The world bent to all kinde of wickednes.

Example of George Browne, who murthered maister George Saunders.

Not long since, one George Browne, a man of stature goodly and excellent, if lyfe and deedes thereto had beene equivalent; but as the auncient adage is, goodly is he that goodly dooth, and comely is he that behaveth him selfe comely, so may it be witnessed in this man, who more respected a vaine pride and prodigall pleasure, which remayned in his person, then commendation and good report that followeth a godlie and vertuous life.

But nowe a dayes everie courageous cutter, euerie Sim Swashbuckler, and everie desperate Dick, that can stand to his tackling lustely, and behave him selfe so quarrelously that he is ashamed of all

A view to vaine vaunters.

good and honest company, he is a gallant fellowe, a goodly man of his handes, and one, I promise you, that as soone comes to Tyburne as ever a one of them all. This is a vaine-glorious vertue, (which some tearme it) but it can be called no vertue, because it dependeth not uppon any goodnesse.

A fellowe worthy of commendation.

This George Browne, (before named) addicted to the voluptuousnesse of this vaine world, to unlawfull lyking, to runne at his libertie in all kinde of lewde behaviour, murdred cruelly maister George Saunders, an honest, vertuous, and godly Cittizen, well knowne, of good name and fame; among his neighbours well thought of; abroade and every where well esteemed; of wealth well stored; of credit well allowed; of lyving Christianly disposed; and of those that knewe him well beloved.

A report of maister Saunders.

This man being met by this George Browne, (who by the consent of maister Saunders wife was appoynted to kyll him) after he perceived what was his intent, and howe he sought to bathe his handes in his guyltles blood, fell to entreataunce, that pittie might take place in his bloody brest.

George Browne meeting him by S. Mary Cray.

But he, a wretch, more desirous of his death then wylling his welfare, more mindfull of murther then savegard of his soule, so bent to blindnesse, that he expected not the light, strooke the stroke that returned his shame, dyd the deede that drove him to destiny, and fulfilled the fact, that in the end he found folly.

His develish intent and perverse practises.

O, minde most monstrous! O, heart most hard! O, intent so yrksome! whome neyther preferment might perswade, rytches move to regard, affection cause to respect, former freendship force to fancie, nor no vertue of the minde seeme to satisfie. Where was the bonds of loyaltie? where was the regard of honestie? where was the feare of the Almightie?

A hard heart that could doo so cruell a deede.

All feare of God cleane layde aside.

where was the care of Christianitie? or where was the hope of eternall felicitie? and last, where was thy duty to God, thy Prince, and countrey? Alas! each of these seemed cleane vanquished in thee: they were smally regarded; yea, little or none accoumpt made of. It is yet evidently seene in that common crew that give them selves to boasting and bravery, to swearing, fighting, quarrelling, and all such divelish practises. But what sayth Esai? *Shall the axe boast it self against him that heweth therwith, or shall the sawe make any bragging against him that ruleth it? That were even lyke as if the rod did exalt it self against him that beareth it, or as though the staffe should magnify it self, (as who should say) it were no wood.*

Esai, 10, 15.

And Solomon sayth: *Make not thy boast of to morrowe, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.*

Prov., 17, 1.

The Prophet David lykewise sayth: *How long shall all the wicked dooers speake so disdaynfully and make such proude boasting? They smite downe thy people, O Lord, and trouble thine heritage. They murder the widdow and the straunger, and put the fatherlesse to death.*

Psa., xc., 4, 5, 6.

With many places more that I might alleadge of the Scripture, of such as brag in their braverie, and boast in their owne strength. But this example passed may seeme somewhat to terrifie our stony hearts to consider through the misbehauiour of one man six lost theyr lyves, as is evidently knowen to all men; for in Smithfeeld they payed the price of their lyves for consenting to that odious fact.

Through the lewde life of one man six lost theyr lyues.

It shall not be amisse in this place to call to minde the wylfull perjurie of certayne persons, whose wycked lyves at their death were perfectly wytnessed.

Examples of perjury.

Example of widdowe Barnes, in Cornhyll, in London. 1574.

Let us remember the widdow Barnes, beeing an auncient woman, and dwelling in Cornhyll, in London, who frequented much swearing, and neither freendly rebuking, good instructions, nor divine perswasions, could turne her heart from this wicked and detestable exercise, but thereby laboured to defeat an Orphant of her right: the Divell, who urged her to such cruell abuse, caused her to cast her selfe out at her window into the streete, and there brake her neck.

She threw her self into the streete and brake her neck.

Example of Arthur Myller, at Hackney, in 1573.

One Arthur Miller lykewise, dwelling at Hackney, a very lewde talker, a common blasphemer and swearer, in the tyme of his sicknesse, casting all Christianlike care from him and all feare of God and his lawes, vehemently cryed out, the Divell! the Divell! yet felt he the omnipotency of Gods power, as he himself confessed; but for grace he could not pray, the cause whereof was known to him self, but he would not utter it to any. And so kissing oftentymes his hand, wherein he sayd he held the Divell, and calling only for helpe to the Divell, this wretched lyfe he ended most miserably.

Example of one Berry, who cut his owne throate in the Counter, in the Poultry. 1575.

In the Counter, in the Poultry in London, also, there was one Berry, who in some one cause had wilfully perjured him selfe, and beeing brought therefore to the prison to sustayne what punishment thereto was due, he, despayring of Gods mercie, and giving him selfe to the Divells temptations, cruellie cut his owne throte.

Example of Anne Averies, that bought the Towe. 1575. *Febru.* 11.

Anne Averies, likewise a widdowe who dwelled in Ducke Lane, without Aldersgate, comming to the house of one Richard Williamson in Woodstreete, whose wife used to dresse flax and towe, she tooke up there six pound of towe, and departed without paying therefore, when she was required eyther to send the towe agayne, or to pay money therfore: by and by she rapt out two or three terrible oathes, that she had payd for it, and beeing come back to the shoppe, she desired vengeance at Gods handes, that she might presently sinck where she stoode, if she payde not the money before she went out of the shoppe. Gods judgement so just, seeing her unjust dealing, presently accorded thereunto, and before the face of all the standers by, she was immediately stroke to the earth, not able to rise without help, nor yet to blaspheme the name of God as she had done, but holding out her hand, wherein she held thirteene pence, which she should before have payed for the towe withall; and her mouth beeing put to such a vyle office, that from thence issued that which should have discended at the lower partes. So was she carried from thence, where she was fayne to lye in a stynking stable, and few dayes after yeelded her life.

Gods iust judgement fell on this wicked person.

A notable and straunge example to terrify all wicked and cruell blasphemers.

Example of Father Lea. 1577.

Father Lea, a man almost of foure score yeares, in Foster Lane, in London, meeting with the party against whome he had perjured him selfe, held up his hands, desiring him to forgive him, for that he had falsly forsworn himself against him. The man replyed that the offence against him might be easily forgiven; but the offence against God was ten

tymes more. So after a whyle this Father Lea, with a rusty knife, rypped his owne belly, and griped his guts with his owne handes, and so ended his life the xxi of January, 1577.

He ripped his owne belly.

Loe! deere Christians, what examples we can fetch of our selves, what neede we to looke after other countryes? these we know to be true, and we cannot deny it: but alas! how long shall we remaine in this wickednes, when we heare God himself say

If a soule sinne and trespasse against the Lord, and deny unto his neighbour that which was taken him to keepe, or that was put in his handes, or dooth violent robbery or wrong unto his neighbour;

Levit., 6, 2.

Or if he have found that which was lost, and denieth it, and sweareth falsely upon whatsoever thing it be that a man dooth, and sinneth therein:

3.

If he so sinned and trespassed, he shall restore againe that he tooke violently away, or the wrong which he did, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found.

4.

And all that about which he hath sworne falsely, he shall restore it again in the whole sum, and shall adde the fift part more therto, and give it unto him to whom it appertayneth, the same day that he offreth for his trespasse.

5.

Thou shalt not sweare by my name, neither shalt thou defile the name of thy God: I am the Lord.

Levi., 19, 12.

The wise and famous Solomon lykewyse sayth. *Let not thy mouth be accustomed with swearing, for in it are many falles: let not the naming of God be continually in thy mouth.*

Eccl. 29, 9.

For like as a servaunt that is much beaten cannot be without some sore, even so whatsoeuer he be that sweareth and nameth God, shall not be cleane purged from sinne.

10.

A man that useth much swearing, shalbe filled with wickednes,
11. *and the plague shal never go from his house: if he beguyle his brother, his faulte shalbe upon him: if he knowledge not his sinne, he maketh a double offence; and if he sweare in vaine, he shall not be found righteous, for his house shalbe full of plagues.*

12. *The words of the swearer bringeth death, (God graunt that it be not found in the house of Jacob) but they that feare God will eschew all such, and lye not weltring in sin.*

13. *Use not thy mouth to unhonest and filthy talking, for in it is the word of sinne.*

15. *The man that is accustomed with the words of blasphemy wyl never be reformed all the dayes of his lyfe.*

Zacharias the Prophet also sayth. *Behold a flying book of*
Zach., 5, 2. *twenty cubits long and ten cubits broade.*

3. *This is the curse that goeth forth over the whole earth, for al theeves shalbe judged according to this book.*

4. *And I will bring it forth, (sayth the Lord of hostes) so that it shall enter into the house of the theefe, and into the house of him that falsly sweareth by my name, and shal remayne in the middest of his house and consume it, with the timber and stones therof.*

And further list what God sayth. *And thou shalt speake*
Levi., 24, 15. *unto thy children of Israel, saying, Whosoever curseth his God shall beare his sinne.*

16. *And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, let him be slayne, and all the multitude shall stone him to death; whether he be borne in the land of the straunger, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord let him be slayne.*

Thus, deerely beloved, are we warned by the sacred Scripture to take heede and to be circumspect in our dealyngs, not for every tryfling thing to rappe out oathes; for therein we hyghlie offend the Majestie of God.

Example of Paule Green, that slew Maister Temple.

Hee returneth to his former matter.

Now I will return to my former matter again, as touching murder, which is a hainous and abhominable offence in the sight of God and man. I must not forget the committed crime of Paule Green, who desperatly slew Maister Thomas Temple neer the Royal Exchaunge, in London, the which Maister Temple was a sober, wise, and discreet Gentleman, one of goodly living, and taking a house to save him self from the unsatiable malice of this Paul Green, could not so appease his ire, for he thrust over the stall at him, and at length gave him that he long looked for. But what became therof? Hee for his paines, condemned by law and justice, end[ed] his desperat dayes at Tiburn.

Paul Green hanged at Tiburn.

Example of the two Sheriffes that hung themselves at Glocester. 1579.

It is commonly reported, and is in every mans mouth, how this last yeere at Glocester two men, in yeers ancient, supposed to be very goodly livers, and were called to the bearing authoritie in the Citie, as to wit bothe of them hath been Sheriffes, yet, for want of firme and faithful trust in God, they bothe hanged them selves.

Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turbervile in Somersetshire. 1580.

Likewise in Somersetshire, one John Morgan, by common report a lewd and wicked liver, and given to swearing, roysting, and all wickednes abounding in him, slew his brother in law, Maister Turbervile, a gentleman of godly life, very sober, wise, and discreet, whose wife lying in childebed, yet arose and went to have law and justice pronounced on that

cruel malefactor. So, at Chard, before the Lord Chief Justice, hee was condemned and suffered death for his offence. 1580.

Example of Richard Tod, that murdered Mistresse Skinner at Saint Katherins. 1580.

Then, let us rehearse the bloody parte of Richard Tod, who murdered and cruelly massacred an auncient and honest woman dwelling at Saint Katherins, named Mistres Skinner, a woman of godly disposition, of life inferiour to few, for freendly neighbourhood belooved of all, in yeeres wel passed, of credit wel accounted, and of mony and riches sufficiently instored; to whome this bloody Butcher came with his entrenching knife, and for the minde hee bare to her money, more then good will to her welth, caused her to forsake this earthly life.

Hee first led to the place, then brought back and executed at Tibourn.

Hee beeing apprehended for the same, condemned by the law, and judged to dye, was led to the place where he committed this murderous offence, which beeing found not so convenient, was reducted back, and in the after noone was executed at Tibourn, the xxix of March.

Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace. 1580.

And should I seem to be oblivious of the great and greevous offence of Marmeduke Glover, who beeing arrested by Sergeant Grace, drew out his weapon, and there presently murdered him: nay, sure his crime is to be accounted a moste vile and hainous offence, in that hee resisted where of duty he should have obeyed; and more better had it been for him, for then had he saved both his life and his owne. But following his owne will and cruel intent, made her become a

widowe, who might els have lived longer in joy with her mate and husband. So likewise (as blood requireth blood) hee was executed in publique view in Cheapside on a Jibbit, the xxviij of March. 1580.

Glouer executed in Cheapside.

Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.

A maid, also, who had abused her body with unchaste living, and beeing delivered of a sweet and tender infant, casting all motherly and naturall affection from her, buryed the same alive. What hardned hart had shee, to play so vile a parte to the frute of her owne body! Alas! it causeth to relent eche Christian hart that heareth therof, first to consider how wickedly shee violated the commaundements of our God, wheras by his owne mouth he hath pronounced, *Thou shalt not commit Adultrie:* then, what wicked wretches are wee, which abuse our bodies with voluptuous pleasures, with carnall delights, with wicked inventions, and with sin out of measure, yet not contented therwith, but to dispoyle the frute of our owne bodyes, to hide our sin to the world, to run hedlong to the Devil; yet can wee not so hide our sinne but God seeth it, and no wilful murther will hee suffer unrevealed, though we collour it for a time, though wee think it cleane out of remembrance, and that the brunt is gon and past: yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the aire to bewray it; our owne consciences shall cause us to open it, our lookes wil bewray us, our deeds wil deceive us, so that wee shall need no more evidences then our owne selves.

Exod., 20.

God wil not suffer wilful murder to be conceled.

Acts, 15, 20.

(*Saint Paule saith*) *wee write unto them that they abstayne them selves from fornication; every sinne that a man dooth is without his body, but hee that committeth fornication sinneth against his owne body: Let every Christian be mindefull that his body is the*

I. Cor., 6, 18.

Temple of the Lord, and ought not to be defiled, but be kept pure and holy, even that our bodies may be a quick sacrifice to GOD.

An Example of the Gentlewoman that kild her maid at S. Giles in the feeld.

At Saint Giles in the feeld, also, dwelt a gentle woman named Mistres Amy Harrison, (alias) Midleton, who was a very wicked liver, an unjust dealer, a bewrayer of fortunes, and one who was wholely inclined to vice, abandoning vertue. This woman had a godchilde of hers in the house with her, whom shee kept to doo such necessary busines about the house as was commaunded her by her Mistres, or as her yeers might sufficiently reach unto, but sometime was constrained to more; so that often her inhabilitie caused her to be whipt, beaten, tirannically tormented, and very Jewishly intreated, sometime with big cudgels, sometime with a girth; so that, from the crown of the hed to the soles of the feet, was left no member unmartired. At length the Girle dyed by such excess of correction, and shee therfore suffered death against her owne house, for an example to all Mistresses and Dames, how they misuse their servants in such unmerciful manner.

A woman void of all reason.

These Examples, witnessed apparent in our eyes, may warne us how wee lead such careles lives, for feare of displeasing the Almightie, to hasten his anger upon us, and so utterly to reject us.

Examples of blasing Starres and other Accidents.

Wee have had manyfold motions, sundrye signes, yea, and exceeding examples of his wrath and displeasure, by commets and blasing stares, as lately hath been seen over this Citie of London, as also great flames and flashing of fire issuing out of the North parts in the Ellement.

Two great Tides.

Likewise two great tides in one houre, contrary to Nature. Besides this there hath been seen straunge flyes, which on their wings bare the Example of Gods justice.

Straunge Flyes.

Example of the Childe in Gelderland.

And furthermore, what monsterous shapes! what straunge births! and what alteration of Nature have wee seen! In Gelderland a childe borne of proportion very ongly, with a long bil and the belly like a swan, feet with clawes, and as soone as it was borne ran under the bed.

Example of a Childe in Italy.

In Italy, also, of an ancient woman was borne a deformed creature, the which spake many words, as the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.

Example of the Childe in Dutchland at Lutsolof.

Likewise at Lutsolof, in Dutchland, was a straunge and monsterous childe borne, which in one hand had a rod, in the other a swoord, which demaunded if the warres of men were not as yet fully finished, and cryed to make peace, and that the time should come that one should say to another, Oh, Brother! why art thou not dead? with other woords moste straunge, as the printed booke dooth witnes.

The other childe with two heds.

Also with the same childe there was an other who had two heds, the one side of the body all black, and wept abundantly, bothe borne of one woman, the fathers name Baltus Maler, and the mother, Katherin Peeters.

A childe borne at Manchester.

Then look heer into England, at Manchester, a childe borne without ever a hed, yet soone after was the mother delivered of a goodly and sweet infant.

A childe borne at Aberwick, in North.

At Aberwick, also, in Northumberland, a child was borne having two heds in perfect proportion, and the eares like a horsse.

A monsterous childe now in London.

At this present in London is to be seen a man childe very monsterous: all these are examples now of late dayes.

Example at Praga, in Bohemia.

Wee hear also of the fearfull tempest that was at Praga, in Bohemia, wheras on the twenty five of January, 1579, at two of the clock in the after noone, that the people durst not shew themselves in the streets. Three steeples of churches were blowen down, brusing about nineteen houses, and six persons slain therby. At evening again there was a marvelous thunder, wherin fel hail stones that weighed the quantity of 3 quarters of a pound, and therafter fel such an earthquake, during for the space of half an hower, that the houses did shake very wunderfully.

Example of an Earthquake.

Signes in the Element.

At twelve a clock at night was perfectly viewed a black cloude, wherin were plainely escried a mans two armes and hands naturally, the right hand holding a swoord, the other a bowle which poured foorth blood: therby was perceived a peece of ground with corne standing theron, and therby lay a sickle, and a great voice was heard, but nothing seen, which said, *Wo, wo, to the earth and to the inhabitants therof! for hee commeth that is to come, and all the people shall see him.* This voice caused great terror through al the town, that the infants shriked sucking at their mothers brests, and women were then delivered of children.

An other signe.

A voice heard, but nothing seen.

Great feare through all the Citie.

A Woman of lix yeers delivered of three Children.

Aboove the rest, a woman of lix yeeres olde, named Margaret, her husband called John Bobroth, the Clark of the

town. This woman for the space of xxv weeks was diseased, and no help could be had; but through this present accident she was delivered of three Children, their mouthes replenished with teeth, as children of three yeeres olde. The first borne spake, saying—

A woman of lix yeers delivered of children.

The day appointed which no man can shun.

The woords of the first, the second, and the third.

The second said, *Where shall we finde living to bury the dead?*

The third said, *Where shall we finde corne to satisfie the hungrie?*

Example of one in Worcestershire, who slew his Brother, and buryed him under the hearth of his chimney.

He returneth to murder.

I am sure that it is not yet out of remembraunce, nor men are not so forgetful to let slip so soone the murder committed in Worcester, where as one unnaturally killed his owne Brother; and when he had doon, to cover his fact withall, buried the dead corps under the hearth of his chimney; a moste monsterous and bloody parte, far passing the committed offence of Cain, who slew his brother Abel.

Example of Thomas Hil, at Feversam, who kild his owne Mother.

At Feversam there dwelled one Thomas Hil, who in the house with him had his owne Mother, an olde woman, whom hee regarded but very small, and used her like an ungrateful childe, which made her to seeke meanes to departe thence, and to goe to her other sonne, who dwelled at Canterbury; which when hee perceived, thought to defeat her of her purpose, and one night in bed murdered her, sending woord to his brother that she was dead, and so buried her before he came. This man beeing one who looved her deerly, and

come to his brothers, his hart throbbed, and desired, for to satisfie his minde, that the dead corps might be taken up: when it was taken up, they saw nothing wherof shee dyed, neither her flesh abated with sicknes, nor any sore wherby they should say it was the plague.

The dead corps taken up and serched, and he brought before it, it presently bled.

So this murderer was brought before her, and presently, in the sight of all the standers by, it presently bled both at the nose and at the mouth; wherupon hee was accused, and hee did presently confesse it.

He hung him self with v points.

Then was he presently sent to prison, wherin hee, dispairing of Gods mercy, and giving him self wholely to the Devils temptations, with v points of his hose hung him self on an olde hedlesse naile in the prison.

Example of Quernby, who kild his Mother.

Wee have to remember how Edward Quernbie, in Nottingham shire, playd the like butcherly parte; for hee, for the goodwil he had to his Mothers riches, cruelly and unnaturally murdered her.

Margaret Dorington, who killed Alice Fox.

Likewise at Westminster, how Margaret Dorrington, a woman of a wicked and naughty life, murdered Alice Fox, thrusting a knife up under her clothes; wherfore shee suffered death not long after.

Example of one hanged in chaines at Miles end.

There was one also who in the gardens at Miles end had murdered a man, who therefore suffered death there, and was afterward hanged up in chains.

Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.

At Kilborne, also, neer London, there was a woman who with a peece of a billet brayned her two children, the summe wherof is at large described in a book imprinted. The woman dyed in Newgate.

The murder of Abel Bourn, Hosier, beeing found by the Brick killes slain, the xv of April last.

A Virginal maker that came to look Ravens quils found the man slain.

A man, whose facultie in profession is a maker of Virginalls, going to the Brick kiles at the upper end of Golding lane, to seek Ravens fethers, which he putteth to some use in his handy craft, by chaunce espyed there lying in a deep trench, or gutter, a man murdered; which when hee saw, fearing least some suspition should be taken of him, went and bewrayed it presently. So the Cunstable, with other men wel appointed there, watched the dead corps all that night. On the next day, (beeing Saturday) among the egresse and regresse of people that came to see him were many that were wel acquainted with him, as a yung woman to whome hee should have been maryed the Tuesday following, his kinsman, his apprentice, and other toward the evening.

The Coroner came thither and impaneled a quest of inquiry.

When the Coroner had paneled his inquest of inquiry, to serch and seek the causes of this mans death, whether hee murdered him self wilfully, or slain by some chaunce, or els murdered by meer villany,

Three evidence that were present there.

There came before him three that gave evidence, the one his apprentise, the other a very freend of his, dwelling in Bridewel, and the third one Sadler, that dwelleth in Theames street.

The Coroner, willing to finde out this matter, so sud-

dainly chaunced, desired them to say what they could of the matter.

First (quoth hee) who dwelled in Bridewel, named Davis,

Davis first telleth what hee knoweth of the matter.

My freend Abel Bourn, who is slain, was acquainted with one Hodgesses wife, whose husband dwelled at the end of Saint Nicholas shambles, a hosier by occupation, now lying in the hole in the Counter in Woodstreet; a very naughty woman in living, whose company hee unhonestly used, both in his prentiship, and til the time that hee was slain, the more to his greater grief: having thus long used her company, and now drawing to honest living, to match him self with an honest maiden, which he should have doon on Tuesday next, at Christmas last he gave to this Hogges wife ten angels to leave his company, and not to frequent him any more; but

Hodgesse wifes woords and Abels.

neverthelesse shee did stil, (saying thus) thou wilt now be maried, wilt thou? Yea, answered Bourn, I mean so, God willing. Wilt thou so, indeed? truely, shee that maryeth thee shall have but little joy of thee; for look in what estate I have had thee all this while, so wil I have thee stil; for I will have thy purse and body at my commaundement and plesure. Abel hearing this

Abel fetcheth from the tailors her apparel.

on the Sunday before he was slain, hee went to a Tailers where certain apparel of this Hodges wife was at making, and brought it away with him, comming to her where shee lay in the same morning, bidding her to come and fetch her apparel; and so shee went with him, and hee, entring into a house with her, caused the Cunstable to serve a warrant on her,

Hodgesse his wife sent to Bridewel.

and so sent her to Bridewel; where shee said, if ever I come foorth again, I wil have him hewed as small as flesh to the pot. This hee said to this Davis, even as hee told before the quest.

Her woords in Bridewel.

Sadler saith what he knowes.

Then Sadler hee began, and said: Abel Bourne thus told mee, that he, walking by the mount at the upper end of Aldersgate-street,

One met Abel at the mount, and threatned him.

was met by one who said unto him, if thou seeme to use Hodges wife in this order, and doo not set her free, the next time I meet thee, I wil kil thee. This hee tolde him even as hee said before the quest.

Cranes wife comming by, suspected: she entred into the Garden.

While they were thus in talking, at last came a Woman by who was suspected of the matter, and information given to the Coroner, presently sent after her to bring her back again; shee having taken a garden, and they fain to climbe over the pale, so at last brought her out, and led her to the Coroner. Her wench beeing by, said, I tolde my Dame of this before, that shee should beware: so the wench was taken also.

Her wenches woords.

When shee was come before the Coroner, hee examined her if shee knew the said Abel? shee answered that shee knew him wel, and shee saw him not since Tuesday, on which

Shee saw Abel in the feeld on Sunday.

day there was a fray in the feelds, and shee ran to see it, where shee chaunced to see Abel with swoord and dagger under his arme: shee demaunded of him why hee went so weaponed? hee answered, that hee was threatened to be slain: (quoth shee) then you were best to keep your house, and not to go so abrode. At the length hee went home with her to her

Abel goes to her house with her.

house, which was in Toys rents, and there he poured out on the table about thirtie pound in golde, and at last sent for a pot of beer and drank with her, but hee had no great lust to drink, and so shee said he went his way.

Then afterward they led her to see the corps of the dead man, where she seemed to be very sorrowful for his death in their sight. But her house beeing serched, there was found

what I knowe not; and the wench saith, that shee fetcht a great deale of water and washt the rushes, and so strawed fresh rushes on them. So shee and her husband, and other more in Newgate: and on Wednesday after they were brought to Finsbury, and there was one Wood examined, beeing greatly suspected of the matter, and as it is judged, he wil be found the dooer of the deed; for the same day as the man is said to be slain, hee can make no direct answere how he spent that day, nor where he lay that night; for the Coroner demaunded of him what he professed? and hee answered, that hee had a trade, a thing wherby he lived. What is that? (quoth the Coroner.) Sir, (quoth hee) I am a servingman, and I professe to be a Faulkoner. I ment to go oversea to buy Hawkes for divers gentlemen. Whome doo you serve? quoth the Coroner. I did serve such a one (quoth hee) at Christmas last: my father is wel knowen to be an honest man; he dwelleth heerby at Newington green. So to divers questions that were put unto him hee answered very evil favouredly, and was sent to prison again til Weddensday next. Thus have you heard as much as yet may be gathered: when I understand more, I wil make you partakers therof (God willing). I pray God trueth may come to light.

One Wood examined at Finsbury.

Wood answereth to the Coroner of what trade hee was.

The manner how the said Abel Bourne was found slain in a trench by the Brick killes.

This man, thus cruelly murdered, had his owne cloke lying under him: straight was he laid on his back, the one of his legges straight out, the other bending up a little, bare headed, in a lether jerkin, his hose and doublet, his owne dagger thrust through his left jaw, comming out at the crown of his hed; six other wounds beside, all in his neck, the very least of them his mortall wound. And in this order was hee there found.

Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.

Lastly, call to minde the greevous and suddain Earthquake hapning heer in London the 6 of April, at 6 of the clock at night, which caused such a mazement through the whole Citie, that it is wunderful to be tolde.

The great Bel of Westminster tolled of it self, Whitehall shook: the gentlemen of the Temple came running foorth with their knives in their hands, beeing then at supper; a peece of the Temple Church fel down; stones fel of from Paules Church; and at Christes Church, in the Sermon while, a stone fell, and brayned Thomas Gray, apprentise to one Iohn Spurling, shoomaker, dwelling without Aldersgate: an other stone also stroke Mabel Everite, his fellow servant in the same house, and she lived four daies after, and then dyed. Divers Chimnies in the Citie parte of them fel down. At the Play houses, the people came running foorth, surprised with great astonishment.

A peece of Sutton Church, in Kent, fel down, the Earthquake beeing there, in those partes, heard and felt three severall times. A piece of Dover Castel fel down, and parte of the Castel wall fel into the sea.

The ships quaked and trembled as the houses on the drye land, and the waters were greatly out of temper. Out of England it was also felt: at Callis, also, it was so vehement, that parte of the Staple house fel down, and likewise some of the law or town house was overthrowen.

These Examples are for our sins.

In Brabant, as Antwerp, Zeland, Middleborough, Flushing, S. Thomas in Artois, Deep, Flaunders, Dunkerk, Barborough, Gravelin, Bridges, and Gaunt, it was felt also very forcible. No doubt, deer Bretheren, this was a token of the indignation of our God against our wicked living, wherin so highly wee offend his divine Maiestie. Let us remember three of the fairest Cities in Asia, sunk for sinne.

Many places for sinne have been greevously punished, as Sodom and Gomorra, Jerusalem, Ninivie, and many other places. Let us remember that it shalbe better for *Corazaine and Bethzaida, at the dredful day of Judgement, then for Tire and Sidon.*

Mathew, 11, 21.

Let us lift up our hearts cheerfully unto God of our salvation, be sory for our former offences, and from the very bottome of our harts inwardly lament them.

Let us turn to the Father of all mercy, saying,

O, Father! wee have sinned against heaven and against thee: we are no more woorthy to be called thy children.

Luke, xv.

So wil the Lord of his fatherly mercy forgive our sinnes, and make us partakers of his kingdome, which God graunt for his sonnes sake. *Amen.*

NOTES

TO

MUNDAY'S VIEW OF SUNDRY EXAMPLES.

Page 69, line 16, The sixt of Aprill.] *i.e.*, 6th April, 1580, soon after which incident it is evident that this tract was published, although there is no date at the bottom of the title-page. The murder of Abel Bourne also took place, as we see, on 15th April, 1580.

Page 71, line 2, Attendaunt on the Right Honourable, his singuler good Lord and Maister, the Earle of Oxenford.] Waters and Baker were, no doubt, personal servants to Lord Oxford: Munday was, at this period, one of the Earl's players, a company of actors whom Lord Oxford allowed to perform under the protection of his name.

Page 73, line 27, That I loove my freend a little, and loove him long.] This and the note in the margin clearly refer to the title of the old ballad, "Love me little and love me long," for which see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," i., 213, where it is published.

Page 74, line 11, *Baso les manos.*] So misprinted for *Beso las manos*, a Spanish expression then much in use.

Page 75, line 28, Servaunt to the right Honorable the Earle of Oxenford.] *i.e.*, theatrical servant, or one of Lord Oxford's company of players, as stated above.

Page 78, line 21, Example of George Browne.] This murder happened in 1573, and it was made the foundation of a fine tragedy, under the title of "A Warning for Fair Women," which was printed in 1599. See an account of it in "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," iii., 52. The whole of the circumstances are detailed in Stow's *Annales*, p. 1141, edit. 1615, and are worth subjoining:—

"The 25 of March, being Wednesday in Easter weeke, and the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady, George Browne cruelly murdered two honest men neare unto Shooters hill in Kent: the one of them was a

wealthy marchant of London, named George Sanders, the other John Beane, of Woolwich: which murder was committed in manner as followeth.

"On Tuesday in Easter weeke, (the foure and twentieth of March) the sayd George Browne receiving secret intelligence by letter from mistres Anne Drewry, that maister Sanders should lodge the same night at the house of one maister Barnes, in Woolwich, and from thence goe on foote to Saint Mary Cray the next morning, lay in waite for him by the way, a little from Shooters hill, and there slue both him and John Beane, servant to maister Barnes. But John Beane, having ten or eleven wounds, and being left for dead, by Gods providence revived againe, and creeping away on all foure, was found by an old man and his maiden, and conveyed to Woolwich, where he gave evident markes of the murtherer.

"Immediatly upon the deed doing, Browne sent mistres Drewry word thereof by Roger Clement (among them called trusty Roger): he himselfe repaired forthwith to the Court at Greenwich, and anon after him came thither the report of the murther also. Then, departed he thence to London, and came to the house of mistres Drewry, where, though he spake not personally with her, after conference had with her servant, trusty Roger, she provided him twenty pounds that same day, for which she layd certaine plate of her owne and of mistresse Sanders to gage. On the next morrow, being Thursday, (having intelligence that Browne was sought for) they sent him sixe pounds more by the same Roger, warning him to shift for himselfe by flight, which thing he foreslowed not to do. Neverthelesse, the Lords of the Queene's Magisties Counsel caused so speedy and narrow search to be made for him, that upon the eight and twentieth of the same moneth he was apprehended in a mans house of his owne name at Rochester, and being brought back againe to the Court, was examined by the Counsell, to whom he confessed the deed, as you have heard, and that he had oftentimes pretended and sought to do the same, by the instigation of the said mistresse Drewry, who had promised to make a mariage betweene him and mistresse Sanders (whom he seemed to love excessively): neverthelesse, he protested (though untruly) that mistres Sanders was not privy nor consenting thereunto.

"Upon his confession he was arraigned at the Kings Bench, in Westminster Hall, the eighteenth of Aprill, where he acknowledged himselfe guilty, and was condemned as principall of the murder, according to which sentence he had judgement, and was executed in Smithfield on Monday the 20 of Aprill, at which time, also untruly, (as she herselfe confessed afterward) he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistres Sanders

of committing evill of her body with him, as also of procuring or consenting to the murther of her husband; and then beginning to sing a Psalme, 'O Lord, turne not away thy face,' &c., he flung himselfe besides the ladder, and so shortned his owne life. He was after hanged up in chaines neare unto the place where he had done the fact.

"In the meane time, mistresse Drewrie and her man being examined, as well by her owne confessions as by falling out of the matter, (and also by Brownes appeachment thought culpable) were committed to ward. And after mistresse Sanders being delivered of child, and churched, (for at the time of her husbands death she looked presently to lye downe) was, upon mistresse Drewries mans confession, and other great likelihoods, likewise committed to the Tower; and on Wednesday, the sixt of May, arraigned with mistresse Drewrie at the Guild hall, the effect of whose inditement was, that they, by a letter written, had been procurers of the sayd murther, and, knowing the murther done, had by money and otherwise releeved the murderer. Whereunto they pleaded not guilty: howbeit, they were both condemned as accessaries to maister Sanders death, and executed in Smithfield the thirteenth of May, being Wednesday in Whitsun weeke, at which time they both confessed themselves guiltie of the fact. Trustie Roger, mistresse Drewries man, was arraigned on Friday the eight of May, and being there condemned as accessary, was executed with his mistresse at the time and place aforesayd. Not long after, Anthony Browne, brother to the forenamed George Browne, was for notable felonies conveyed from Newgate to Yorke, and there hanged."

Page 82, line 1, Example of Anne Averies.] Stow thus briefly adverts to the case, in his *Annales*, p. 1152, edit. 1615:—

"The 11 of February, [1576-7] Anne Averies, widow, forswearing her selfe for a little money that she should have paid for sixe pound of towe, at a shop in Woodstreete of London, fell immediatly downe speechlesse, casting up at her mouth in great abundance, and with horrible stinke, the same matter which by natures course should have bene voided downewards, till she died: a terrible example of Gods just judgement upon such as make no conscience of falsly swearing against their brother."

Page 85, line 23, Example of John Morgan, who slew Maister Turbervile.] It has been supposed that this was George Turbervile, the poet, author of "Tragical Tales," the translator of Ovid's Epistles, and one of our earliest writers of undramatic blank verse; but this seems, from the circumstances, to be unlikely, and Turbervile was not an uncommon name in the West of England. See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii, 109.

Page 86, line 22, Example of Marmeduke Glover, who slew Sergeant Grace.] For some account of various ballads, &c., issued upon this event in 1580, see "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," vol. ii., pp. 110, 111. In one of them it is spoken of only as "a grievous mischance;" but Munday calls it "a most vile and heinous offence."

Page 87, line 6, Example of a Maid that buried her Childe quick.] This event was also the subject of a ballad, or broadside, which was licensed to William Wright, 31 March, 1580, as "a doleful Discourse of a maid that suffered at Westminster for buryinge her child quick." See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 110.

Page 87, line 25, Yet wil hee cause the very fowles of the aire to bewray it.] Compare "Macbeth," act iii., scene 4.

Page 89, line 13, As the book in print dooth witnes, which was printed by Thomas East.] We do not find any trace of this "book" among those from East's press. In 1579, he had printed "Of two woonderfull Popish Monsters, to wyt, of a Popish Asse, which was found in Rome, in the river Tyber, (1496) and of a Moonkish Calfe, calved at Friberge, in Misne, (1528) which are the very foreshewings and tokens of Gods wrath against the blind, obstinate, and monstrous Papistes. Witnessed and declared, the one by P. Melancthon, the other by M. Luther. Translated out of French into English by John Brooke, of Ashe." 4to. It was to a now unknown production of a somewhat similar kind that Munday seems to allude.

Page 89, line 21, As the printed booke dooth witnes.] On June 6th, 1580, William Wright, the publisher of the tract before us, had a license to print, "by way of tolleration, Three sundry wonders that chaunced of late:" ("Extr. Stat. Reg.," ii., 117) and Stow (*Annales*, 1164) tells us that "this year were many monstrous births, and strange sights to be seen."

Page 90, line 2, All these are examples now of late dayes.] We have little doubt that Munday was himself the writer of some of the pieces (now lost) which came out on these occasions. On the 8th March, 1580, a ballad by him was entered by Charlwood; and although it was of a different character, it shows that he was then an author of some popularity: he had commenced in 1577. See the Introduction.

Page 92, line 21, Margaret Dorington, who killed Alice Fox.] On the 23rd June, 1578, Thomas East had licensed to him "A lamentable confession of margaret Dorington, wief to Roberte Dorington, of Westmynster, who was executed in the pallace of Westmynster for murdering

Alice Foxe." ("Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," ii., 58.) Another entry on 25th June refers to the same subject.

Page 93, line 1, Example of a Woman that kild her 2 Children.] A "pamphlet" (so called in the entry) was published upon this subject, and licensed to William Bartlet, on 18th August, 1579. ("Extr. from Stat. Reg.," ii., 65.) This is, no doubt, "the book imprinted" mentioned by Munday.

Page 94, line 32, This *hee* said to this Davis.] *i.e.*, the Constable told it to Davis, as having been threatened by Hodges's wife, when she was arrested and sent to Bridewell. The narrative is not very clearly worded. The proceedings before the Coroner, in this case of Abel Bourne, were not concluded at the time Munday published his tract.

Page 97, line 1, Example of an Earthquake at London, the 6 of April.] It occurred on 6th April, 1580, and caused the utmost consternation in London. Many publications regarding it are recorded in vol. ii. of "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers:" see the Index, under "Earthquake." On p. 111 of that work is inserted a remarkable ballad, containing many circumstances connected with the event. For other particulars see Stow's *Annales*, p. 1163, edit. 1615.

REPORT

OF

THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.

BY

ANTONY MUNDAY.

A breefe and true reporte of the *Execution of certaine Traytours at* Tiborne, the xxviii and xxx dayes *of Maye.* 1582.

Gathered by A. M., *who was* there present.

Honos alit Artes.

The names of them executed on Monday the xxviii of Maye.

Thomas Foord.
Iohn Shert.
Robert Iohnson.

The names of them executed on Wednesday, the xxx of Maye.

William Filbie.
Luke Kirbie.
Lawrance Richardson.
Thomas Cottom.

Imprinted at London, for *William Wright*, and are to be solde at his shop, adioyning vnto S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrie, the middle shop in the rowe. 1582.

To the godly and woorshipfull *Maister* Richard Martin, *Sherife*, and one of the woorshipfull Aldermen of *this Cittie of London*, A. M. wisheth all earthlie happines, and after this life a place among the chosen in the celestiall Paradise.

When I had gathered together (woorshipfull Sir) this little pamphlet, reporting the end of certaine lewde and disloyall Traitors, who, under the habite of hurtlesse sheepe, sought in the church of God to playe the part of ravening woolves; and that I my selfe having spent some time in Roome and other places among them, where through I grew into such acquaintaunce with their traiterous intents and dispositions, as before some of their faces I stoode as witnesse against them to their reproofe, I thought good to present the same to your woorship, for that your selfe hath beene an eye witnesse how I was there challenged, and how, through the grace of God, and the trueth of so good a cause as I delt in, I defended my self. To avoyde, therfore, the speeches of people, who now a dayes will judge lightly and condemne quickly, because I was there called foorth, somewhat in woords touched, and yet, I thanke God, nothing disproved, I esteemed it a pointe of wisdome to laye their obstinate endes open to the view of all, not sparing my selfe in the woords that were used against me, which will cause the godly and vertuous to account them as they were, and me as I am.

This, breefely compacted together, I present to your woorships perusing, as my defence against slaunderous tongues, in that I have reported nothing therein but the meere truthe. Thus desiring God to blesse your woorship with all yours: in all humilitie I remaine,

Yours to commaund,

A. MUNDAY.

The Execution at Tiborne on Monday,

being the twenty and eyght of May.

1582.

On Munday, beinge the twentye and eight of May. Thomas Forde, John Sherte, and Robart Johnsonne, Priestes, having beene before indited, arraigned, and as wel by their owne testimonie, as also sufficient witnesses produced to theyr faces, found guilty and condemned for high treason, intended, practised, and appointed, against her Majesties most royall person, as also for the utter ruine, overthrowe, and subversion, of her peaceable and well governed Realme, themselves being sent as instrumentes to deale for and in the behalfe of the Pope in this disloyall and trayterous cause, according as Justice had before determined, were drawen upon hurdels from the Tower of London to the place appointed for execution. Having been so long time spared by her Majesties most royall and princely regarde of mercy, to try if eyther the feare of God would take place in them, consideration and respecte of theyr owne duties moove them, or the meere loove and accustomed clemencie of her Majestie might winne them to acknowledge her to be theyr lawfull Soveraigne, and them selves her subjectes, bound to serve her, notwithstanding any pretence or authority to the contrary, and not for matter of their Popish superstition. All this notwithstandinge, they remained given over to theyr owne wickednes, and swallowed up in the gulfe of theyr undutifull affection, which causeth Justice to step before Mercye, committing

them to the rewarde of theyre leude and unnaturall dealing. All the way as they were drawen, they were accompanied with divers zealous and godly men, who in mylde and loving speeches made knowen unto them how justly God repayeth the reprobate, how fatherly againe he receiveth the obedient, how he overthroweth the ungodlye in their owne devises, and protecteth his chosen in all stormes and afflictions: in remembrance of all these to bethinke themselves of their wickednes passed, and to shew such harty and zealous repentaunce for the same, that all be it they had so greevously trespassed, yet in contrite and humble sorrowing they might be gratiously received into his heavenly favour, whom they had mooved and styrred by their unreverent regarde to smite and chasten with the rod of his fury. Among which godly perswasions Maister Sherife himselfe both learnedly and earnestly laboured unto them, mooving al good occasions he might devise to chaunge the obstinacie he perceived in them into a Christian like humility and repentaunce; but these good endevours tooke no wished effect: their owne evil disposition so blinded them, that there was no way for grace to enter.

When they were come beyond S. Giles in the feeld, there approched unto the hurdell one of their owne secte, and a Priest, as himselfe hath confessed, who in this maner spake unto the prisoners. O, gentlemen, be joyfull in the blood of Jesus Christe, for this is the day of your triumph and joye. Being asked why he used such words, he said unto the prisoners againe, I pronounce a pardon unto you; yea, I pronounce a full remission and pardon unto your soules. Using these and other trayterous speeches, holde was layde on him. When as M. Sherife demaunded what he was, he aunswered, he was the voice of a crier in the wildernesse, and that he was sent to prepare the Lords way. And notwithstanding such means of resistaunce as himselfe used, he was delivered unto M. Thomas Norris, Pursuvante, who brought him unto Newgate, wher he confessed unto him that

he was a priest, and that hee had so long dissembled, as he would now leave off, and doo so no more.

Being come to the place of execution, Thomas Forde was first brought up into the Carte, when he began in this maner. Whereas I am come hither to die for matters layde unto my charge of treason, which should be conspired against the Queene within these two yeares or somewhat more, I give you to understande that of any such matter I am innocent and free, for that I can proove my comming into England to be five yeeres since. Where upon Maister Sherife spake unto him and sayde: Forde, have minde on God: aske him and her Majestie hartily forgiveneese, whom thou hast so highly offended: thou doost but delude the people, for it is manifestly known how thou art guilty of the matters layde to thy charge: here is thine owne aunswers to show, affirmed under thine owne hand, and other witnesses to reproove thee. Where upon I my selfe was called foorth, who justified the causes to his face that at hys araignement was layd to his charge, and he evidently and plainly found guiltye thereof. Then were his aunswers, whereto he had subscribed, read unto him, which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye; where upon he tooke occasion to tell a long circumstaunce of a certaine question mooved at Oxenforde, as concerning taking armes against her Majestie, which horrible treason he seemed to approove thereby. Then Maister Sherife willed him to aske her Majestie forgivenes, offering him to stande his freende in attayning her Graces mercy, yf he would chaunge his former traitorous minde to become a true and faithfull subject, acknowledging her to bee his lawfull soveraigne Lady, notwithstanding any thing that any Pope could say or doo to the contrarye. Wherunto he aunswered: I have not offended her Majestie, but if I have, I aske her forgivenes and all the world, and in no other treason have I offended then my religion, which is the Catholique faith, wherin I will live and dye. And as for the Queenes Majestie,

I doo acknowledge her supremacy in all thinges temporall, but as conserning Ecclesiastical causes I deny her: that onely belongeth to the Vicar of Christ, the Pope. In breefe, he graunted to nothing, but shewed himselfe an impious and obstinate Traytour, and so he remayned to the death, refusing to pray in the English tongue, mumbling a few Latine prayers, desiring those that were *ex domo Dei* to pray with him, and so ended his lyfe.

In the meane time that he hanged, which was till hee was dead, so great is the mercye of our gratious Princesse, John Sherte was brought from off the hurdell to the gallowes, where seeing Forde hanging, he began with holding uppe his handes, as the Papistes are wont to do before theyr images, O sweete Tom, O happy Tom, O blessed Tom! Then being stayed, Forde was cut downe and caryed to the place where his body should be quartered. In which time Sherte was brought up into the carte, where looking toward the dead bodye of Forde, hee fell downe on his knees and held up his hands to it, (saying againe) O happy Tom, O blessed Tom, thy sweete soule pray for me: O deere Tom, thy blessed soule pray for me. For which woords being rebuked, the Executioner lifted him up on feete, when as he prepared him to his confession, (saying) I am brought hither to this place to dye a death whych is both shamefull and ignominious, for which I thanke thee, my Lord God, who framing me to thine owne similitude and likenes, hath blessed me to this good ende. There being stayed, because he seemed to prolong the time to small purpose, the Sherife willed him to remember hymselfe for what cause he was come thither; how he had offended the Queenes Majestie, and that he was now to aske her forgivenes. Beside, he might receive her princely mercy: wherto, with an hipocriticall outward boldnesse, but an inward faynting feare, (as afterwarde every one playnly beheld) he gave this aunswere. What, mayster Sherife, shall I save this frayle and vile carcase, and damne mine owne

soule? No, no; I am a Catholique; in that faith I was borne, in that faith will I dye, and heere shall my blood seale it. Then Maister Sherife spake unto him, (saying) by the way as we came you swore an oath, for which you willed me to beare witnesse that you were hartily sorie. Now, I pray you, let me be a witnesse that you are as hartilie sorie for offending the Queenes Majestie. Why, sir, (quoth he) I have not offended her, without it be in my religion, and if I have offended her, then I aske her forgivenesse. Maister Sherife upon this sayde unto him, Is this the fruites of your religion, to kneele to the dead bodie of thy fellowe, and to desire his soule to pray for thee? Alas, what can it eyther profite thee, or hinder thee? praye thou to God, and hee will helpe thee. Maister Sherife, (quoth Sherte) this is the true Catholique religion, and whatsoever is not of it is dampned. I desire his soule to pray for me, the most glorious Virgin to pray for me, and all the holy company of heaven to pray for me.

At which woords the people cryed, Away with the traytor, hang him, hang him! O Shert, (quoth Maister Sherife) forsake the whore of Roome, that wicked Antichriste, with all his abhominable blasphemies and trecheries, and put thy whole confidence in Jesus Christ: wherto he aunswered, O, M. Sherife, you little remember the day when as you and I shall stand bothe at one bar, and I come as witnesse against you, that you called that holie and blessed Viccar of Christ the whoore of Rome: at which words the people cried again, Hang him, hang him, Away with him! Then he began his *Pater noster* in Latine, and before he had ended two petitions of it, he fell into the Latine Creede, and then into the *Pater noster* againe: afterwarde he sayde the *Ave Maria*, which done, knocking him selfe on the brest, saying *Jesus, esto mihi, Jesus*, the carte was drawne away, and he committed to the mercie of God. But then, to manifest that his former boldnesse was but meere dissembling and hypocrisie, he lyfted up

his handes and caught holde on the halter, so that everie one perceyved his faire outwarde shewe, and his fowle inward disfigured nature; also how lothe he was and unwilling to die.

Robert Johnson being brought up into the carte, Maister Sherife, according as he had before, both declared unto him her Majesties mercy, if he would repent, and also willed him to be sory for his offences against her, wherof he seemed to make small estimation, denying the treasons according as the others had done, and appealinge likewise upon his religion. Then was I called forth againe, when as I gave him to understand how notably he was approved guilty at his araignement, and every matter sufficiently handled, how according as the reste were he was confounded to his face, whereto he would make no other aunswer, but sayd, Well, Munday, God forgive thee. Then were hys aunswers read unto him, as they had before unto the other twain, hee not yeelding deniall, but sayd he spake them, and would doo it againe. Then was Athanasius Creede mooved unto hym, which he graunted to be Catholique fayth, whereof the Pope was Viccar, and that there was no other Catholique fayth, but onely his. Why, quoth the Preacher, the Pope is not named in it. I knowe not that, (quoth he againe) I have not read it. Then Maister Sherife desired hym to say his prayers in English, and he with all the company woulde pray with him: which he refusing to doo, in his Latine prayers the carte was drawen away, and he committed to Gods mercye.

The Execution at Tiborne, on Wednesday, being the thirtye of Maye. 1582.

On the Wednesday following, which was the thirtye daye of May, in the same manner as I have before expressed, Luke Kirbie, William Filbie, Thomas Cottom, and Lauraunce Rychardson, were committed from the Tower of London to the place of Execution; and as the other were, on the Mundaye before, associated and accompanied with divers learned and godlye Preachers, even so were these; as to say, Maister Charke, Maister Herne, and divers others, who all the waye applyed such godly and Christian perswasions unto them, (as had not the Child of perdition so mervailouslye blinded them) were of force to have wonne them into grace and mercye. The speeches they used to them by the way were needelesse here to set downe, for that they did especially concerne causes to roote out that wicked opinion in them, and to establish a sound and perfect fayth in place thereof; but even as it was in the other, so it did agree in them.

But Luke Kirbie seemed to chalenge me, as concerning I was able to approove nothing against him, which he did because he supposed I was not there present; but what passed betweene him and me you shall heare hereafter.

They being come to the place of execution, William Filbie was brought up into the carte, where conforming himselfe unto the death, his wicked treasons were mooved unto him, which obstinately and impudently he denied. Then was he

demaunded if hee would acknowledge the Queenes Majestie his soveraigne Princesse, and supreme head under Christ of the Churche of England?

No, (quoth he) I will acknowledge no other head of the Church than the Pope onelie. *Wherupon his aunsweres were reade unto him, and he not denying them in any point, even as they were wicked and impious, even so he remayned in them, still appealing that it was for his religion that he died, and not for any treason. But the contrarie was prooved unto his face, as well by sufficient proofes, as also by the trayterous aunswers whereto hee had subscribed with his owne hande. At last, as he was desired, he prayed for the Queenes Majestie, that God might blesse her, and incline her heart to mercie towards the Catholiques, of which societie he was one. Then they, opening his bosome, founde there two Crosses, which beeing taken from him, were helde up and shewen to all the people; beside, his crowne was shaven. So, after a few silent Latine prayers to himselfe, the carte was drawne away.

The next was Luke Kirbie, who, being brought up into the carte, offered long circumstance of speeche, as concerning that he was come thither to dye, hoping to be saved by the blood of Christe, and much matter which were needelesse here to rehearse. Afterwarde he beganne to say, that there were none could approove him to be a traytour; neither had he at any time attempted any thing prejudiciall to her Majestie, and that his adversaries, Sled nor Munday, could not upbraide him with any thinge. Wherupon Maister Sherife tolde him that Munday was there, and asked him if he would have him called to him. I see him (quoth he) yonder, and let him say what he can against mee.

Then was I commaunded to come some what neere him, when as he began in this manner to mee. O Munday! consider with thy selfe, howe untruly thou has charged mee with that which I never sayd nor thought. Besides, thou knowest

that when thou camest to the Tower to me, before maister Lieutenaunt and other who was there present, then, thou wast demaunded what thou couldest say against mee? when as thou madest aunswer, thou knewest no harme of mee, neither couldest thou at any tyme saye otherwise of mee then well: whereupon thou wast asked, wherefore thou reportedst otherwise at my araignement? Then the Sherife sayde unto him, who can beare thee witnesse of this? (Quoth hee againe) he spake it before maister Lieuetenaunt, and an other was by then. Then was he demaunded what other he was that was present? which (after a long trifling) he sayde was a Keeper, and named him; whereto I made aunswere as followeth.

Maister Kirbie, I wishe and desire you, in the feare of God, to remember your selfe, for this is not a place to report an untrueth, neither to slaunder any man otherwise then you are able to proove. When as I came unto the Tower, and made knowen to maister Lieuetenant for what cause I was sent to speake with you, you were brought into a chamber by your Keeper; and what I mooved unto you, you yourselfe very well knoweth, as concerning my allowaunce, beeing the Pope's Scholler: where what aunswere you made I have truelie, and according as you aunswered, already set downe in print. Maister Lieuetenant neither mooved any such woordes to mee, as heere you reported, and I call God to my witnesse, that not a motion of any such matter was once offered to mee by Maister Lieuetenant, or by your Keeper. Your selfe then uttered, that at sundrie times, in the Seminarie, there was diverse leude woords spoken, which might better have beene spared, and denied that you were not in my chamber, when as I, lying sicke in my bed, the trayterous speeches were mooved by them which were then present, whereof your selfe was one, with diverse other matters which you spake unto me, which Maister Lieuetenant him selfe heard, and your Keeper being present.

But if this be true which you say, that it may be prooved there was eyther such woordes mooved unto mee, or any such aunswere made by mee, I offer to sustaine what punishment the lawe shall affoorde mee. Then falling to an other matter, for that this redounded to his owne confusion, (as Maister Lieuetenant can well witnesse) he beganne to talke of my being at Roome, what freendship he had shewed unto mee, and had done the lyke unto a number of English men whome he well knew not to be of that religion, bothe out of his owne purse, as also by freending them to some of the Popes Chamber, he made conveyaunce for them thence, some tyme going fortie miles with them; when (quoth he) had my dealings beene knowne, I should hardlie have beene well thought off: and I knewe well enough that you were never bent to that religion, albeit they thought the contrarie. Yea, I knewe well enough, when you departed thence, that your disposition was contrarie to ours, and concealed it to my selfe.

O, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) this is very unlyke, that you could affoord such favour to any, who were contrarie to that religion that you professed: no, no; if you knewe any such there, you would rather helpe to persecute them, then to pittie them, as it is the nature of you all.

Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) it is very unlike that you had any such secrete knowledge of mee, eyther of my religion, or howe I was secretlie bent, as you seeme heere to professe; for had I beene such a one as you would perswade these heere you knewe mee to be, would you have delyvered mee those pictures halowed by the Pope, which you did, and moreover make knowne to mee sundry of your freends heere in England, to whome I should convey them. O, Munday! (quoth he) I confesse I delivered to thee pictures in deede, but thou knowest I gave thee two Julyes to goe buie them with: I dyd it because I knewe thee to be such a one, and therefore I dyd misdoubt thee, for I woulde not credite thee

with any hallowed pictures. Maister Kirbie, (quoth I) to deny your owne dooinges is mervailous impudencie: dyd not you in your chamber delyver to me certayne silke pictures, which you tolde me, at Stukelyes beeing there, were hallowed by the Pope, and what Indulgencies were allowed them? One of them, which was a Crucifixe, you gave me; the other you willed me deliver to your freends at Rheimes and in Englande: and because they were so fewe, (as in deede I thinke they were no more but five) you gave me two Julyes to goe into the Cittie to buie more, which I dyd; and having brought them to you, three or foure of the fayrest you tooke from me, promising to gette them hallowed at the next Benediction: the other in deede you gave me, and I tooke them with me.

Howe say you nowe, Kirbie, (quoth Maister Sherife) would you have credited him with such matters, had you not supposed him to be one of your owne secte. Maister Sherife, (quoth he) what I have sayde, I knewe verie well. And after he was gone from Rome I sent fifteene shyllinges to Rheimes, to be delyvered to him, but he was departed thence towarde Englande before it came.

Then Maister Sherife sayde to him againe, you stand upon these pointes verie much, which there is none that are heere but will judge to be untrue: thou hearest what he hath sayde to thee, and we have heard that thou deniedst everie thing. What sayest thou to thy treasons, wherfore thou art come hyther to dye? wylt thou be sorie for them? aske God and her Majestie forgivenesse, for shee is mercifull, and we wyll carrie thee backe againe, if we shall perceyve in thee any such motion, that thou wylte forsake thy former wickednesse, and become a good and faithfull subject.

At these woordes the people among them selves almost generallie sayde: O, exceeding mercie and favour! what a gratious Princesse have wee, who affoordeth such mercie to those that have so yll deserved!

Then Maister Feeld, the preacher, in the booke read his aunsweres to him, where he had subscribed with his owne hande, whether the Pope might lawfullie depose her Majestie, or had any aucthoritie to take the tytle of her crowne and dignitie away from her? wherto Kirbie aunswered: This is a matter disputable in Schooles, and therefore I maye not judge of it: I think this with my selfe, that if any Prince fal by infidelity into Turscisme, Atheisme, Paganisme, or any such lyke, that the Pope hath aucthoritie to depose such a Prince. And beeing asked, if her Majesty were in any such? he sayd, he knew his owne conscience. Another Preacher beeing by, sayd unto him, that the Prince received his aucthority from God, and that he was to be suppressed by none, but only by God: again, that Solomon sayd, *By me* (meaning by God) *Kinges raigne and Princes decree justice. By me Princes rule, and the nobles and all the Judges of the earth.* Pro. 8, 15, 16. Againe, S. Paule sayth, *Let every soule be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinaunce of God, and they that resist shall receyve to them selves judgement. For Princes are not to be feared for good works, but for evill: wilt thou then be without feare of the power, doo well, so shalt thou purchase praise of the same; for he is the minister of God for thy wealth: But if thou doo evill, feare, for he beareth not a swoord for naught, for he is the minister of God to take vengeaunce on him that dooth evill.* Roma., 13, 1, 2, 3, 4. If, then, the Pope be a soule, hee is to be obedient to the higher powers: and being a subject to God, as all other Princes be, hee must not take upon him what belongeth to God. As for the aucthoritie that her Majestie hath, shee hath receyved it from God; neither is the Pope, or any earthlie Prince, to deprive her therof, but onelie God. Againe, when Jesus was brought before Pilate, Pilate sayde to him, *Knowest thou not that I have power to crucifie thee, and have power to*

John, 19, 10, 11. *loose thee?* To which Jesus aunswered: *Thou couldest have no power at all against mee, except it were given thee from above.* Thus maye you see, that what Prince soever ruleth upon the earth has his power and aucthority only from God, and not that any mortall man can use the aucthoritie of a Prince at his pleasure. How say you to this? Whereto he would make no aunswere; but seemed to demaunde of them if they would deny, that if a Prince were in Paganisme, Atheisme, or governed by infidelitie, that such a Prince might not lawfullie be deposed. Which the learned Preachers aunswered in learned sort, approoving that as the power was of God, so Princes were not to be deposed of any, but onelie by God.

No; (quoth Kirbie againe) hath it not beene disputed in Schooles for these five hundred yeeres, and will you deny it? O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley! and there pawsed, as though that Maister Crowley had agreede with him in such a monstrous error. But Maister Crowley him selfe gave me to understand, that at such time as hee conferred with the sayde Kirbie in the Tower about the same argument, that his aunswer was unto him, If any Prince fell into any such kinde of error, that Prince were corrigible; but of whom? not of any earthly Prince, but of that heavenlie Prince, who gave him his aucthority, and seeing him abusing it any way, correcteth him, in his justice. For by attributing to the Pope this aucthority, he witnessed him to be Antichrist, in that he wil depose Princes at his pleasure, and exalt him self above all that is called God, and forgive men their sinnes at his pleasure likewise. All this was not sufficient to mollifie the obstinate minde of Kirbie, but he would persist styl in this devillish imagination. Maister Sherife and the Preachers seeing him wavering, and not able to yeeld any reason for his arrogant opinion, laboured as much as in them laye to chaunge it; and when all would not serve, they desired him in hartie and humble manner to pray to God, to aske her Majestie

forgivenesse for the treasons wherein he had offended her. Whereto he aunswered, that he had not offended in any treason, to his knowledge: whereupon they showed him his treasons, which were adjudged by the people woorthy of greater punishment then he was at that time to suffer; yet would not he acknowledge them, but prayed to God for her Majestie, that shee might long rule in her authoritie to confound all her enimies, and that his hart was free from any treason to her Majestie. Then preparing himself to his prayers, the Preachers desired him to pray in English with them, and to say a prayer after them, wherein if he could finde any fault he should be resolved thereof. O, (quoth he againe) you and I were not one in faith, therefore I thinke I should offend God, if I should pray with you. At which woordes the people began to crie, Away with him! so he, saying his *Pater noster* in Latin, ended his life.

Then was Laurence Richardson brought up into the carte, and to him Thomas Cottom, to be executed togeather; but Cottom seemed to utter such woords as though there had been hope he would have forsaken his wickednesse, so that the halter was untyed, and he brought downe out of the carte againe. In which time Lawrence Richardson prepared him to death, confessing him selfe a Catholique, and that he would beleeve in all things as the Catholique Church of Roome did; unto the Pope he allowed the onelie supremacie. In which traiterous opinion, after certain Latine prayers, he was committed to God.

Then was Cottom brought up to the carte againe, and the good opinion, had of him before, chaunged into that obstinate nature that was in them all, saying to Maister Sherife, that before he came into Englande he was armed for India, and thyther if he might be suffered he would passe with as much convenient speede as might be. Then looking to the body of Laurence Richardson, wheron the Executioner was using his office, he lyfted up his handes and sayd: O, blessed Lau-

rence, pray for mee; thy blessed soule, Laurence, pray for mee! for which woordes both the Preachers and the people rebuked him, telling him that he ought to pray to none but to God onely, all helpe of man was but in vaine. Wherto he aunswered, he was assured that he could pray for him. In breefe, his treasons beeing mooved to him, he denied all, albeit his owne hand writing was there to affirme it. He prayed for her Majestie, and sayde his *Pater noster* and *Ave Maria;* and as the carte was drawing away he sayd, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum;* and so he ended his lyfe. Thus in breefe have I set downe the Execution of these traytors, desiring God that the leude life of them, and this lamentable spectacle wytnessed to our eyes, may be a warning to us all how by our disobedience we provoke our Lord God to anger against us, and by our slacknesse in duetie to our gracious soveraigne Princesse, next under God our only supreame governesse, enforce her mercifull hand to take up the swoord of Justice against us. God long preserve her Majestie and honourable Counsayle: confound Antichriste and his practises, and give all faithfull subjectes grace to beare true and loyall mindes to God, their Prince, and Countrey.

Let this suffice thee (gentle Reader) at this time; and if thou desirest to be more acquainted with their Romish and Sathanicall juglinges, reade my *English Romaine lyfe*, which, so soone as it can be printed, shall be set foorth. And thus committing thee to the God of all Trueth, who give us his grace to cleave to the Trueth, I byd thee hartelie farewell.

God save the Queene.

NOTES TO MUNDAY'S

REPORT OF THE EXECUTION OF TRAITORS.

Page 107, line 1, A breefe and true reporte, &c.] Stow, in his *Annales*, p. 1170, edit. 1615, thus shortly mentions this remarkable execution:—

"On the 28 day of May, Thomas Ford, John Shert, and Robert Johnson, priests, having beene before indicted, arraigned, and condemned, for high treason intended, as ye have heard of Campion and other, were drawne from the Tower to Tiburne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

"And on the thirtieth of May, Luke Kirby, William Filby, Thomas Cottam, and Lawrance Richardson, were, for the like treason, in the same place likewise executed."

He quotes "Ant. Monday" in the margin, as the person from whom the information had been derived; no doubt, referring to the tract before us.

Page 113, line 21, Which is in the booke lately sette foorth by authoritye.] Viz., to "A particular Declaration or Testimony of the undutiful and traitorous Affection borne against her Majesty by Edmond Campion, Jesuit, and other condemned Priests, witnessed by their own Confessions." 4to. London. 1582.

Page 120, line 33, I gave thee two *Julyes* to goe buie them.] A *giulio* was a piece of money current in Rome, of about the value of sixpence.

Page 121, line 4, At Stukelyes beeing there.] *i.e.*, the notorious Captain Stukely, who was killed in the battle of Alcazar. He figured in at least two plays of the age of Shakespeare: *vide* the Rev. A. Dyce's "Peele's Works," ii., 82 *et seq.*

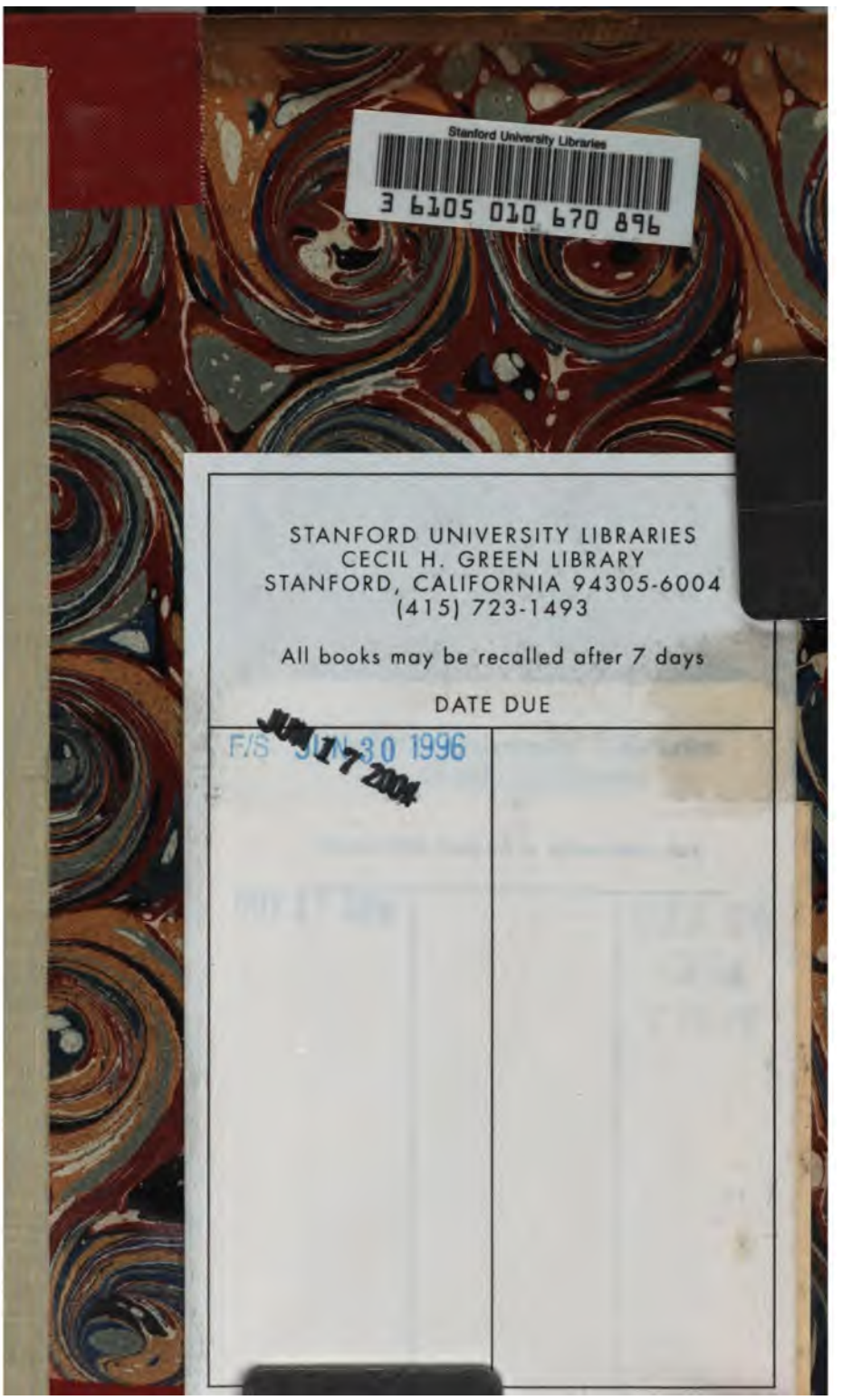
Page 122, line 1, Then Maister Feeld, the Preacher.] This was the Rev. John Field, the puritanical minister, who was the father of Nathaniel Field, the actor in several of Shakespeare's plays, and of Theophilus Field, who first became Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Hereford.

With this last fact the Editor was not acquainted, when he printed "Memoirs of the principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," for our Society, in 1846. See p. 207 of that work, for the registration of the baptism of Theophilus Field, on 22nd January, 1574: he was a poet, and in 1600 edited and contributed to a collection of Verses on the death of Sir Horatio Pallavicino. For an account of them, see "The Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1851.

Page 123, line 16, O, Maister Crowley, Maister Crowley!] This was Robert Crowley, who had commenced life as a printer, and ended it as a preacher. He was a very zealous and able man, of puritanical principles, and he wrote many works to support his own views, and to extend generally the spirit of religion. He died in 1588, and was buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, of which parish he had been vicar.

Page 125, line 24, Reade my *English Romaine lyfe*.] It came out soon afterwards, in 4to., with the date of 1582. It is reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany.




Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 010 670 896

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

F/S JUN 30 1996

JUN 17 2004

